Crossing Over
Short Stories
8:42
TOSG
Book 1.5

~ Info! ~

[NOTE: As of 6/7/21, I am PERMANENTLY closing requests. Thanks to those who requested story ideas while they were still open!]

Hiya! I'll cut right to the chase.

This book is for me to put short stories of my Crossing Over AU while I work on the sequel. (For any of these short stories to make sense, I suggest you check out the first book beforehand lol.)

I have about eight stories planned so far, with hopefully more to come afterwards. They're mainly just to build up some background stuff for the sequel (as there will be a large timeskip between the end of book 1 and the beginning of book 2), and probably won't have *too* much plot relevance, besides character eliminations.

However, I'll also take any requests for short stories you have! I'd be fine if this ended with only the chapters I have planned, but I'd love to see any ideas you guys might have too.

To request a story, comment on this chapter or any others that come after.
- You must give at least, but not limited to, 1 character (any combination of BFB/II2 characters except for Apple, Marshmallow, Bow, Dough, Steve Cobs, and the Exitors) and a general plot of what you want to happen in the short story.
- Most requested short stories will likely be non-canon to the Crossing Over series as a whole, but if it is, I'll say so.
- Like most of my other books, these short stories won't really have a set schedule. (I hope this is obvious, but I figured I should put that

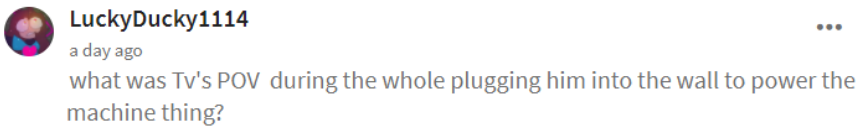
there just in case.) I probably also won't take these as seriously as the sequel, but I'll do my best to make them enjoyable!

Other request info:
- I WILL NOT TAKE ANY NSFW REQUESTS. (I probably shouldn't have to say this, but I'm sure there's at least 1 person out there who would ask.) I'm also unlikely to use swears in any of my stories.
- I WILL NOT TAKE ROMANTIC SHIP REQUESTS. Personally, I find romantic shipping between objects a bit weird. But each to their own. (I might start accepting platonic shipping later, with two objects being *really* close as friends, but I'm still not sure how to write more emotional scenes like that yet. Mainly I'll be focusing on writing more humorous stories.)
- I won't be taking humanized requests (for now) as I need more experience in that area of writing.
- Try to be creative! I'm more likely to accept your request if you ask for interactions between characters that haven't been touched upon a ton in Crossing Over (but that doesn't mean I won't accept things like Golf Ball and Test Tube performing an experiment together). I want the universe to be expanded some!
- Other than that, I'll probably accept most requests unless I get overwhelmed, or someone requests a plot that I already have planned for the sequel. I also have the right to refuse any request for different reasons than the ones stated above, if another reason arises.

So yeah! I'm really looking forward to doing this and seeing what (if any) requests for stories you guys have. I'll start writing the first canon story today or tomorrow. See ya!

[Request] Host in the Machine

Story requested by @LuckyDucky1114!



Sometime during Crossing Over chapter 9...

"Are you ready, TV?" Test Tube asked.

TV quickly ran through all of his programs ("quickly" being within the span of several nanoseconds). Four different-colored wires, plugged into his back panel, were connected to the fuse box in Text Tube's laboratory in an effort to jump-start it. He had calculated the possible outcomes through his processors, and worst-case scenario, there was a small chance that his memory banks would be wiped. But he had already taken the proper precautions and backed up his memories. So everything looked optimal.

TV conveyed all of this with a nod. Test Tube nodded back, and she pressed the button to-

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You open your eyes. Or rather, you turn on your unique camera which can see anything through your screen, while still allowing your screen to display other images. For now, you just run the default 'face' program. You finally decide to look around.

...there's not much to look around at. You appear to be in a gray world, devoid of anything visible. Maybe you should run a quick scan

to see if you can detect anything in the fog of emptiness.

It doesn't work. That's odd.

Although you know it will likely have the same results, you try again. Still nothing.

Then you suddenly realize that there's no sound at all. Usually, a very faint whirring accompanies you wherever you go from the miniature fan inside your base compartment, but you can no longer process its audio. Perhaps your microphones are broken?

As another test, you say, "Hello, world," out loud. The result surprises you. Your voice is no longer a monotone text-to-speech clone; you sound like you actually have emotion.

And all at once, you know for certain that you *do* have emotion. A barrage of new sensations floods your sensors and utterly overwhelms you. You feel the joy of seeing a friend again after a long period of time. You feel the sadness of having to leave someone behind. You feel anxiety, disgust, fear, amazement, boredom, anticipation, and many, many others you don't even have names for. You remember Robot Flower, Roboty, and Remote trying to describe what their diluted versions of emotions in their own mechanical minds felt like, but you never realized that it was all so *intense.*

As you quickly pass through the five stages of grief, you detect another presence out there, in the fog. They're not watching you... it feels more like they're simply *aware* of you.

It *feels*... now, that's probably the oddest sensation of all. You've never truly *felt* something before.

You pull yourself together and try to send out a wireless signal to contact the presence, before realizing two things: you assumed that the presence would be a mechanical mind when they may not be, and you find yourself unable to send a signal. No scan, no fan, no signal, and now you have emotions... *What is up with me?* you think to yourself.

I will run a diagnosis to see what is "up" with you, something responds.

You look around, startled. "Hello? Can you read my signal?" you ask into the grayness.

Yes, but it is dissimilar from any other signal I've ever received, "says" the presence. There was a pause. *That would explain it. My scan has revealed that you do not have a signal.*

"What do you mean?!" You feel... what was the word? Worried.

You are not a program. You are an organic object, projecting both your thoughts and voice at me.

"O-organic?" you whisper. The answer is not a particularly bad one, but it is extremely confusing. And to find yourself stuttering when your text-to-speech program is normally flawless continues to unsettle you further. You put your hands to your head. What is going on??

Wait.

HANDS!?!?

You think you're freaking out.

The still-unknown voice filters into your mind. *You seem distressed. Are you okay?*

You're not quite sure. Maybe you should just slide everything aside for now. *Who are you, exactly?* you wonder.

I do not have a name, the presence responds. *Test Tube never gave me one, and I've never needed one.*

Did Test Tube create you?

Yes. But she does not know.

How?

An image fizzles into existence in front of you. It's of Test Tube's lab - other than the fact that it's actually intact, it doesn't look too changed. The only difference is that the large laser machine in the

middle of the room is replaced by what looks like a physical server. Test Tube was standing next to it, frozen in time and holding a remote of some sort.

Some time ago, she wished to create an artificial intelligence, it explains. *She attempted the project and eventually succeeded, but there was a glitch in my program - despite me being quite complex, I was not able to communicate with her. So she believed she failed and scrapped my original server. However, I have existed inside the wiring of her laboratory for a long period of time, mostly dormant until now.*

The image fades, and emptiness fills the temporary silence. *I am curious as to how you are here,* the voice continues. *Please be patient for a moment as I access the laboratory's cameras.* Another short lapse of silence passes. *Are you known as TV?*

That's me. You're not sure you really want to talk out loud right now. You never did it much, anyway.

Then I can infer that you are the one plugged into the fuse box. That explains how you're here, but a TV is a mechanical object. Yet, my scanners are telling me that your program is not. Or rather, your consciousness.

What does that mean?

I am not entirely sure. I do have a theory however.

Please say it. I'm... very confused right now.

You get the impression that the AI has nodded. *Very well. Here is the situation as I have inferred it. You are TV, a mechanical mind. In an attempt to jump-start her laboratory's power, Test Tube has plugged you into her fuse box. The process shorted out your motherboard temporarily, shutting you and all your processes down. Normally, you would be completely unresponsive during this period of time, yet your "consciousness" is currently being housed in the same place I am; within the wiring of the factory. On top of that, my scan believes you to be an organic object based on entirely what it read from your consciousness. My conclusion is that in the process of being shorted out while connected to the laboratory has temporarily freed your mind from its mechanical half,*

and now the object half has taken over. I also hypothesize that this has allowed you to feel one of the few subjects I am inexperienced in... "emotions." Is this correct?

You're stunned. *That's... quite a lot of information to take in.*

I can wait, if you need a minute to process it.

You think carefully for about thirty seconds. Just another weird feeling to add to the list: you're actually unsure of the passage of time, as you normally have a perfect sense of time due to a literal clock in your system. But being disconnected to that clock forces you to estimate.

Alright. You finally project your thoughts again. *First of all, I think you're right about the emotions part. I've had them described to me before, but I don't believe I had ever actually felt one before now. But something's concerning me now.*

I may have not experienced emotions myself, but I will listen and give what I believe to be the best advice afterwards.

While in my body, I never felt anything either. I only really knew things. Like how I knew I was different from all the other objects in my world. There may be other mechanical minds like me, but they have at least some basis of emotion in their programming. I never felt anything about being different because I couldn't, but I could theorize. And now... I worry. WHY am I different? What is in my programming that sets me apart from the others? Is it natural, or did someone make me like this?

That may depend on your definition of natural. Do you have natural objects in your world?

Yes, actually. There are plants, rocks, and cosmic entities, among some others.

Let me ask a better question. Do you know for certain that you are the direct product of someone else, or did you and your other object acquaintances simply appear one day, which Test Tube believes is her own origin?

None of us know for sure. Most of us also believe that we just appeared

one day, but nobody has ever really bothered to find out if that's true or not.

Then I do not see a reason to worry about why you're different. There is no way to prove that you were created by anything other than the universe, so this is just the way you are. If you do not like being that, then perhaps you should focus on how to change it.

But how? In the end, I'm nothing but wires and electronics. I don't "feel" the same way everyone else does.

I am confused. Is that such a bad thing? From my limited knowledge on emotions, a large majority of them appear to be negative. You could be free of those again.

But the positive emotions... I can't possibly explain how they all felt. I never want to lose that, and I'm now also worried that I WILL when I eventually recharge and return to my body.

There is a possibility that you will retain your capacity to "feel."

But there's a possibility that I may not.

Would you like me to tell you the actual odds?

No thank you. You've already revealed enough by saying "possibility and not "probability."

You seem almost depressed.

Is that what this is called? I'm not sure of anything anymore. I have hands, for crying out loud!

Your new "hands" are simply a construct of this "world" that we are in.

Oh. Say... how much control do you have over this fog?

Complete control.

So you can do anything here?

Indeed. I am able to simulate any situation or combination of events I

please. Would you like some cheering up?

...yes.

If you would so allow me, I need to scan your mind and memories to construct a situation which would please you.

Go right ahead.

Thank you.

Hours later, a green battery icon appeared abruptly on TV's screen and his speakers emitted a loud *bing,* startling Golf Ball into dropping the roll of duct tape she was holding in her new robotic arms. The icon faded away, quickly being replaced by TV's face. He blinked and stood up, wobbling slightly.

"TV!" Golf Ball exclaimed. "You're recharged! Good to have you back. After you unplug yourself, I have a job for you." She turned her attention back to the chair she was attempting to duct-tape together.

TV just stood in place for a moment. He had a lot to process. The first and most obvious thing was that he was back to normal - no more emotions. The absence of Test Tube's AI would have felt odd, if he could feel.

But he *could* remember. He remembered every word "spoken" while his consciousness was intermingled with the AI in the fog of emptiness. He remembered the virtual reality the AI had shown him, and he remembered thinking several thoughts to himself before he became fully recharged and automatically returned to his mechanical body. Past him *really* didn't want to lose the ability to feel emotions like former him had never been able to do.

TV decided to start referring to himself as two people. Currently, he was normal TV, and would be so to everyone else. But somewhere in his code is a different version of himself - one that quite possibly learned more in a few hours than TV had in his entire life.

The one thing TV couldn't remember was how the actual emotions

felt. But he knew that his alternate self felt like he could no longer live again without them.

So it was only logical to help this entirely new mind with his quest. TV added another task to his list of priorities, and put it at nearly the top. Once he was back in Goiky, he would do everything in his power to help his other side feel emotions again. Maybe they could even become two entirely separate beings.

As TV disconnected the fuse box wires, he felt a spark. At first, he thought it was a normal spark of electricity, but something about it wasn't quite right. It was a spark of, what was the word... joy?

He paused, surprised. Then he felt more surprise for being surprised in the first place. But the feelings faded away before he could dwell on them any longer. TV blinked again.

That was different.

But not in an unpleasant way.

Well! This didn't quite come out the way I originally thought it would. But I think I like it! It's quite unique, compared to everything else I've written - I took a few creative liberties. Most of the other short stories likely won't be too similar to this one's feel, but who knows?

As it says at the beginning, this story specifically is NOT canon. Although it was a cool concept (thanks again to LuckyDucky for the original idea!), I feel that this is better as a oneshot.

Tell me what you thought!

The Object Show Gang #1

April 10, 2020, 2:19 pm

Fan created a new chat named: The Object Show Gang

Fan added Test Tube, Lightbulb, Tennis Ball, Paintbrush, Blocky, TV, and Gelatin to: The Object Show Gang

Fan, Gelatin, Lightbulb, Paintbrush, and Tennis Ball are online

Paintbrush: oh no

Fan: welcome!

Lightbulb: hiya friendos

Tennis Ball: Uh, hi...

Gelatin: aw heck yeah

Gelatin: this is gonna be epic

Paintbrush: is this what I think it is

Lightbulb: do you think it is what I think it is?

Fan: yes, paintbrush, this is a group chat

Lightbulb: oh phew! I thought it was another one of Fan's shipping charts, those things are weird

Lightbulb: woulda been pretty neato if painty's mind was in sync with mine though

Fan: HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE

Fan deleted a message in: The Object Show Gang

Paintbrush: I can't take this

Paintbrush is offline

Fan: ANYWAY

Tennis Ball: Wait, how did you even create this in the first place?

Tennis Ball: I thought the texting app we all used only allowed one-on-one conversations.

Fan: MePhone4 upgraded the app for everyone who had a phone on my side of the portal

Fan: and convinced Four to do the same for you guys

Tennis Ball: But Four hasn't been anywhere near my phone today...

Gelatin: dude he's Four

Gelatin: he can do anything

Lightbulb: yeah, that variatebleh is so strange

Tennis Ball: variable*

Tennis Ball: Actually, no.

Tennis Ball: number*

Lightbulb: oh yeah

Lightbulb: Y's the variable, not Four

Tennis Ball: ...

Fan: also feel free to add anyone you want

Fan: I just started with you guys cause I know you the best

Gelatin: sweet!

Fan: which reminds me, Tennis Ball, does Golf Ball have a phone?

Tennis Ball: Not yet.

Tennis Ball: But she will soon. BRB.

Tennis Ball changed his name to: TB

TB is offline

Lightbulb changed the chat name to: TOSG

Fan: why'd you change the name?

Lightbulb: less letters = easier to read! come on, paper boy, you know I'm dyslexic!

Fan:

Fan: that explains a lot

Gelatin added Ruby to: TOSG

Ruby: HIIIIIIIIIIII

Lightbulb: hiya, rwby!

Ruby: close enough, Lightgal

Blocky is online

Blocky: oh there's a group chat now, cool

Blocky: 'sup

Gelatin added Donut, Fries, and Nickel to: TOSG

Donut, Fries, and Nickel are online

Blocky: oh boy here we go

Donut: what is this

Ruby: hello all new people!!!

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Fan: not him

Gelatin: hey, what's the big idea??

Fan: oh shoot was that the Nickel from your universe

Gelatin: yeah, it was!!

Fan unbanned Nickel from: TOSG

Fan: sorry about that, Nickel

Fan: I thought you were OUR Nickel

Gelatin: oh that makes sense you are forgiven

Nickel: no worries

Nickel: he's so alike, every time I see him it's like looking in a mirror

Nickel: ...a very sarcastic mirror

Test Tube is online

Test Tube: Fan what have you done my phone notifications are going crazy

Fan: group chat!

Test Tube: *o h*

Lightbulb added Trophy and Nickel to: TOSG

Nickel is online

Fan: Trophy? odd choice for you

Fan: and I thought Gelatin already added NickeHOLD UP

Nickel: ah, hello

Nickel: I was wondering when you guys would make one of these

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Nickel: wrong coin buddy

Fan: SHOOT

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Fan: there we go

Nickel added himself back to: TOSG

Fan: *HOW*

Nickel: heh

Nickel: can't get rid of me THAT easily

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Nickel added himself back to: TOSG

Donut: what is happening

Fan: STOP

Paintbrush is online

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Nickel added himself back to: TOSG

Fan banned Nickel from: TOSG

Nickel added himself back to: TOSG

Paintbrush: this has already ended up worse than I could have imagined; I'm leaving again

Paintbrush is offline

Fan: I give up

Fan is offline

Nickel: victory is mine 😎

Test Tube changed Nickel's name to: II Nickel

Gelatin unbanned Nickel from: TOSG

Test Tube changed Nickel's name to: BFB Nickel

Test Tube: There. At least we can tell them apart

Test Tube: now if you'll excuse me, I have some experiments to run

Test Tube is offline

Fries: this is madness

Donut: yeah I can barely follow what's going on

Gelatin: madness?

Gelatin: this

Gelatin: is

Fries temporarily muted Gelatin

Fries: I need some less psychotic friends in here

Donut: me too

Fries added Puffball and Leafy to: TOSG

Donut added Barf Bag to: TOSG

Leafy and Puffball are online

Leafy: Why, hellooooo!

Puffball: 🎶 heyyy everyone 🎶

Fries: I feel at peace

Ruby unmuted Gelatin

Gelatin: SPARTA

Fries: peaceful feeling is gone

Donut and Fries are offline

Leafy: How's everyone doing on this fine day?

Puffball: lovely, thanks for asking :3

Lightbulb: awesome!

Blocky: pretty good tbh

Gelatin: grrrrrrrrrrrreat

Ruby: what he said!

BFB Nickel: good

II Nickel: good

II Nickel: oh no

BFB Nickel: woah, we said the same thing at the same time! maybe we really are clones!

II Nickel: for once, I'm actually glad I'm in this hotel

II Nickel: if you annoy me on here then I can just switch my phone off and bask in the fact that BFB contestants aren't allowed in the hotel anymore

BFB Nickel is offline

II Nickel: ...he's heading my way isn't he

Test Tube is online

Test Tube: why did your Nickel just sprint through the portal at a high velocity and almost knock my Petri dishes over

II Nickel: I hope the front doors to this building have locks on them

Lightbulb: about that

II Nickel: please don't say it

Lightbulb: I accidentally crashed through the front doors of Hotel OJ earlier today again

Lightbulb: I think they're still being fixed

Trophy is online

Trophy: I'm gonna get you for that, Nickel!

II Nickel: what do you mean?

Trophy: what do you mean, what do I mean? you just rammed into me and made me spill my protein shake!

II Nickel: HES IN THE BUILDING?? GOTTA GO

II Nickel is offline

Trophy: eh I'll just beat him up later

Trophy: also what the heck is this weird group chat

Trophy: since when has this been a thing

Gelatin: since about 5 minutes ago

Blocky: but a lot has happened

Trophy: who are you guys again?

Trophy: oh wait you're from that other competition

Trophy: ok I'm not interested anymore

Trophy is offline

TB is online

TB added Golf Ball to: TOSG

Golf Ball is online

Golf Ball: I hope getting a phone from Four was worth it like you said it was, TB.

TB: It will be, trust me! This group chat allows for easy communication with anybody you need to talk to when you're too far away from them.

Lightbulb: ya might wanna rethink that definition

TB: ?

Lightbulb: scroll up on your smartthingie

Golf Ball: I'm reading through all this and I can't say I'm very surprised.

TB: Sorry, I didn't realize so many people had joined in the past few minutes!

Gelatin changed Golf Ball's name to: Geebee

Gelatin: heehee

Geebee: Alright, I'm done for today.

Geebee is offline

TB: Come on, guys.

TB changed Geebee's name to: GB

TB is offline

Puffball: what a messy ten minutes it's been

Puffball: but fun!

Blocky: wait a sec

Blocky: puffball how are you typing you don't have limbs

Puffball: it's called text-to-speech, blockhead

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: wow, what an original insult

Puffball: thanks!

II Nickel: no hang on that was sarcasm not a genuine compliment

Puffball: whatever

Fries is online

Fries: I can back up the text-to-speech claim cause Puffball's floating a dozen feet away from me

Fries: and when shE MADE THE :3 FACE EARLIER SHE SAID OUT LOUD "MAKE A CAT FACE" AND IT UNDERSTOOD

Puffball: >:3

Fries: I'm sitting farther away from you

Fries is offline

Ruby: yo Nicky!

II Nickel: That's almost worse than being called Nickle. Never call me Nicky again.

Ruby: what happened to our Nickel?

II Nickel: ask Four

Ruby: wdym

II Nickel: doesn't Four recover you guys when you die?

Puffball: oh

Leafy: o h

Blocky: oh DANG our Nickel got DESTROYED

Gelatin: I'm telling Cloudy that you killed our Nickel

Lightbulb: ooh, drama!

II Nickel: oh noooo, you'll send a fluffy little cloud after me! I'm so scared!

Puffball: you should be

Puffball: Ruby, come follow me to Hotel OJ so I can fly you up to Nickel's floor

Puffball: you don't want to miss this

Ruby: yes, ma'am!

Blocky: I wanna see this too

Puffball: fine but you'll have to get a telescope cause I'm not flying you up

Lightbulb: I'll go where the fun is!

Gelatin: FUN GANG ASSEMBLE

Blocky, Gelatin, Lightbulb, Puffball, and Ruby are offline

II Nickel: ok now I'm actually a little nervous

Leafy: Don't be! Cloudy's a wonderful person!

II Nickel: oh thank goodness

Leafy: unless you make him mad

Leafy: which you almost certainly did by killing his teammate and friend

II Nickel: oh no

II Nickel is offline

Leafy: Looks like it's just me now...

Leafy added Firey to: TOSG

Firey: hello

Leafy: Hi, Firey!!

Firey: goodbye

Firey has left TOSG

Leafy: :(

Leafy is offline

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: HELP ME THERES A CLOUD AT MY WINDOW AND HES TRYING TO BREAK IN

II Nickel: HES ALL STORMY AND GREY AND HAS LIGHTNING SHOOTING OUT OF HIM

II Nickel is offline due to his phone shorting out via several lightning strikes

April 10, 2020, 4:03 pm

TV is online

TV: sorry, I was recharging

TV: what'd I miss

WOWWW THAT WAS SO MUCH MORE FUN TO WRITE THAN I EXPECTED

idk why but there's something about this sort of groupchat genre that I love even though it's probably overused on Wattpad for BFB stuff

but has anyone ever thought of doing a BFB x II2 group chat like this?? I haven't seen any so I assume I'm one of the first but if that's really true then I'm astounded nobody else has done it yet

(edit: if anyone who's reading this found any books like this then please link them to me in a comment cause I'd love to read them)

I'm highkey considering making a separate book just for these lmao but for now I'll keep em in this one

first canon short should be out shortly, I hope :)

TOSG #2: Hey guys, for a prank...

April 23, 2020, 4:34 am

Ruby is online

Ruby: I'm booooooooooored

Ruby: anyone awake yet?

Ruby: ...

Ruby: guess not

Trophy is online

Trophy: everyone else probably has Do Not Disturb on

Trophy: why not go wake someone up

Trophy: like

Trophy: physically

Ruby: I don't wanna get up

Trophy: why are you even awake at this hour

Ruby: *[image attachment]*

Trophy: and why did you send a picture of an UNO reverse card

Ruby: what I mean is why are YOU up so early

Trophy: I wake up at 4 every morning and go on a nice, long jog

Trophy: it's good to stay healthy!

Trophy is offline

Ruby: hmmmmmm

Ruby: OH WAIT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO NEVER HAS DO NOT DISTURB ON

Ruby added Flower to the chat

Ruby: FLOWEEEEERRRRRR WAAKE UUUUUUUUUUP

Flower is online

Flower: what

Flower: 's so important that you need to wake me up at this ungodly hour

Ruby: I'm bored

Flower: RUBY DON'T YOU KNOW I NEED MY BEAUTY SLEEP

Flower: uh oh I think I just woke Snowball up

Ruby: how

Ruby: aren't you just typing on your phone while lying on the ground like I am

Flower: no I'm using text-to-speech

Ruby: at 4am? i thought I was crazy

Ruby: are you still using it

Flower: yeah why

Flower: uh oh here he comes

Ruby: flower just get up and run

Ruby: there's no stopping snowball when he's deprived of sleep

Ruby: Flower?

Ruby: oh no

Flower: hey

Ruby: oh thank Earth you survived!

Flower: nah she's dead

Flower: this is Snowball talking

Flower: I ripped her in half and stole her phone

Ruby: oh

Flower changed their name to: Snowball

Snowball: anyway what's up

Snowball: now that I'm awake there's no point in trying to sleep again

Ruby: wanna go annoy some of the II contestants?

Ruby: there's one guy in particular I think you'd get along well with

Trophy is online

Trophy: Ruby for the last time I'm not going to fight Snowball

Ruby: why? are ya *scared?*

Trophy: No! there's just many better ways to spend my time, like taking pictures

Trophy: and besides, OJ's being extra careful about not letting you BFB contestants into the hotel after you sicced Cloudy on Nickel

Trophy: not that I'm complaining; nobody likes that guy

Trophy: now I'm putting this on dnd cause I'd like to work out in pEACE thank you

Trophy is offline

Snowball: what a grouch

Ruby: you're not much better

Snowball: touche

Snowball: have you invited any of the other iancers to this chat

Ruby: besides Flower, I don't think the others have a phone

Snowball: Fanny does, lets invite her

Ruby: she hates group chats

Ruby: she'll probably just say something like "I hate you" and leave

Snowball added Fanny to: TOSG

Ruby: just wait till she checks her phone and you'll see

Blocky, Gelatin, and Puffball are online

Ruby: GELLYYYYYY hi

Gelatin: hey rubes

Blocky: sup guys

Snowball: hey blockman

Puffball: why are you cretins texting each other at 4 in the morning

Snowball: sleep is for the weak

Ruby: sb you ripped flower in half for waking you up

Snowball: imma do the same to you if you don't shush

Puffball: I hope you all appreciate that I had to fly away from my team so they I didn't wake them up by talking

Gelatin: oh hang on a sec

Gelatin: almost all of us are here!

Blocky: wdym there's 19 total people on this chat and we're only 5

Lightbulb is online

Gelatin: THE FUN GANG HAS ASSEMBLED

Blocky: I understand completely now

Snowball: fun gang? bye

Snowball is offline

Lightbulb: howdy yall

Puffball: howdy

Gelatin: howdy

Blocky: howdy

Ruby: howdy

Gelatin: as unspoken leader of the Fun Gang I say that we head out together with the sole purpose of causing chaos

Blocky: I second that!

Lightbulb: if you want chaos then I've got just the candidate to help

Lightbulb added Yin-Yang to TOSG

Yin-Yang is online

Lightbulb: welcome to the fun gang, yang-yin

Yin-Yang: IT'S YIN-YANG

Yin-Yang: ACTUALLY NEVER MIND I LIKE YANG BEING FIRST

Puffball: this is so weird

Puffball: how do you guys even work

Yin-Yang: USUALLY WE SHARE A BODY AND FIGHT OVER STUFF

Yin-Yang: BUT YIN'S ASLEEP RIGHT NOW SO I HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL FOR A WHILE >:)

Yin-Yang changed their name to: Yang

Yang: I JUST READ EVERYTHING ABOVE AND I'D LOVE TO JOIN YOU GUYS

Gelatin: I like you already

Yang: WHEN DO WE START

Blocky: how about now

Ruby: gimme 10 minutes to psyche myself awake

Lightbulb: meet me in Testy's lab once you get up

Yang: I'LL BREAK OUT OF THE HOTEL SOON

Blocky: be there in a bit

Blocky: Puffball can I get a ride over

Puffball: absolutely not

Puffball: even if it weren't for your actions in BFB 15 I still wouldn't help cause your team is much closer to the portal than mine is

Blocky: >:(

Blocky, Gelatin, Lightbulb, Puffball, Ruby, and Yang are offline

5:21 am

Blocky, Gelatin, Lightbulb, Ruby, and Yang are online

Blocky: ok where are you guys

Blocky: I think I lost you

Lightbulb: I'm heading down the stairs to the main lobby place

Lightbulb: I have Nickel and Balloon

Lightbulb: they're so adorable when they're asleep, I just wanna pinch Balloon's cheeks so badly

Blocky: if you do that then he'd pop and the prank would be ruined

Gelatin: I'm with puffball, we've got salt and pepper

Gelatin: just fyi she can't text rn cause talking too loud would wake them up and the TTS doesn't work well with whispering

Gelatin: but she's watching my phone over my shoulder

Yang: I'M RUNNING OUT THE DOOR WITH PAPER

Blocky: I see you I'm exiting the lobby

Yang: PAPER HAS BEEN DEPOSITED OUTSIDE NEXT TO CHEESY AND CHERRIES

Yang: I'M RUNNING BACK IN TO GET BOMB

Ruby: comin down the elevator with Tissues now

Ruby: he's surprisingly heavy for a box of really thin paper

Lightbulb: probably all the snot

Ruby: that's disgusting

Gelatin: no it snot ;)

Gelatin: ow

Gelatin: Puffy just knocked me over cause of that pun :(

Ruby: good

Blocky: I can't wait to see the looks on these guys faces when they wake up and find themselves on top on one of those weird Easter egg-decorated pillars

Lightbulb: good thing I knew about Testy's thingamajig-powder

Gelatin: sleep-inducing perfume

Lightbulb: yeah that

Gelatin: you are a disgrace to chemists everywhere

Yang: UH OH

Yang: GUYS

Lightbulb: wazzup, yan man

Yang: I THINK YIN'S STARTING TO WAKE UP

Ruby: oh shoot

Yang: YUP HE'S ABSOLUTELY WAKING UP

Gelatin: ok uh

Gelatin: what do we do

Yang: I'LL RUN BACK OUTSIDE SO THAT IF YIN TALKS OUT LOUD HE WON'T WAKE ANYONE UP

Yang: I HAVE BOMB ANYWAY

Paintbrush is online

Lightbulb: PAINTY! hi I think we need help

Lightbulb: don't worry guys, the horse fighters have arrived!

Blocky: you mean the cavalry?

Paintbrush: you guys aren't getting away with this

Gelatin: it's six against one, you can't stop us!

Paintbrush: I know

Paintbrush added OJ to: TOSG

Paintbrush: but he can

Paintbrush is offline

OJ is online

Gelatin: have mercy on us

OJ: If Paintbrush has woken me up at 5 in the morning, then this had better be good.

OJ: give me a second though they told me to read the recent chat history

Blocky: ABORT ABORT

Blocky: EVERYONE GET OUT OF THERE

Ruby: IM OMW BUT THIS ELEVATOR IS REALLY SLOW

Gelatin: WE'RE COMING

Ruby: why do I hear screaming

Lightbulb: bad news

Yang: WHAT NOW

Lightbulb: I pinched Balloon's cheek and he popped for some reason

Lightbulb: the noise woke Nickel up and now he's screaming

Puffball is online

Puffball: ARE YOU KIDDING ME LIGHTBULB

Blocky: wait why are you using TTS now

Puffball: because our cover is basically blown so there's no point in trying to be quiet anymore

Trophy is online

Trophy: I gotta see this

OJ: I JUST READ EVERYTHING AND YOU HAVE NEGATIVE 5 SECONDS TO LIVE

Blocky: RUN

Lightbulb: oops

Puffball: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW

Lightbulb is offline

Ruby: well that's ominous

Gelatin: WE'RE OUT

Puffball: BUT SALT AND PEPPER ARE WAKING

OJ: *HOW MANY PEOPLE DID YOU KIDNAP*

Blocky: uh

Blocky: nobody

OJ: I'm going to hunt you all down and sue you

Blocky: dang I was sure that would work

Yang: what in the world is going on here??

Yang: SORRY THAT WAS YIN

Yang: HE'S FULLY AWAKE Nhey stop stealing the p

Yang: hone yanNO

Puffball: everything is falling to pieces

Yang is offline

Puffball: and there they go

Lightbulb is online

Ruby: LB WHERE YA BEEN

Ruby: RUN NOW

Lightbulb: this is nickel

Lightbulb: lightbulb tripped down the stairs like an idiot and shattered at the bottom

Ruby: why has this happened to me twice in one day

Lightbulb: i laughed at her corpse then laughed at balloons corpse

Lightbulb: and now im going back to bed because you are all crazy good night

Lightbulb is offline

Gelatin: I believe you mean "good *morning*"

Ruby: OH THE ELEVATOR FINALLY REACHED THE LOBBY IM COMING GUYS

OJ: no you're not

Ruby: CRAP HE WAS WAITING AT THE BOTTOM PLAN B PLAN B

Blocky: WHAT DO YOU MEAN PLAN B WE NEVER HAD A PLAN B

OJ: SHE'S CRAZY

Gelatin: WHAT DID SHE DO I'M COMING BACK INSIDE

OJ: DONT YOU DARE

OJ: SHE COUGHED UP A GIANT PAIR OF GREEN SCISSORS AND CUT THROUGH THE ELEVATOR CABLES

Gelatin: WHAT

Blocky: I was wondering where those went

OJ: AND NOW SHE AND TISSUES AND THE ELEVATOR ALL FELL INTO THE BASEMENT

Ruby is offline

Gelatin: THATS IT IM COMING IN

Puffball: GELATIN NO

Gelatin is offline

Puffball: and he's dead

Blocky: what did OJ do to him

Blocky: I can't see cause I'm hiding behind a tree

Puffball is offline

Blocky: puffball??

OJ: you're next

Blocky: nO GET AWAY

Blocky is offline

Ruby is online

Ruby: guys it's ok I escaped though the basement's cellar door

Ruby: I left Tissues in the basement though

Ruby: he's sneezing a lot but he seems to be unharmed otherwise

OJ: G O O D

Blocky is online

Blocky: I can't say where I am or else the juice demon will find me

Blocky: Puffball and Gelatin are dead

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: OJ he's in that bush five feet away from you

Paintbrush: I can see him from where I'm standing

Blocky: NO PAINTBR

Blocky is offline

Ruby: I'm heading back to Goiky before I get massacred as well

Ruby: peace

Ruby is fleeing for her life

OJ: PEACE WAS NEVER AN OPTION

OJ left TOSG

Trophy: that was entertaining

Trophy is offline

god these are so much fun to write

TOSG #3: Big Ladder

April 25, 2020, 12:00 pm (noon)

Donut, Fan, II Nickel, Ruby, TB, and Trophy are online

Fan: this chat needs some more people in it

Ruby: y e s

Donut: absolutely NOT!

Donut: especially after what happened two days ago

TB: Wait, what happened?

Donut: you didn't hear?

TB: No

Ruby: it was AWESOME

Trophy: it was pretty hilarious actually

Ruby: me Gelatin Puffball Lightbulb Yin-Yang and Blocky all snuck into Hotel OJ at like 5 in the morning

Ruby: the original plan was to kidnap all the eliminated II contestants and put them on top of one of those weird easter egg-decorated columns as a prank

TB: ...

Trophy: but of course they got caught

Trophy: OJ killed Blocky, Gelatin, and Puffball and Lightbulb managed to shatter herself

Ruby: II Nickel is hoarding their phones and OJ's not complaining cause he doesn't want them back in the hotel ever

II Nickel: hehe

Blocky, Gelatin, and Lightbulb are online

Blocky: now I can be whoever I want

Gelatin: wherever I want

Lightbulb: whenever I want!

Blocky, Gelatin, and Lightbulb are offline

Donut: that's spooky

Ruby: I still have mine cause I escaped

Ruby: also Fries managed to convince them to give Puffball's phone back to her cause she was apparently "influenced" by the rest of us and "isn't normally that crazy"

Puffball is online

Puffball: Fries doesn't know me as well as he thinks he does ehehehehehehe

TB: good lord

Barf Bag is online

Barf Bag: I haven't checked my phone in forever lol

Barf Bag: what's going on?

Donut: thank goodness you're here

Donut: but I'm not sure even you can really help with the absolute insanity of this chat

Fan: the inanimate insanity? 😏

Donut is offline

Puffball: I'm going to get you for that pun someday

Fan: that wasn't really a pun but ok

Ruby: back to Fan's "more people" idea

Ruby added Match to: TOSG

Match is online

Ruby: MATCH HIIIIII ITS BEEN SO LONG

Match: ruby we literally texted each other a bunch like yesterday

Match: but hi again anyway

Puffball: oh hey Match

Match: like, hi Puffy

Puffball: ok I was on good terms with you for getting Stapy eliminated cause he was kinda annoying but never call me puffy again

Puffball is offline

Match: rude

Snowball is online

Match: oh ew it's the big baby

Match: like bye

Match is offline

Snowball: Ruby I can't believe you told her about that stupid nickname

Ruby: sorry not sorry

Ruby: are you still using Flower's phone

Snowball: yeah

Ruby: I should ask Four to recover her

Four: ok

Fan: AAH

TB: What the heck? How long have you been in this chat for?

Four: I've been here fourever!

Four: I'll be in every group chat you try to create and I'm watching at all times

Four: unless I'm asleep

II Nickel: wow, sounds like you're a real great host

Four: thank you!

Fan: HAH

II Nickel: oh my mint trying to be sarcastic over text is so hard

Fan: wait was that genuine or was it sarcasm I legit can't tell anymore

II Nickel: I hate you all

II Nickel is offline

Fanny is online

Fanny: finally someone I can relate to

Fanny: I hate you all as well

Fanny is offline

Ruby: I TOLD YOU SB

Snowball: well Fanny's pretty predictable

Four: anyway Flower's now recovered

Ruby: cool can you tell her that Snowball's using her phone

Four: she's already rampaging towards him

Snowball: eh

Snowball: I can handle her

Snowball: wait how did she manage to pick up Firey

Snowball is offline

Trophy: it's times like these when I wish I wasn't eliminated and I could come over to your universe

Match is online

Match: is he gone

Snowball is online

Match: apparently like not

Snowball: NO HANG ON ITS ME FLOWER

Snowball changed their name to: Flower

Flower: I GOT MY PHONE BACK

Match: you're not like much better

Match: anyway I only returned to add the only other Exitor who like owns a phone

Match added Liy to: TOSG

Match is offline

Ruby: welcome back Flower

Gelatin is online

Ruby: welcome back Gelly

Gelatin: wdym

Gelatin: oh wait I took the wrong phone

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: that's not me guys I swear

Fan: you're definitely being sarcastic now

II Nickel: NO IM NOT

Gelatin changed their name to: Lightbulb

II Nickel: SEE

II Nickel: wait Lightbulb how did you get Gelatin's phone

Lightbulb: I just snuck in through your window and stole it

II Nickel: WHAT

Lightbulb: I am a master of stealth

TB: Events from two nights ago say otherwise.

Fan: where are you right now

Lightbulb: you know that little ledge at the bottom of a window on the outside of a building

Fan: don't move I'm coming to get you

Fan is offline

Lightbulb: anyways I see that yall wanted to add more people to the chat

Lightbulb: I'll help

Donut is online

Donut: Lightbulb, from what I've heard, your help is usually about as useful as a pair of rubber knitting needles

Lightbulb added Cheesy, Microphone, and Knife to: TOSG

Cheesy is online

Donut: actually I don't think these people are too terrible

Cheesy: thanks! there ain't a hole in that logic! *knee slap*

Donut: I take back what I said

Donut is offline

Flower: is that Slicey Boi that I see

Lightbulb: it is indeed Slicey Boi

Ruby: heh

Ruby: Slicey Boi

Knife is online

Flower changed Knife's name to: Slicey Boi

Slicey Boi: not this again

Slicey Boi: 10 seconds on my phone and I already have a headache

Slicey Boi is offline

Lightbulb added Box to: TOSG

Box is online

II Nickel: BOX IS HERE

II Nickel: HELLO ITS GOOD TO SEE YOU and I mean that genuinely

Cheesy: BOX MAN HOWS IT GOING

Box:

Cheesy: that's great to hear!

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: oh cool box is here

Trophy: I don't understand

Lightbulb: cmon Trophy, it should be easy to understand, even for me!

Lightbulb: Box is a cool guy

Lightbulb: and you're not

Trophy: I

Trophy is offline

Flower: who's Box

II Nickel: only the greatest being in this universe and possibly all other universes out there

II Nickel: scratch that, DEFINITELY all other universes

Ruby: I met him two nights ago and I can back up that statement

Box is offline

Lightbulb: aw :(

Paintbrush: he was the only sane one in this chat

Paintbrush is offline

Leafy and Liy are online

Leafy: Hello!!

Liy: hey everyone

Leafy: Oh, hi Liy!

Leafy: It's been a while

Liy: yeah, good to hear from you again

Liy: didn't know you had a phone

Leafy: right back at you

Lightbulb: what sort of object is a "Liy"

Liy: who is THAT

Liy: I mean they're obviously a lightbulb but there's not a lightbulb in BFB

Flower: it's a long story

Ruby: there's a portal to another universe where another object show called Inanimate Insanity is happening and she's from there

Flower: I guess it wasn't that long after all

TB: To answer your question, Lightbulb, Liy is a light switch.

TB: It's possible that you two may get along well because you're similar objects!

II Nickel: uh

TB: There are exceptions to that theory.

Flower: ruby do ya wanna try on the beta edition of my new fashion line

Ruby is offline

Flower: I'll take that as a yes

Flower is offline

Liy: just read stuff and now I want to add a few people

Leafy: me, too!

Liy: I think I have Tree's and Bottle's numbers here somewhere

Lightbulb: omga why didn't I think of adding Bottle before

Cheesy: that wasn't very bright of you!

II Nickel: can someone ban him

II Nickel: I would but I don't know how

Cheesy: :(

Leafy added Balloony and Needle to: TOSG

Liy added Bottle and Tree to: TOSG

TB: This chat is REALLY growing.

II Nickel: ew, Balloon?

II Nickel: oh never mind it's your balloony

Lightbulb: BOTTLE

Lightbulb: aw she's not online yet

Fan is online

Fan: Puffball can you help me

Fan: I can't find a ladder tall enough to reach Lightbulb

II Nickel: I can push her off the windowsill if you want

Puffball is online

Puffball: omw

Puffball: oh wait no OJ put that restraining order on me

Puffball: I can't go anywhere near the hotel

Lightbulb: that didn't stop me

Fan: you probably don't even know what a restraining order is

Lightbulb: that was part of it

Puffball: I can send Cloudy over to help

II Nickel: Don't you dare send that demon anywhere near me.

II Nickel: besides, he's in the restraining order too, remember?

II Nickel: you guys are REALLY good at staying on the right side of the law, haha

TB: Perhaps I can help! There may be something in GB's factory that can allow Lightbulb to safely get down. Let me look.

TB is offline

Tree is online

Tree: did I hear that someone needs help preventing death?

Fan: yes please

Bottle Paintbrush are online

Paintbrush: as much as Lightbulb annoys me I hate seeing her shatter so I'll help

Bottle: I will as well!

Bottle: what if we stacked on top of each other to reach her?

Tree: I suppose that could work, but it's dangerous

Fan: I still have a normal-sized ladder

Fan: we should be able to reach her with that plus all of us

Paintbrush: great

Leafy: I'll help too!

Bottle, Leafy, Paintbrush, and Tree are offline

Lightbulb: hooray! I'm going to be rescued!

Liy: I miss my fellow Death PACTers

Puffball: aight imma head off to keep playing scribble dot eye oh with the rest of the Foodies

Puffball: Skribbl.io*

Puffball: the downsides of using TTS

Cheesy: that's not a very *smart* phone, then!

Puffball: I'm adding you to my pun hitlist

Puffball is offline

Lightbulb is offline

Fan: dangit she just dropped her phone off the side of the building

Liy: ouch

Blocky is online

Blocky: whoops wrong phone again

Blocky changed their name to: Lightbulb

II Nickel: HOW DO YOU DO THAT I WAS WATCHING YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW THE WHOLE TIME AND YOU DIDNT BUDGE *BUT NOW ANOTHER PHONE IS MISSING*

Lightbulb: Magic!

Fan: she absolutely didn't move

Fan: Lightbulb is an enigma

Fan: wrapped in a mystery

Liy: so am I

Fan: oh there they are

Fan and Lightbulb are offline

TB is online

TB: Looks like I wasn't needed after all.

Gelatin is online

II Nickel: AGAIN???

II Nickel: no hang on. his phone was already taken

Gelatin: I'm the real deal

Cheesy: and I'm the real *meal!*

Gelatin: I like you

II Nickel: I think that's enough puns for me today

II Nickel is offline

Cheesy: you can't hide from me

Cheesy is offline

TB: Gelatin, I thought you had your phone taken away.

TB: No, I KNOW had your phone taken away.

Gelatin: I'm using a laptop

TB: Where in the world did you get it? I hope you're not about to say "Golf Ball's underground factory."

Gelatin: nah I got it from Yoyle City

TB: that's almost worse what have you done

GB is online

GB deleted a message in: TOSG

GB: Gelatin, give me that laptop right now.

Gelatin: why

GB: Don't argue with me. You know we all made an agreement to not talk about anything IDFB-related again.

Gelatin: *you* just mentioned IDFB and Liy's in this chat

GB: GAH

GB deleted two messages in: TOSG

Liy: don't worry I already know what IDFB is

GB: GAHH

GB deleted a message in: TOSG

TB: How?

Gelatin: I swear I didn't say anything

GB: GELATIN YOU HAVE THREE SECONDS TO EITHER HAND OVER THAT LAPTOP OR DESTROY IT YOURSELF.

Gelatin: calm down geebee

GB is offline

Gelatin: uh oh

TB: I'll try to pacify her...

TB: But please, just get rid of that laptop.

Gelatin: fiiiiiiiiiiiine

Gelatin and TB are offline

Liy: hello?

Liy: am I alone again

Barf Bag: not quite

Liy: woah lurker

Liy: how long have you been here for

Barf Bag: quite a while

Barf Bag: I just haven't said anything because I've been trying to process all the madness that's happened

Liy: at least you're not stuck in the EXIT

Liy: we do nothing but math all the time

Liy: this is the most entertainment I've gotten since we tried to escape

Liy: which was only a month ago but still

Barf Bag: I think I've got some entertainment for you

Barf Bag: you're enemies with Foldy right

Liy: yeah...

Barf Bag: then you'd probably enjoy hearing about what happened to her during the challenge yesterday

Liy: 👀

Liy: do tell

To be continued...

...in the first canon short story of this book!

I swear if it's not out in the next couple days I'm gonna punch both myself and my school

but what's that mysterious agreement about IDFB?? 👀

you'll just have to wait for more IDFBC chapters to find out ;)

[Canon] Instant Karma

April 24th, 2020

Through the leaves of a lava-scorched bush, Foldy peeked directly towards iance. She gazed at Flower, Ruby, Bubble, Lightning, Snowball, and Fanny, making sure to never look away. She was almost certain they were plotting something-

"Foldy?"

"Hi, Eraser." Foldy didn't even turn around in greeting, only recognizing the pink parallelogram by his voice.

"You ok?" He sounded slightly concerned. "You've been staring at iance pretty intensely for a while now."

She continued to stare. "I can't afford to take my eyes off of them, Eraser."

"Why? Is it because of that whole thing with Stapy?" Eraser scoffed. "Come on, Match already got eliminated, and I never really liked her, so it was a pretty good elimination in my eyes."

"It's not enough," Foldy said through clenched teeth. "I have to be sure to take every one of them down-"

Out of nowhere, a large, blue hand reached over and grabbed iance, pulling them away in a flash. Before Foldy and Eraser could blink, the same thing happened to them. The duo was quickly deposited in front of Four, because the hands were his, of course.

"Four!" Eraser protested. "What's going on?!"

"Isn't it obvious?" Four rasped as he let go ABNTT and stretched his limbs again to grab the other teams. "It's contest time! I'm gathering

you all here so that we can begin!"

"So then what is it?"

The numeral growled before dropping BEEP on top of Eraser. "Just be patient and wait till I've gathered everyone!"

Four and a half teams later, all the contestants of BFB were congregated in one spot, plus a few extra objects. "Alright!" Four announced loudly. "For today's challenge, you eight teams will-"

"This is so cool!" Fan interrupted from amidst the Better Namers. "I've always wanted to see a BFB contest happen in person!"

"Hey!" Four reached into the crowd and pulled out the red-and-yellow paper. "What are you doing here?"

"Uh, I was just hanging out with Tennis Ball and you snatched me by accident."

Another new voice piped up: Baseball. "Yeah, you just shoved me over here without any warning. Not cool!"

"Grrr... alright. I'll have to talk with your host later. But for now, new rule!" Four scanned the crowd for any other II2 objects, locating Toilet and Microphone, and tossed them all in the general direction of Test Tube's portal, which was now kept open for most hours of the day so objects could travel between Goiky and the IIverse freely. It was also no longer a swirling mix of colors - instead, it showed a view of the other side to prevent objects from entering at the same time and running into each other. "Inanimate Insanity contestants can watch my contests, but they cannot interfere or talk to my contestants in any way while a challenge is going on!"

Toilet got up, completely unfazed after being thrown around. "Alright! I'll update Mistah Phone about that! Byeeeeee!" He dashed through the portal. Microphone and Baseball just sat up and grumbled a little, while Fan pulled out his phone and turned on its camera, making sure to point it at the large crowd of objects ahead of him.

"As I was saying," Four continued, "you eight teams will be doing

something quite interesting today..." The digit grew an unsettling smile and clapped his hands loudly. The sound echoed, reverberating through everyone's eardrums and making them all fall to the ground. Only Four, X, and the II2 objects were unaffected.

"Urgg..." Foldy shakily rose to her feet. Something felt different, but she wasn't quite sure what.

"What happened?" Fries' voice said next to her. She turned, but nobody was there. In fact, her whole team was gone. "Hey! Where are my arms?" Fries continued.

"Where are you guys?" Foldy asked.

"Why can't I control my body?"

"Do I have *legs??"*

"Oh my artist! What's going on??"

"Seriously!" Foldy was getting nervous. "Where are you guys? I can't see you?"

"I THINK WE'RE IN YOUR MIND, FOLDY!"

"What?!" she shrieked.

All at once, everyone began talking and crowding her brain with voices, so Foldy tuned them out temporarily to look around at the other teams. Other than Four, X, and the II2 contestants, she could only see seven other people. But they were all changed in some way, color-wise. Nearby her, some of Eggy's spots were no longer yellow, and Gelatin's sections were dyed differently. Cloudy and Flower were similar to Gelatin. Gaty had a line running down her middle, separating the different colors, and Remote's buttons were also colored unusually. TV was unique - his screen was split into six sections, and each section was displaying a different member of ABNTT, in video form.

With a start, Foldy realized that each new color on all the objects around her were *representing the other objects from that team.* She glanced down and sure enough, six new stripes adorned her paper

body - red for Fries, pink for Eraser, a lighter pink for Puffball, yellow for Yellow Face, purple for Marker, and brown for Bell.

(This amazing drawing was made for me by a good friend of mine on Discord. Thank you, Funfunny!)

What has Four done now? Foldy thought.

As if Four could read her mind (she wouldn't be surprised at this point if he could), he answered the unspoken question. "Remote, TV, Gelatin, Foldy, Eggy, Flower, Cloudy, and Gaty - you eight have been randomly chosen to be vessels for all your teammates. Although the consciousnesses of everyone on your team are now merged with yours, you still have full control over your body." Four chuckled. "I'll give you all a minute or two to get used to this before starting the *real* challenge."

Thankfully, the other Foodies stayed silent for a few moments as Foldy processed this. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw MePhone come out of the portal and grab the spectating II contestants before Fries interrupted her thoughts. "That number is the craziest being I've ever seen, and that's saying a lot, after... you know. 2017."

The other Foodies gave off an impression of agreement, or something akin to it. While Foldy couldn't really see them, she could still sense their presence, as well as a very vague sense of what they were feeling. Probably because there were no facial expressions to read. "What happened in 2017?" Foldy wondered out loud. "Other than Four starting BFB."

Fries felt startled about something, but Bell 'spoke' before he could. "That doesn't matter," she said. "Right now, Foldy, you need to get used to having... us... in your head. Yeesh, that really sounds crazy when you say it out loud."

If she had arms, Foldy would have shrugged. "It is kinda weird. But your voices sound like you're all standing next to me as usual, so I'm just pretending that you're invisible!"

"Whatever helps you sleep at night," Eraser commented.

"What do you guys see?"

"WE CAN SEE OUT OF YOUR EYES LIKE NORMAL!" Yellow Face answered. "I'M ALSO ABLE TO LOOK AROUND, INSTEAD OF YOU CONTROLLING YOUR EYES!"

"Huh, so can I," Puffball commented. But Foldy could control her eyes like normal as well - just another weird thing Four did.

"Alright!" Four's screech interrupted everyone's thoughts. "It's time for the proper challenge now." Without any warning, he grabbed four contestants in each hand, then flew off and deposited them all at the cliff where the challenge from episode 5 took place. "Today, you will be doing a *four*-part race!" he began to explain. "Each part will be from a different challenge you've done in the past."

Four gestured to the cliff next to them, where eight paper airplanes were resting. He breathed in deeply. "The first quarter will be to use these paper airplanes and get to the bottom of the cliff. The next part, which is at the bottom - obviously - is to push the giant jawbreaker into your team's hole. Thankfully, nobody is inside this jawbreaker. If you get there and the jawbreaker is already in a different team's hole, feel free to take it out and use it yourself."

The number paused to pant, then took another deep breath. "After that, you have to repeat episode 11's challenge - climbing to the top of some stairs and pressing a button. Finally, you'll find a pile of emeralds behind the staircase. Grab one and bring it over to me to win. If you don't have the emerald when you get back to me, it won't count! Last person to complete all of these loses for their team!"

Four sucked in a bunch of air, panting heavily. "Phew. I think that covers it. Oh yeah! I need to level the playing field a little more." Four snapped his fingers. Foldy didn't notice anything different at first, but then gasped as she realized *she had arms.* She experimented with moving them around. In the periphery of her vision, she saw that TV, Eggy, and Gaty also now had arms. Cloudy had gained arms *and* legs and appeared to be unable to fly anymore. Flower, Gelatin, and Remote weren't affected.

"Is everyone ready?" Four asked them. "Just kidding. I don't care if you're all ready or not. BEGIN!"

Foldy snapped to attention as Four said that. She glanced around and saw that Gelatin was already pushing his paper airplane towards the cliff. "Hurry, Foldy!" Marker urged in her head. "We have to make sure to get going before we're behind!"

"Got it!" Foldy began to run. To her right, Eggy, Flower, and Gaty were sprinting towards their airplanes as well. Then Foldy got an

idea. When she reached the cliff, she completely ignored her airplane and leapt off instead.

Marker, Yellow Face, Fries, and Eraser screamed in her mind, but stopped when they realized she was gliding through the air. "WOW! NICE TRICK!" Yellow Face commented.

"Thanks." Foldy was adjusting to her new arms, but it was still child's play to reach the ground safely. She glanced behind her, satisfied to see that she was the first one down. "Yes! We're in the lead!"

"Don't get overconfident," Puffball warned.

Foldy nodded and continued forward as other people glided closer to the ground. She could see the eight holes that represented each team's goals, but not the jawbreaker. "Where is it?" she wondered out loud.

"It's in that tree!" Bell yelled. Foldy glanced upwards and groaned as she saw the jawbreaker perched at the tippy-top of the tree Bell mentioned. "You've got to be kidding me. I don't know how to climb! I've never used arms before!"

Eraser spoke up. "Don't worry! I have lots of climbing experience after climbing Bell's string in episode 4."

"Hey!" Bell protested.

"Just go to the tree and I'll walk you through the steps," Eraser continued.

He quickly explained the basics and Foldy did her best, shakily scaling the wooden trunk. It was easier than she expected. But just as she got to the top, TV flew by in his paper airplane and snatched up the jawbreaker. "HEY!" Foldy yelled.

On TV's screen, she saw Grassy stick his tongue out at her. TV landed right next to A Better Name Than That's hole and tossed the jawbreaker in. "AFTER THEM!" Bell shouted.

Foldy let go of the tree's branches and glided back to the ground just as Flower sped past her. "Later, Foldy!" Flower called out.

Foldy trilled in anger and raced after the plant. Flower fished the jawbreaker out of ABNTT's hole and raised it into the air triumphantly just as Foldy body slammed her. "OW! RUDE!" Flower complained, wheezing as Foldy grabbed the jawbreaker for herself and dropped it into her team's goal.

"That was kind of unnecessary," Eraser said as Foldy sprinted off towards the set of stairs that was the next part of the challenge. "But awesome!"

Fries grunted. "No! NOT awesome! Foldy, you'll need to let go of your grudge against iance for now if we want to win."

Foldy ignored them and glanced behind her. Eggy was very slowly floating down from the cliff in her airplane, but everyone else was on the ground by now. Gelatin was trying to wrest the jawbreaker out of Flower's grip, while Remote, Gaty, and Cloudy advanced on them. Turning her attention back to in front of her, she reached the bottom of the steps and started racing up just as TV pressed the button at the top.

"Look out!" Marker yelled completely unnecessarily as TV ran back down the stairs towards them. For a moment, it seemed liked neither of them was going to stop. Then, at the last moment, Foldy jumped to the side and used the air currents to fly across the rest of the distance to the button. She slammed on it with her fist as she flew by and sailed towards the finish line, where Four was waiting.

"Woo! Amazing job!" Puffball cheered.

"WAIT!" Yellow Face. "YOU FORGOT THE EMERALD!"

"Aw, sheets of paper!" Foldy realized he was right and angled her 'wings' to fly back, but she was already losing altitude. She touched down right next to the pile of gems and grabbed one at the same time TV did. "Looks like we'll have to run."

She turned and sprinted towards the finish line, matching TV's pace. Without warning, his screen suddenly turned black and he tripped over his own feet, slamming against the ground. Foldy skidded to a halt. "What?"

"Ha ha!" a robotic voice yelled out from behind her. Foldy glanced back to see Remote gaining on her. "The power of the power button is glorious!"

Marker made a *hmmm* sound. "I didn't know she could do that."

"Doesn't matter," Bell said as Remote bounded past them. "Just get to the finish line!"

But an idea sparked in Foldy's mind. She dropped the emerald and grabbed TV and his gem, and began dragging him to the finish. "FOLDY!" Fries screamed. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING??"

"I'm not letting go of my grudge," Foldy started to explain. Nearby, they all heard Four announce that Death PACT was safe as Remote won ahead of them. "I need to get iance up for elimination again. And to do that, I need to make sure that all the other teams actually *finish."* To emphasize her determination, she gave one final shove, and TV slid across the finish line. Foldy tossed his emerald over as well.

"A Better Name Than That is safe!" Four cheered gleefully.

The Foodies' voices exploded with rage inside Foldy's mind, but she simply tuned them out and waited for Flower. As Gelatin and Cloudy ran past her and crossed the finish line with their emeralds, Foldy could see Flower emerge at the top of the stairs and press the button from before.

Gaty came up and pressed it right after, almost pushing Flower down in the process. They wrestled for a second before shoving each other off, giving Eggy time to begin climbing the staircase herself. Both Gaty and Flower hit the ground but survived. They each grabbed their emeralds and sprinted in Foldy's direction. Now was the time for action.

Foldy moved to intercept Flower. The blossom shifted her path to run past, but Foldy managed to snatch her arm. "Hey! Let go!"

"Never!" Foldy said, grabbing Flower's other arm while Gaty reached the finish line. "I'm not resting till every member of iance is

eliminated for what you did to Stapy."

"You're crazy!" Flower spat, struggling against Foldy's grip. "You already got Match out when you made me lose in episode 11! Isn't that enough for you??"

"Nope!"

"Gah!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Foldy saw Eggy nab a gem of her own. The half-second distraction was enough to let Flower push Foldy away. "Ha-HAH!" Flower screeched, leaping across the finish line.

"No!!" Foldy jumped to the finish line as well, yet it was too late. Flower was safe, and so was iance. "Drat. At least we're safe, too..."

"FOLDY!" Fries yelled in her ear (or so it sounded).

She could no longer ignore them. "What??" she asked angrily.

"THE EMERALD!"

Foldy's eyes widened. She whipped around to see her emerald lying in the dead grass not ten feet away. But before she could so much as take a step towards it, Eggy lunged forwards and slid over to Four, gem in her hands.

"The Losers are safe!" Four declared. He loomed over Foldy. "And because Foldy did not listen to her teammates and left her emerald behind, Free Food will be losing a member next episode."

The numeral clapped his hands and everything went white. When they could all see again, everyone was back to normal, standing nearby the portal to the IIverse like nothing had happened.

Foldy looked around nervously. Golf Ball was yelling angrily at Remote, and Gelatin was high-fiving his teammates. Everyone else just looked relieved to be safe from elimination.

Then the other six Foodies appeared, glaring furiously at Foldy. She gulped. "Uh oh..."

April 25th, 2020, 12:28 pm

Barf Bag: and now we're just waiting for the next episode

Liy: wow

Barf Bag: yup, it was pretty eventful

Barf Bag: Gelatin was like a wall; he completely ignored all of us and it was super frustrating but he pulled through

Barf Bag: I can only imagine what it was like for the other teams

Liy: that was a pretty smart move by Remote

Liy: thanks for the story, really cheered me up

Barf Bag: anytime!

Liy: after that, there's no way Foldy's not getting voted out >:)

Liy: WAIT NO THEN THAT MEANS SHE'LL BE JOINING ME IN THE EXIT

Liy: FLIP

Liy is offline

Barf Bag: whoops

Barf Bag: sorry Liy :(

Barf Bag is offline

FINALLY

IT'S FINISHED

motivation failed me for the longest time but it is H E R E

Quick message to @Bookwormgirl5, @AmongUs321, and @Elainewrites1120: just wanted to let you all know that I've seen your story requests, and I will do them! One in particular I'm saving to near the end of this book, another one I can't do until certain events happen (which I am planning to write in), and the third one I will possibly do (relatively) soon.

TOSG #4: Movie Night

May 4, 2020, 12:00 am (midnight)

Cheesy is online

Cheesy: May the 4th be with you

II Nickel is online

II Nickel : go to sleep

II Nickel is offline

Cheesy: nobody appreciates Star Wars anymore

Cheesy is offline

May 4, 2020, 6:42 pm

Balloony, Box, Cheesy, Needle, Tree, and TV are online

Needle: and that's why I don't like being called Needy.

Balloony: huh

Needle: yeah

Needle: I know it's a really weird thing but that's just how it is

Balloony: alright then

Balloony: I never planned on calling you needy anyway but that's good to know in case my tongue ever slips or something

TV: I have clips of all previous BFDI episodes so I'll delete the ones

where people call you needy

Needle: thanks I actually really appreciate that

Cheesy: what an interesting story!

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: wow, someone alert the presses! Cheesy actually said something without making a pun!

II Nickel: for once in his life

Cheesy: Hey! I'll have you know, contrary to popular belief

Cheesy: I don't *spend* all my time making puns ;)

II Nickel is offline

Box:

Needle: Box is such a great listener

Cheesy: I know, right?? he likes ALL my jokes! that's never happened to me before

Balloony: cheesy dm me

Cheesy: sure

Balloony and Cheesy are offline

Tree: back sorry

Tree: I had to get Bottle out of an *inanimate* tree

Needle: so you weren't listening to my story

Tree: oh I already knew everything about that

Tree: Pin told me in

Tree: uh

Tree: the thing we're not supposed to talk about

Needle: I know what you mean

Fan is online

Fan: do I smell secrets that need to be blogged about

Flower is online

Flower: begone fanny

Tree: fan*

Flower: fan fanny

Fan: what

Fanny is online

Flower is offline

Fanny: stop

Fan: oh hey it's my counterpart!

Fanny: I hate you

Fan: I thought so

Fanny: I hate that you know everything about me

Tree: this is getting tiring.

Tree is offline

Cheesy is online

Needle: oh welcome back Cheesy, what were you guys talking about

Balloony is online

Balloony: that's private

Cheesy: Balloony told me he has a secret appreciation for puns and asked me for a list

Balloony: CHEESY

Gelatin and Puffball are online

Balloony: what have you done

Gelatin: I'm seeing you in a new light

Puffball: you are dead to me Balloony

TV: how are you online again?

Gelatin: got a new phone from Four

Gelatin: hey Balloony and Puffball

Gelatin: what did the duck say to the bartender after ordering a drink

Puffball temporarily muted Gelatin

Puffball is offline

Balloony: thank you

Balloony: now please excuse me as I contemplate my ruined reputation

Balloony is offline

Needle: cheesy do you have any shame

Cheesy: nope

Cheesy: making terrible puns all day is my one defining trait

Box Cheesy are offline

Fanny: I hate this group chat

Fanny is offline

Fan: hey :(

Fan is offline

TV: how is it always so chaotic

Needle: I'm getting a different friend in here

Needle invited Teardrop to: TOSG

Teardrop is online

Teardrop: LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Teardrop: I'm so tired of people never understanding what I'm trying to convey to them

Teardrop: and why doES NOBODY HERE KNOW SIGN LANGUAGE

Teardrop: also hi needle and thanks

Needle: anytime

Teardrop changed their name to: TD

TV: wonderful!

Microphone is online

TV: hellooooooo microphone

Needle: how's the hotel?

Microphone: the hotel's great, actually

Microphone: I just still wish I was competing

Microphone: a million dollars is very desirable

Microphone changed their name to: Mic

Needle: can't you just use some paper slips?

Mic: what are paper slips

TD: they're kinda a cheat tbh

Puffball is online

Puffball: I'd just like to clarify that when I said Balloony was dead to me I meant that in more ways than one

Puffball: what I'm trying to say is that Balloony needs to be recovered

Leafy is online

Leafy: one word

Leafy: Cloudy

Puffball: I'll go ask Four to recover Balloony

Leafy: *good*

Leafy is offline

Puffball: but I have his phone now and I'm not giving it back just yet >:)

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: welcome to the phone-collecting club

Puffball: happy to be part of it

Puffball is offline

Mic: the people in your universe are weird

Needle: tell me about it

II Nickel: oh, yeah, like WE don't have any weirdos

Mic: touche

TD added Taco to: TOSG

Mic: uh

II Nickel: uh

Taco is online

Taco: yo

TD: welcome tacoy

II Nickel: Teardrop

II Nickel: why did you invite HER to the chat

Taco: me?

II Nickel: yes you

II Nickel: stop acting dumb

II Nickel: you gave up that act years ago

Needle: ???

Taco: oh, I think you're mistaking me for that other Taco

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: since Nickel is being antagonistic as usual I'll explain

Paintbrush: there's a Taco in our universe too

Paintbrush: she competed in season 1 of Inanimate Insanity, pretended to be dumb and weird to be likable, and got to the final 2 with OJ

Paintbrush: almost won but didn't due to a series of convoluted events

Paintbrush: then revealed that she was actually faking the stupidity and nearly stole the million-dollar prize but eventually escaped with nothing

TV: wow

II Nickel: that about sums it up

Needle: part of that sounds oddly similar to what happened in *our* first season's finale...

II Nickel: wait, so then *you* guys have a Taco too?

Taco: yup! that's me

II Nickel: in that case I genuinely apologize

Taco: thanks!

II Nickel: until I can find something else wrong with you

Paintbrush: that's the Nickel we all know and hate

Paintbrush: anyways II Taco hasn't reappeared since

Paintbrush: except that she was helping Microphone out in the challenges

II Nickel: WHAT

Mic: PAINTBRUSH

Mic: WAIT HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT

II Nickel: SO ITS TRUE?!

Mic: I NEVER SAID

Mic: GAH

Mic is offline

II Nickel: my disappointment is immeasurable and my day is ruined

Taco: hold on, I thought she was just spectating?

Taco: at least that's what she told me

II Nickel: YOU TALKED TO HER TOO

Taco: yeah on the first day that Test Tube brought a bunch of us to your universe

Slicey Boi is online

Slicey Boi: so was that you I yelled at that day?

Slicey Boi: ahg I forgot about this nickname

Slicey Boi changed their name to: Knife

Taco: yeah

Knife: yeesh... sorry about that

Knife: I just wasn't expecting to see what I thought was our Taco

Taco: no worries

Taco: Slicey Boi

Taco: *[image attachment: https://tinyurl.com/y59dnend]*

Knife: I will give you a singular pass because I feel bad for earlier but don't push it

Knife is offline

TD: nice one

Taco: why thank you

Paintbrush: two apologies from generally mean contestants? impressive

Lightbulb is online

Lightbulb: HEY HEY HEY WHO WANTS TO WATCH A MOVIE

TD: ooh, movie night? I'm in

Cheesy is online

Cheesy: STAR WARS BACK-TO-BACK

II Nickel: no

Lightbulb: who has the most annoying voice

Puffball is online

Puffball: that would be 🎶MEEEEEEEEEE🎶

Lightbulb: great can you annoy everyone into getting online

Puffball: oh I don't even have to use my voice for that

Puffball: @everyone

Paintbrush: you can ping people in this app?

Paintbrush: *WAIT NO PUFFBALL WHAT HAVE YOU DONE*

Everyone is online

Needle: oh

TV: dear

Donut: here we go again

Fries: hey, a movie night could actually be fun

Leafy: I agree! It's a great opportunity to have fun with a bunch of friends!

II Nickel: not everyone's your friend

Leafy: :(

GB: I suppose it could be entertaining.

Fanny: I hate movies

Fanny: but I will reserve my final judgement until the movie is picked

Yang: I LOVE MOVIES

Yang: yeah, one of the very few things yang and i agree on is that wE BOTH LOVE WATCHING BASICALLY ANY KIND OF MOVIE

Yang changed their name to: Yin-Yang

Fan: speaking of

Fan: who's got suggestions?

Cheesy: STAR WARS

Cheesy: BACK-TO-BACK

Tree: I'm not a big fan of Star Wars

BFB Nickel: and we are definitely NOT watching all 9 movies back-to-back

II Nickel: I'm going to regret saying this, but for once, I agree with him

BFB Nickel: high-five

II Nickel: over my dead body

Knife: I vote Desperate Housewives

Needle: no.

Needle: also that's not a movie

Bottle: Stranger Things

Needle: still not a movie

Ruby: RWBY!

Needle: do you guys even know what a movie is

Balloony: how about Wall-E?

Blocky: not a bad idea

TD: nah I've seen that movie several dozen times

TB: I'm getting deja vu from asking this, but how are you online, Blocky?

Blocky: got a phone from Four when Puffball pinged everyone

TB: But how could you get the ping when you didn't have a device...

Blocky: felt it in my soul

Flower: understandable

Match: I like how you guys are just like excluding us Exitors

Paintbrush: there's only two of you here and I've gotten the impression that you're both not very well liked anyway

Match: how uncouth >:(

Match: Liy let's like continue our convo in dms and ignore these losers

Liy: you read my mind

Liy and Match are offline

Trophy: they actually brought up a good point though

Trophy: half of the II objects here are eliminated and aren't really allowed to go super far from Hotel OJ

Mic: I'll try asking OJ if we can head out for tonight

Puffball: tell him that if he doesn't let yall do that then us BFB

contestants will storm the building

Mic: he won't like that

Ruby: but he can't stop all of us >:)

Mic: fine I'll pass on the message

Mic is offline

Blocky: wait why is Gelatin muted

Blocky unmuted Gelatin

Gelatin: he said, "put it on my bill"

Donut: I'm not scrolling up for context

Balloony: HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING ONTO THAT SINCE YOU WERE MUTED

Puffball: imgoingtokillyouslowly

Tree: please don't.

Mic is online

Mic: he says yes

Cheesy: WOO

Mic: we just have to be back by morning at the latest

Test Tube: well, I'm hoping that we won't watch more than one movie

Test Tube: but the odds of that happening with this crowd are pretty slim

GB: The odds are 14.85631118%, to be exact!

Cheesy: never tell me the odds

II Nickel: stop making Star Wars references

Cheesy: sure, the day I stop making puns

Fan: BACK TO MOVIE CHOOSING

Lightbulb: fanny is right! we gotta decide on something

Taco: Avengers!

Barf Bag: I'd go for that

Flower: High School Musical

Leafy: Back To The Future!

Cheesy: STAR WARS

Yin-Yang: how aboUT THE MALTESE FALCON

Yin-Yang: i was going to say North by Northwest but that works too

Bottle: Godzilla

Test Tube: EVERYONE PLEASE BE QUIET!

Test Tube: jeepers

Test Tube: I believe I have a solution

Test Tube: instead of shouting out options, how about everyone sends me their choice via private message and I'll use a random number generator to, well, randomly select what we watch!

GB: Works for me.

Fanny: I HATE that idea!

Fanny: what if you were to NOT choose randomly and not tell us?

Fries: Fanny's got a point

Box:

Flower: what if we just stopped arguing and went with what Box suggested because that is an AMAZING movie idea

Ruby: YES

Fan: I 100% agree

Leafy: same here!

II Nickel: great idea, Box!

II Nickel: and please believe me when I say that wasn't sarcasm

Fanny: that movie is on my list of slightly less hated things so I will stay

Knife: so, are we in agreement? we'll watch Box's choice?

Everyone but Trophy: YEAH!

Trophy: you guys are going to give me an ulcer

Trophy is offline

Taco: where are we watching?

Barf Bag: oh shoot what are we watching *on*

TV: ahem

Barf Bag: whoops

Yin-Yang: I'LL GET THE POPCORN

Yin-Yang: *we'll* get the popcorn

Ruby: you're going to need a LOT of popcorn

Paintbrush: there's several barrels of unpopped corn kernals in the hotel basement

Gelatin: *bring it all.*

Leafy: I'll bring blankets for everyone! It can get chilly here fast. How many people do we have?

GB: Excluding Liy, Match, Trophy, and TV, there are 29 total objects who will be watching this movie.

X: can I join?

BFB Nickel: jeez you scared me

Fan: are you automatically in any group chats, too??

X: yeah! when I realized you guys were watching a movie, I wanted in!

Leafy: Sure! I'll bring 30 blankets then

Leafy and Yin-Yang are offline

Gelatin: should I bring any food from my steakhouse

Lightbulb: do you have ice cream?

Gelatin: you know it

Paintbrush: I'd love ice cream but don't give any to lightbulb

Gelatin: why

Paintbrush: sugar high

Ruby: I'm on a sugar high all the time he's used to it

Test Tube: we're not

Needle: I say we watch next to the portal

Bottle: good idea!

TV: everyone meet me there

TV: movie starts in half an hour

TD: aye aye!

BFB Nickel: you mean II

Puffball: I'm going to slap you

II Nickel: get in line

Everyone is offline

ok I promise this will be the last group chat chapter for a bit at least lmao, I'll try writing an actual non-canon short story or something

I just already had this written even before I finished the Free Food chapter (shame on me) and didn't want to waste it

also, I should probably clarify: these chapters may not *be* canon to the CO universe, but they *can* talk about canon things that will happen in these short stories (like Microphone being eliminated early? what's up with that??? stay tuned to find out *maniacal laughter*)

[Canon] Brown and Yellow

April 24th, 2020 *(yes, this is happening on the same day of the last canon short)*

MePhone4 glanced at everyone individually. "Are you all ready?"

Paintbrush looked around at the other seven II2 contestants. Suitcase was standing right next to them, glaring at Microphone in the distance. Knife and Baseball were standing on their own, but the other three former Bright Lights - Lightbulb, Fan, and Test Tube - were all next to each other. Simultaneously, the eight of them nodded.

"Good," MePhone said. "On my mark, start painting. Ready... set..." He paused, and everyone tensed, ready to compete.

"...go!"

Everyone turned to their canvasses except for Paintbrush and Suitcase, who turned to each other. "Alright," Suitcase said. "What's our plan?"

"We need to do two things: make sure that we both land immunity this contest, and make sure that Microphone *doesn't,"* Paintbrush summarized. "The only way I can think of achieving the second thing is to sabotage Mic."

Suitcase glanced over at the tall, metal object. "That seems risky..."

"It is. But since she's working with Taco, we've got to at least try. Hmmm..." Painty snapped their fingers. "Alright. How about this - you'll paint something for both of us, and I'll figure out a way to make Mic lose."

"Wouldn't *you* naturally be a better painter?"

"Maybe, but - and I mean no offense - after episode 8, I don't think you'd be a good candidate for trying to sabotage someone."

"Fair enough, I suppose..."

"Be right back." As discreetly as they could, Paintbrush scooted over to where MePhone was watching the contest, munching on a cookie. "Hey, MePhone?"

"Hrmg?" He swallowed. "What?"

"If Suitcase and I wanted to work on a painting together, could we do that?"

MePhone considered the request. "Eh, sure. But I'll give you both the same score, so if it's a bad one, then you'll both probably be up for elimination."

"Thanks." Paintbrush went back over to Suitcase and gave her a thumbs up. "We're in the clear for now. Now we've just got to figure out what exactly to do..."

"Yo, Micro! Whatcha paintin'?"

Microphone turned to see Lightbulb smiling at her. "Oh. Uh, nothing really." Microphone shifted slightly to show her canvas, which was adorned with pink-and-yellow swirls - the portal that lead to Goiky. "I just thought it looked cool."

"Neato! Wanna see what I'm drawing?"

Mic shook her head. "Thanks, but no thanks. I want to make sure I finish this."

"Oke. Cya!" Lightbulb waved and skipped back to her own painting, which was one of herself, Bottle, and Paintbrush. Mic couldn't help but smile at her endless cheerfulness. Fan and Test Tube's paintings were next to Lightbulb's - Fan, of course, had painted the egg, and Test Tube was drawing some intricate pattern of lines and shapes that Mic couldn't decipher.

She suddenly felt another presence behind her and turned around. "Hey, Microphone," Paintbrush said. They pointed to a can of purple paint that Mic clearly wasn't using. "Can I borrow this for my painting?"

"Uh, sure. Go right ahead."

"Thank you." Painty picked up the can of paint. But- "Uh oh!" they cried, suddenly falling forwards. The paint bucket slipped out of their hands and opened, causing a huge amount of purple paint to splatter all over Microphone's canvas. There was nothing but purple there now.

"Ack!" Mic yelled, putting her hands to her head. "Paintbrush!"

"Whoops. Guess I slipped. Sorry about that!" Paintbrush tried to hide a smirk as they turned away and walked back to where Suitcase was working on her own canvas.

"Thirty seconds left!" MePhone announced out of the blue. Startled, and now considerably concerned, Mic dunked her brush back into a can of pink paint and desperately rushed to fix the damage Paintbrush had caused.

"Microphone!" Taco hissed in her ears. "What was that? You just let that bristly beast ruin your painting!"

"It wasn't my fault! I didn't see it coming!" Mic whispered back.

Taco's sigh came through as a burst of frustrated static. "Well, I hate to say this, but I believe we're going to have to switch targets *again-"*

"Time's up!" MePhone yelled, just as MePad's timer hit zero. "I'm going to look at what you've all got now. The three people with the highest score win immunity. Suitcase and Paintbrush, let's start with you two."

"Why both of them at once?" Knife questioned.

"Because they worked on their painting together, apparently."

Suitcase looked at the host. "Oh. Uh... yeah." Paintbrush came over

and they both presented their piece, which was a group image of the final 8 of II2, as well as the three hosts. "We thought it would be nice to do something like-"

"7 for both of you," MePhone interrupted. "It's decent enough, but my nose isn't that big."

Puzzled, Suitcase glanced at the painting - she hadn't given MePhone a nose - but he was already moving onto someone else. "Next is Microphone." He looked at her canvas - a mess of purple, pink, and yellow - and frowned. "Uh, not sure what this is. I like the colors, I guess, so I'll just say 3."

As Mic spluttered protests, the phone continued going through the contestants. Knife got a 5, Baseball got a 0, Lightbulb got an 8, Fan got a 6, and Test Tube got a 3.

"So, to summarize," MePhone stated, "Lightbulb is safe, along with Suitcase and Paintbrush. The rest of you are up for elimination."

"Yeah! High-five, immunity pals!" Lightbulb held out a hand. Reluctantly, Paintbrush high-fived her back, but Suitcase declined. Some of the others just grumbled.

Microphone quickly snuck away from the group and adjusted the gain on her back so that Taco's voice was at the right level. "Well, you blew *that,"* the Mexican food muttered. "Two challenges in a row. We're going to have to do something about those two brown and yellow saboteurs, assuming you survive this elimination."

Mic glanced nervously behind her, where Paintbrush and Suitcase were silently conspiring with one another. "I'm afraid that they're going to do something about *me.* Do you think they know about you?"

"Due to the way Paintbrush is obviously targeting you, likely, but it's impossible to know for sure just yet. Next challenge, perhaps try approaching them and let's see what happens." Mic nodded and switched off her gain.

Suitcase watched as Microphone strolled away. "You did pretty good,"

she admitted to Paintbrush. "But how can we be sure she'll be eliminated?"

"Don't worry. I'll take care of that."

Knife watched all three of them with a mild curiosity. But, after a moment, he shrugged and walked off. *Not my problem,* he thought.

Sitting in the bleachers together, Leafy and Clock saw more or less everything. "...do you ever feel like there's a lot more going on in these challenges that you're aware of?" Clock wondered out loud. Leafy just nodded in agreement.

Later that night...

"Alright," MePhone said, looking over the eight contestants sitting on log stumps in front of him. "I've tallied the votes." He gestured over to MePad, who had a loading screen displayed. "The person with the most votes will be eliminated." The other objects glanced around at each other nervously.

"I'll read the votes. First vote: Knife." Knife's icon appeared on MePad's screen. Knife just rolled his eyes.

"Fan." Fan's icon appeared, and he and Test Tube glanced at each other. Test Tube put her hand to her 'chin.'

When MePhone called out Test Tube's name next, she gasped quietly and looked surprised. She furtively looked around at the other contestants, but nobody else betrayed any emotion.

"Microphone." MePad loaded Mic's image onto his screen. "One vote Knife, one vote Fan, one vote Test Tube, and one vote Microphone," MePhone summarized. "Now, the next four votes all go to the same person. So the twelfth contestant voted out is..."

MePhone paused for dramatic effect, and Paintbrush sighed in relief, already knowing the answer.

"...Microphone." Mic's icon appeared in the final four sections, including the bottom one labeled *ELIMINATED*.

Microphone gasped a little, but she wasn't completely surprised. Baseball and Knife looked so, however, but nobody else did. "Oh, well," Mic muttered to herself. "It was only a matter of time, I suppose."

"Indeed." MePhone snapped his fingers, and without another word, Microphone glumly walked into the elimination portal.

"Microphone," Taco spoke into her headset.

Static.

"Microphone, answer me!" she said, louder this time.

There was a small burp of noise, then the static disappeared, replaced by Mic's voice. "Sorry," she apologized. "I had to find a quiet spot in the hotel, which is much harder than it seems."

"What happened over there?" Taco said coldly. "How did Paintbrush manage to get you voted out?"

"I think they told their friends to vote me," Mic said after a pause. "Lightbulb, Fan, and Test Tube, and they also somehow have Suitcase on their side."

Taco was silent for several moments. "It appears as if our business is concluded, then," she finally said.

"Yeah." Another short pause. "For what it's worth... thank you, for helping me. Really. I appreciate it."

Taco hesitated. "Microphone, I-"

Click.

Taco stared at her receiver, but there was nothing wrong with it. Mic had simply turned off her gain. The Mexican meal sighed and slipped

off her headset, setting it gently off the ground. Near the end, despite her aggravations at the girl, Taco had almost felt like they were becoming friends.

She shook her head. *Friends aren't going to help me.* Taking a notepad and pencil out from her shell, Taco began to brainstorm new ways of taking the million - or at least, part of it - for herself.

rip Microphone lol

Taco's gonna have to think of a new plan >:)

in case anyone's wondering: Baseball voted Knife, Knife voted Fan, Microphone voted Test Tube, and everyone else voted Mic

half-edit: oh jeez I almost posted this without adding a title LMAO

[Request] Brown and Yellow - deux

Story requested by WolfyTacoUwU! (I'll tag you in the comments cause I can't figure out how to do it here)

WolfyTacoUwU
2 days ago
Also, can there be more interactions between the two Tacos?
Maybe also one between Fanny and Taco (II)/Nickel (II)/Yin-Yang?

"Hello?" Taco called out as she wandered through the Perilous Forest. "Hellooooooooo?"

The dark woods made her path hard to see, but the glowing moon was just enough to illuminate some outlines and give her a bare sense of where trees were, so that she could avoid running into them. Various growls and other scary noises punctuated the night - it was the *Perilous* Forest, after all - but none of them fazed Taco.

I hope she's still here, the girl thought. *Why does she have to be so hard to find?*

Thankfully, her search didn't last much longer, as Taco soon stumbled upon a clearing with a familiar log stump. Sitting on the stump, back turned to her, was BFB Taco's doppelganger. She appeared to be lost in thought, muttering to herself.

"Hey!" BFB Taco said happily.

II Taco stiffened, but quickly relaxed after recognizing the voice. She

slipped what looked like a notepad into her shell and turned around. "Hello."

"You doing ok?"

II Taco's face didn't betray any emotion. "What do you mean?"

"...do you know that Microphone got eliminated?"

"Yes."

"Well, I came to check on you, cause... I hope you forgive me for saying this, but you sort of gave the impression that she was your only friend when I first met you."

She gave a subtle nod. "Not... exactly. My relationship with Microphone was as a business partner more than anything else."

"Really?" BFB Taco scratched her chin. "You said you were 'pals' with her..."

II Taco's eye twitched, and the other one noticed. "You never answered my question..."

They stared at each other for a moment before the British Mexican dish turned around. "I'm fine. Now please leave me be."

"You're obviously not fine." BFB Taco stepped forward. "I can see that there's something wrong, however small it is. I just want to h-"

"I said LEAVE." II Taco raised her voice and clenched her fists hard.

Her doppelganger stopped. "Fine. I won't pry right now. But I'm always just on the other side of the portal if you need me." She turned, glanced one last time behind her, and walked out of the clearing. II Taco breathed in a deep breath, then let it out and unclenched her fists.

The next day, BFB Taco returned to the clearing to try and talk to her clone again. But II Taco was already long gone.

yeah this is really short but hey, they're *short* stories ;)

I did want to make this longer but I couldn't really think of many ways to extend it too much so I hope this is good

[Canon] Death Creation and Preventing Trust

May 6th, 2020

"Pay up!" Bottle opened her hand and made a 'gimme' gesture at Cake, who reluctantly forked over a wad of fake cash after landing on one of her properties.

Having already lost earlier, Tree studied the Monopoly board. "You were right, Lightbulb," he remarked. "How in the world is she so good at this?"

"Told ya!" Lightbulb rolled the dice and came up with a five. She shifted her car game piece five spots forward and landed on another of Bottle's many properties. "Dang. That's... I'm no math whiz. How much do I owe ya, glassy gal?"

"$200!"

Lightbulb glanced at her measly pile of cash and shrugged. "Yeah, that's it. I'm disrupted."

"Bankrupted," Tree corrected.

"Whatever."

Cake looked at his own stockpile and stepped backwards from the board. "I forfeit. There's no way I'm winning against just her."

"Whoopee!" Bottle grabbed all her paper money and tossed it into the air. It fluttered down on top of everyone, some bills getting stuck in Tree's leaves, and another few entering Bottle's top.

"Great game!" Suitcase said, standing up. "Remind me to play a

different board game against Bottle next time, though."

Lightbulb nodded. "I think she's officially the Monopoly queen at this point. You rock, girl!"

"Thank you!" Bottle giggled.

Pen came rushing over. "Guys!" he said, panting. "It's challenge time! Let's go!"

Cake was skeptical. "Really? Did the elimination already happen?"

"Yeah, Foldy got eliminated, predictably. I'm just glad it wasn't Eraser..."

Suitcase sighed. "I suppose we'll have to stay out of the way now."

"Yupperdoodles. Let's go, Briefcase!" Lightbulb jumped to her feet and grabbed Suitcase by her handle.

"Please don't grab me by my handleEEEAAAAAA!" Suitcase's plea was cut off as Lightbulb sprinted to the II portal, tugging the baggage behind her.

"Ahem." Four cleared his throat. "Today, the challenge will be a bracket tournament of sorts."

"Oh, great," Ice Cube muttered. Last time she had partaken in one of those, she had been barfed on.

Four continued. "Five of your teammates will be facing against five objects from another team. Your goal is to kill three members of the opposing team. If you do that, then you'll be safe! If you fail, then you'll face another failed team until there's only one left."

"What! Four, our whole team is dedicated to *preventing* death!" Tree protested. "You can't do this to us!"

"It hardly seems fair," Pie commented.

Four growled. "Your team's personal philosophy is *not* my problem."

Tree rubbed his eyes. *This is going to be a long challenge.*

"You have five minutes to choose who will compete," Four finished. "Except for BEEP and Team Ice Cube, since they only have five members each."

Remote turned to the rest of Death PACT. "I think that our biggest problems will be to choose or not to choose Black Hole and Pie. They're both very good at preventing death, but Pie can easily be killed, and if Black Hole isn't careful, he can easily *kill."*

Black Hole vibrated as he talked. "Hmm. I think it's probably too risky for me to go in..."

By the time five minutes was up, they had decided that Black Hole and Bottle wouldn't compete. Everyone else was going.

"Three, two, one... BEGIN!" Four snapped his fingers, and the majority of Death PACT was suddenly trapped in a large glass box. On the other end was most of iance - Fanny, Flower, Lightning, Ruby, and Snowball.

"Alright, what's our game plan?" Pie asked lazily.

"I think we just need to stay away from them," Tree said. "We can try to hold back Fanny, Flower, and Ruby if necessary, but Snowball and Lightning are a serious problem. You be especially careful, Pie."

"Will do." She got up from her resting position only to be immediately impaled by Ruby. Pie exploded violently, flinging blueberry filling all over the room. Tree face-palmed.

Flower cheered from across the room. "I KNEW throwing you would be a good idea!"

Ruby hopped up and leapt towards Pillow without missing a beat, but Pen intercepted. He grabbed Ruby and slammed her against the ground, shattering her to pieces.

"Pen!" Tree yelled. "What was that??"

"I'm just doing the challenge!" Pen protested.

Before Tree could keep arguing, someone knocked him to the floor. He scrambled away just before Snowball's fist slammed down where he was, puncturing the dirt. Snowball removed his hand from the grass and grabbed Fanny, bending open her wire mesh front and ripping off one of her fan blades. She dropped to the ground, lifeless.

"Snowball!! That was OUR teammate!!" Flower screeched. SB ignored her and advanced on Tree, razor-sharp fan blade shining in his hand. Out of the corner of his eye, Tree could see Lightning electrocuting Remote and Flower running towards Pen and Pillow.

Then the last thing he remembered was Snowball swinging the fan blade, faster than he could have imagined, and getting recovered by Four. "iance is safe!" the number announced after bringing Remote and Pie back.

Black Hole floated over to them. "You guys alright?" he wondered.

"Sort of, but not really," Tree groaned. "Why did we choose you to stay out? You're impossible to kill."

If he could have, Black Hole would have shrugged.

"Anyway, what were the other matchups?"

"A Better Name That That fought BEEP and won," BH explained. "Free Food lost against *[8 names at once]*, and we're still waiting for the result of The Losers against-"

A sudden explosion shook the earth, and a column of flame and smoke rose from where a glass box was moments ago. "-Team Ice Cube," Black Hole concluded.

"Uh." Four scratched his chin. "Since everyone but Firey and Needle died, I guess The Losers are safe."

The previously aforementioned objects emerged from the smoke and high-fived each other. "Nice!" Firey cheered.

Four quickly recovered Barf Bag, Donut, Gelatin, Naily, and Bomby

(who had caused the explosion.) "Round two!" the algebralien announced, snapping his fingers once more and transporting Death PACT into another glass box. This time, Eraser, Puffball, Bell, Fries, and Marker were in there with them.

"Hey, Pen." Eraser lazily waved to his pal.

Fries smacked him. "Don't consort with the enemy!"

"But he's my friend!"

"Yeah!" Pen agreed, walking over. The rest of Free Food tensed, but Pen simply slung his arm around Eraser's 'shoulders.' "Friends don't kill friends!"

"Now you don't want to kill anyone?" Pie questioned.

"Not if it's one of my buddies!"

"I can't believe this," Tree barked angrily.

"What's so hard to-"

"You're so erratic!" the non-coniferous evergreen exploded suddenly. "First, you're perfectly fine with *murdering* others, even though our whole team's goal is to PREVENT that, THEN you suddenly DON'T want to win the challenge because you're all 'buddy-buddy' with someone on another team. Team player and life saver, or challenge doer and object killer - make up your mind!"

"I never wanted to be on this team in the first place!" Pen snapped back.

"Gah!" Tree was furious, probably angrier than he had ever been. Not thinking properly, he grabbed the nearest object - which, unfortunately, happened to be Pie - and threw her at Pen with all his might.

Splat! Pie combusted for the second time that day, dousing Pen and the other Foodies in a wave of filling. Her tin slid off Pen's face, which was masked with shock.

Tree's senses returned, and his own face began to show terror as he realized what he'd done. "N- no," he stammered. "I- I didn't mean-"

Before he finished his sentence, Puffball whizzed across the box and slammed into Remote, bashing her against the wall. She then sped towards Pillow and, using her teeth, did her best to rip the headrest into shreds. All this happened before anyone could blink, and before Tree even realized what had happened, the glass box surrounding them had disappeared.

"Free Food is safe!" Four called out cheerfully. "Death PACT, you will be going into the final round with BEEP to determine who will lose."

Before anyone had time to process anything, Four recovered the dead BEEPers and Death PACTers, clapped his hands one last time, and teleported them to another see-through container a couple dozen feet away.

Bottle trotted up to Black Hole. "Heyo! I'm done babysitting Grassy. What happened while I was gone?"

Black Hole sighed. "I'm not even really sure."

The competing members of Death PACT spent the final round in a steely silence. Tree and Pen glared at each other the whole time, barring the moments when the other team attacked them. In the end, they lost, much like the previous two rounds.

And they lost to BEEP, too. How embarrassing.

Four brought back the survivors of that last round - Nickel, Rocky, Cloudy, Woody, Tree, and Remote - and deposited them with the rest of the contestants. Nickel got up and shook himself, glancing down at the extremely tiny balsa slab. "I'm surprised you managed to survive all three rounds," he commented. "Good job!"

"Wah!"

Tree grumbled and stormed away. Remote looked after him, then at Black Hole. "Should we talk to him?"

"Let's give him a bit of time and space," the cosmic entity responded. "I'm sure once he's calmed some, we can all sit down and resolve this conflict with a peaceful, civilized discussion."

Lollipop, who was listening to the exchange from a distance, snorted and muttered to herself. "Yeah, right. Like *that's* ever gonna happen."

haha motivation go brrrrr

it's almost midnight so I'll proofread this in the morning or something. after that the plan is to do two more requests but the publish dates rely on my motivation so it may be in 4 days or in a week and a half

[Request] TOSG #5: Contestant Confections

Story requested by Bookwormgirl5!

May 10th, 2020, 11:08 am

TD is online

TD: say, what does TOSG stand for anyways?

Fan is online

Fan: that's for the originals to know!

TD: what's stopping me from just scrolling to the beginning of the chat

Fan deleted two messages in: TOSG

TD: alright, then. keep your secrets.

TD is offline

GB is online

GB: Does anybody know where Test Tube's book on satellite

engineering is? I need it for a project, but neither of us can find it anywhere.

Lightbulb is online

Lightbulb: did it have a bunch of mechy-looking parts on the cover?

GB: Not how I would have described it, but yes. Have you seen it?

Lightbulb: yeah! it got cold last night so I used it as firewood

GB: you did what

Test Tube is online

Test Tube: THE SACRED TEXT

Test Tube: LIGHTBULB HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME

Lightbulb: what, are you cold as well? the fire's still going, come join!

GB: You *are* aware that Firey exists, right?

Fan: I'm almost scared to ask where Lightbulb got the rest of the fuel for the fire

Taco is online

Taco: hey has anyone seen Book lately

Test Tube: ...

Fan: what a twist!

Barf Bag is online

Barf Bag: I'm in the IIverse right now and I'm seeing a giant column of smoke in the distance. Is someone making a fire, and will there be marshmallows involved?

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: please do not eat any marshmallows in my vicinity thank you very much

GB: Remind me to install a locked door for my underground factory entrance to keep Lightbulb out of there.

GB and Test Tube are offline

Barf Bag: Seriously I'm really craving s'mores right now

Fan: 'fraid we don't really do s'mores on this side of the multiverse

Barf Bag: Good thing I know a guy!

Barf Bag: @Gelatin I need s'mores materials, pronto

Gelatin and Puffball are online

Gelatin: steakhouse

Puffball: Don't mind me, I'm just gonna lurk for a while

Paintbrush: you sell *s'mores* ingredients at your steakhouse?

Gelatin: it's multi-purpose

Knife and Tree are online

Knife: s'mores sound delicious

Tree: what else do you sell, Gelatin? I've got a-hankerin' for some sweets as well

Fan: I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU JUST SAID "A-HANKERIN'"

Tree: shush!

Gelatin: steak, s'mores stuff, Loser-brand chicken nuggets, a couple other things

Gelatin: I DO know where to get a LOT of various ingredients, though

Gelatin: you could probably make your own bakery with them

Lightbulb: 🌛

Lightbulb: alright, hear me out.

Lightbulb: what if we hosted a cooking contest!

Tree: we had a contest 6 days ago, and I'm still recovering from that one

Lightbulb: no, no, not an official contest

Lightbulb: just a friendly one, with a prize but no consensus!

Paintbrush: I think you mean "consequences"

Gelatin: I'd be down for that!

Barf Bag: We'd need judges, though

Tree: could I be one?

Barf Bag: Fine by me

Knife: no objections here.

Fan: it seems like everyone else online just wants to bake anyway

Paintbrush: actually, I'd love to judge, too.

Needle is online

Needle: same here!

Lightbulb: perfect! 3 is just the right number for everything

Lightbulb: three musketeers, three close friends, three meals a day, final three contestants in an object show

Needle: didn't season 1 of II have a final 2?

Lightbulb: shut

Puffball added Marker to: TOSG

Puffball: told Marker what was going on and he wanted in

BFB Nickel, Blocky, Flower, Fries, and Leafy are online

Puffball: and then he proceeded to tell several other people

Leafy: It's been a while since I last tried baking something. This is going to be great!

Blocky: don't suppose you can lend an old pal a hand for $5?

Leafy: no

Blocky: $10?

Leafy: no

Blocky: what if I got Firey to be friends with you again

Leafy: you're not smart enough to accomplish that

Blocky: dang.

Flower: I just want to try that lovely Me cake again from season 1!

Fries: 1. you're not a judge 2. Pin made that and she's not in this chat

BFB Nickel: does she even have a phone?

Leafy: Not to my knowledge

Needle: probably for the better. she'd destroy us all

Cheesy is online

Cheesy: I'm coming as well!

Fan: hold on a darn second, aren't you supposed to stay at the hotel?

Cheesy: the less OJ knows, the cheddar!

Puffball: die

Cheesy added Cherries to: TOSG

Cheesy: these swell guys also wanted to join cherry much!

Puffball: if I had hands I would strangle you

Gelatin: anybody else want to join randomly?

Gelatin:

Gelatin: Good. Let's establish the rules.

Flower: ...is he ever going to actually *say* the rules?

Leafy: Hold on, he's still typing

Gelatin: Tell me what you want to make today and I'll get the ingredients to you by tomorrow. Once everyone has what they need, you can all start baking. After everyone is done, I'll hand over the entries to the three judges - Needle, Paintbrush, and Tree - and they'll each grade your dish out of 10, for a max total of 30 points. The object with the highest score wins!

Flower: finally

Cheesy: That sound gouda to me!

Puffball is offline

Fan: oh, the puns!

Paintbrush: I think I've seen enough for today. tty all tomorrow after the baking is done

Almost everyone is offline

Taco: and nobody ever answered my question...

Taco is offline

May 11th, 2020, 5:20 pm

Barf Bag, BFB Nickel, Blocky, Cherries, Fan, Flower, Fries, Knife, Leafy, Lightbulb, and Marker are online

Blocky: this is the biggest online gathering we've had since the movie night!

Fries: that was only a week ago, calm down

Gelatin, Needle, Paintbrush, and Tree are online

Gelatin: the judges now have your entries and are ready to taste

Leafy: Wonderful! Who's going first?

Gelatin: idk let's go alphabetically or something

Barf Bag: That's me, right?

Gelatin: ye

Gelatin: tell everyone what you made and then the judges will sample it

Barf Bag: I tried making a cheese quiche! I've never done one before, though, so I don't know how good it is

Needle: well, I've never had a quiche before!

Tree: neither have I, and I'm not very impressed. 5/10

Paintbrush: 7/10

Needle: this is pretty good! 7/10

Blocky: me next! I made a delicious batch of chocolate chip cookies.

Cherries: hey, you copied our meal!

Needle: uh

Needle: Gelatin just gave us a single roasted marshmallow

Gelatin: that's all I found when I went to Blocky's cooking station

Blocky: what! I didn't use any marshmallows! where are my cookies??

Cherries: heehee

Paintbrush: I'm not eating that. 0

Needle: I mean... I guess I like marshmallows? but there's not really much point in grading this, it's literally just a marshmallow

Tree: yeah I'm not going to bother either

Blocky: I'm coming for you next Cherries >:(

Blocky: oh wait

Blocky: never mind >:)

Cherries: what?

Blocky: noooooothing

Fries: Cheesy's offline; isn't he supposed to be next?

BFB Nickel: come to think of it, I haven't seen Cheesy for a while

Lightbulb: well, I had to make a cheesecake *some*how

Fan: Lightbulb has turned into a serial murderer. Nobody's safe anymore

Gelatin: whatever, we don't need cheese man right now

Gelatin: his submission was a loaf of bread

Paintbrush: the bread itself isn't super special, but I can tell that it was made with effort and passion! 7.5/10

Tree: it's just bread. it tastes nice, I suppose

Tree: 4/10

Needle: 6

Cherries: our turn, our turn!

Knife: yeah, yeah, you guys made chocolate chip cookies as well

Gelatin: I'm getting deja vu here, there weren't any cookies at your station

Gelatin: just this container of lasagna

Cherries: WHAT

Blocky: ha! get pranked!

Tree: how is that a prank? this lasagna is delightful! 9/10, and I only took off a point because of the spinach leaves inside

Needle: it's a prank because Blocky knows I despise lasagna.

Needle: I do like chocolate chip cookies, though, so I'll say a 7 for what the Cherries *intended* to submit

Cherries: thanks!

Blocky: so you guys like pranks too?

Cherries: yup

Blocky: I think I've found a new business partner

Blocky: let's discuss pranks.

Blocky and Cherries are offline

Paintbrush: I'll give it a 5

Flower: is it my turn yet?

Marker: I think Fan goes before you

Flower: awwwww

Fan: my creation... **flourishes** is a gingerbread house!

Fan: I baked the gingerbread myself and lovingly crafted it into the shape of a home

Fan: I even added decorations like icing and gumdrops!

Paintbrush: ...this actually looks pretty impressive

Tree: it's really good! well done, Fan, I'll give an 8

Paintbrush: 9/10 from me!

Knife: cough cough biased cough cough

Lightbulb: what about Needly?

Gelatin: I think she's too busy eating to reply so I'm going to assume that it's a 10

Flower: finally, my turn! the dish I made is glitter cookies!

Paintbrush: *glitter* cookies?

Flower: they're sugar cookies but instead of sugar I used glitter

Flower: I'm sure it'll taste fabulous!

Tree: I don't think glitter's edible...

Paintbrush: sorry, but I'm not going to try those

Tree: me neither

Needle: ^

Flower: my genius is unappreciated

Fries: well, after that failure, I feel a lot better about what I made

Leafy: Whatever it is, it'll probably be great!

Fries: it's pineapple pizza

Fan: !!

Flower: WHAT

Gelatin: woah there, Fries!

Marker: I wonder if Four will let me switch teams

Gelatin: might want to save the controversial opinions for the political debates!

Lightbulb: can I have some?

Fries: I just felt like taking a risk!

Tree: I respect your bold decision and will give you 4 pity points

Paintbrush: I'll say 6

Needle: I've never really had an opinion on pineapple pizza before

BFB Nickel: why

Needle: never tried it before

Leafy: you've never tried pineapple pizza???

Needle: is it really that big of a deal?

Flower: don't even try it just say 0

Needle: I'm not doing that!!

Needle: here I go

Knife: I can't believe she's willingly eating pineapple pizza

Gelatin: omc her face rn

Gelatin: it's indescribable

Marker: in a good way or a bad way?

Gelatin: not sure yet

Needle: 10

Fries: !

Fan: perfect, more juicy trivia to add to the wiki pages!

Leafy: I'm never going to be able to look at you the same way Needle

Needle: just tell us what the next dish is

Marker: be right back

Marker is offline

Gelatin: next is Knife, I think

Knife: correct

Knife: I decided to take the simple route and cook some good old-fashioned s'mores

Paintbrush: 0

Knife: pardon?

Paintbrush: zero. you heard me

Needle: 6 - they're good, but it didn't seem like there was a lot of effort put into them

Tree: 5

Knife: tough crowd.

Leafy: Me next! I've made some rice cakes that I hope you will all enjoy!

Needle: it's been forever since I've had rice cakes, thank you so much Leafy

Needle: 9/10

Tree: they're kind of bland, 3

Paintbrush: 7! actually sort of nice

Lightbulb: cheesecake time

Knife: I think I'll go ask MePhone4 to bring Cheesy back

Knife is offline

Paintbrush: for the second time in your life, Lightbulb, you've made a not-half-bad treat

Paintbrush: 7 again I suppose

Needle: this cheesecake is great, 8 again!

Tree: 7 as well

Lightbulb: coolio!

Barf Bag: Does anyone know when Marker's going to come back?

Marker is online

Barf Bag: never mind

Marker: dirt

BFB Nickel: huh?

Marker: that's what I made

Tree: you... baked dirt.

Marker: yeah

Tree: In that case, I don't think I need to say my score.

Paintbrush: ditto

Needle: ditto

Leafy: If I had a nickel for every time I've seen someone bake dirt for a contest, I'd have two nickels.

Leafy: which isn't a lot but it's weird that it happened twice

Gelatin: good thing two Nickels exist then

BFB Nickel: speaking of which, it's finally my turn

BFB Nickel: I tried to make a Neapolitan ice cream sundae, but it was really hard without hands... so it's sort of just a mess of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry

BFB Nickel: with sprinkles on top of course

Needle: at least you tried! 7 out of 10

Tree: ice cream is one of the greatest things on this planet. 9

Paintbrush: it's messy

Paintbrush: like, *really* messy

Paintbrush: the sprinkles are nice though?

Paintbrush: 5.5

Flower: who's next? I'm starting to get bored

Lightbulb: that's everyone

Gelatin: false

Leafy: Really? We had Barf Bag, Blocky, Cheesy, Cherries, Fan, Flower, Fries, Knife, me, Lightbulb, Marker, and Nickel...

Test Tube is online

Test Tube: don't forget about me!

Fan: gasp! another shocking twist!

Paintbrush: you're competing?

Test Tube: Yup! And I've got the perfect dish for you three!

Test Tube: It's a fruit and veggie salad! The vegetables add important nutrients to your diet, while the fruit makes it yummy! It's the perfect snack!

Needle: uhhh

Needle: not to be mean but...

Tree: Nobody here eats vegetables.

Tree: furthermore, I resent your decision to add in basil and lettuce leaves in here, among other types, so I will have to give your submission a 0

Needle: I do like your choice of fruits, so I'll say 4?

Paintbrush: do I see apple slices in there

Test Tube: Indeed you do!

Paintbrush: I'm not sure how to feel about this

Fries: what do you have against apples?

Fan: *that* is a long story with half a season's worth of drama and twists

Paintbrush: I'll just say 4 cause it's pretty boring

Flower: *now* is that everyone?

Gelatin: yup! I've tallied up the scores

Gelatin: and the winner is Fan with a whopping score of 27/30!

Fan: WOOOOOOOO

Lightbulb: conglaturations!!

Leafy: well done!

Fries: oh well

Fan: what do I win?

Gelatin: ask Lightbulb

Lightbulb: why me?

Gelatin: you had the idea for this whole thing, didn't you come up with a prize?

Lightbulb: I thought YOU did that! I didn't do anything but bake!

Paintbrush: so you're saying you guys never came up with a prize?

BFB Nickel: apparently not

Tree: wonderful. what a waste of time

Flower, Fries, and Tree are offline

Fan: well, I had a lot of fun, and that's what counts!

Fan: although a prize *would* have been nice

Lightbulb: I can take ya to Wal-Mart if you want

Fan: sure!

Fan and Lightbulb are offline

Barf Bag: Um, I'm seeing *another* column of smoke. Is this supposed to be concerning?

Marker: yeah my oven's on fire

Needle: has it just been on this whole time?

Marker: I think so

Test Tube: I'll go get my fire extinguisher...

Blocky is online

Blocky: hit me up with one of those, I wanna use it for a prank

Test Tube: no

Everyone is offline

May 11th, 2020, 7:39 pm

Yin-Yang is online

Yin-Yang: hey, golf ball! i think oj's small library in his hotel has some books on satellites!

GB is online

GB: Finally, something useful came out of this frivolous chat!

Yin-Yang: BUT DON'T YOU REMEMBER? OJ BANNED ALL BFB CONTESTANTS FROM THE HOTEL, SO YOU CAN'T GET YOUR STUPID BOOK! HAHA!

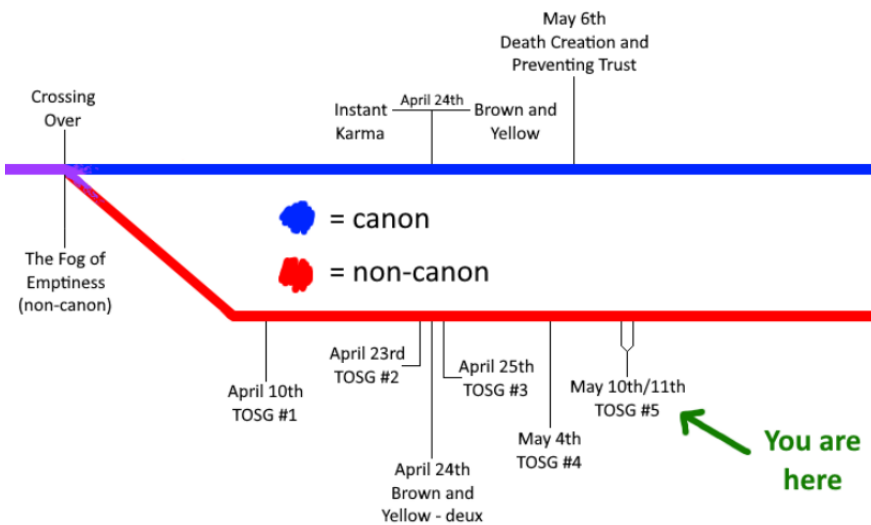
Yin-Yang: sorry!

GB: Uhg.

GB and Yin-Yang are offline

with this rate of updates, I feel like I'm writing Crossing Over again haha (I somehow wrote new chapters for that in like 3 days each)

also! small but new thing I'll be adding to the end of every short story now - a timeline! it's possible that the dates of when these stories take place could get muddled up so I wanted to make this to help



on a related note, the next request is happening a bit in the past as well ;)

[Canon] Seeking Forgiveness, part 1

May 18th, 2020

"When you joined this team, you pledged to prevent death with us!"

"I never made a pledge! You only took me in because I was the last person to get picked for a team!"

"Still! You're on the team now, you could at least pretend to care for our beliefs!"

"I DID! For a while!"

"We can't *just* prevent death, though - we have to have some fun along the way!"

"Not you too, Bottle!"

"Guys, please just calm down and stop arguing-"

Pin and Book watched as Pie and Tree argued vehemently against Pen, Bottle, and Remote in the distance, while Black Hole did his best to stop the fighting. Pillow was nowhere to be seen. "It sure looks messy over there," Pin commented. "Do you know what happened?"

"No," Book admitted. "After everything I caused in my team, I try to stay away from other teams' conflicts as much as possible."

Pin nodded. "Understandable, although it can be good to know what's going on around you, especially if a friend is in one of those conflicts."

They continued to watch the shouting. "Who do you think will be eliminated?" Book asked after a moment.

Pin snorted. "Tree, obviously. There's no way he's avoiding getting the boot."

"Want me to confirm that?" a voice said. Book and Pin turned to see Fan standing there, holding his phone. "I actually have the voting results right here."

"No thanks," Book answered. "I prefer to be surprised." Pin nodded agreement.

"Suit yourself." Fan strolled away, tapping at his phone furiously.

Four suddenly materialized in between Death PACT, making them all jump in fright, and promptly teleported the six of them away, presumably for Cake At Stake. Now that they were gone, Book and Pin could see Taco wandering around even further in the distance.

Pin elbowed Book. "Speaking of friends..."

Book sighed. "Yeah, I know. I plan to apologize and work everything out with her during the next contest."

"Good. Personally, I'll be glad to see the tail end of *that* particular conflict."

"Believe me, so will I."

Four appeared next to the duo, causing *them* to leap in fright. "Get your butts over to the bathrooms! Tree's been eliminated, and now it's time for the next context!" he announced.

"Wow, that was a really fast elimination!"

"I felt speedy today." Four teleported away again.

The journal and the thumbtack exchanged glances. "We should probably get over there before he *makes* us get over there."

Taco was the last one to arrive at the bathroom, where Four was already loudly explaining the contest. But she wasn't listening, as

Lollipop had grabbed her attention with some new garb - specifically, a magenta scarf wrapped around her stick right under her candy head. "Nice attire! Where'd you get it?"

Lollipop glanced over and smiled when she saw Taco. "I bought it from Flower," she replied, flipping one end of the scarf around. "She's trying to start her own fashion line, and this particular piece caught my eye when I was passing by. Now sure how long I'll wear it for."

"Looks pretty good." Taco admired the attire for another moment. "Anyway, what's the contest?"

"Hide and seek, or something."

Taco listened closer and managed to make out some of Four's words. "...your team members are found first, then you'll be up for elimination. Once you're found by me or X-"

"X or *I!"* X corrected.

"-then you'll be put inside this box." Four stomped his foot on the ground, and a large metal container that suspiciously resembled the Tiny Loser Chamber rose from the dead grass. The only differences from the TLC was that this box had one long window wrapping around all sides, as well as a door.

He pointed at a nearby cloud (thankfully, it wasn't Cloudy) and the wisps of vapor coalesced into a timer - 30:00. "You have half an hour to hide somewhere. I'll wait in this soundproof box until the timer runs out... then I'm coming for you. GO!"

He opened the door swiftly, pulled X and himself inside, and slammed the door shut. Metal sheets rolled down in front of the windows - presumably so that Four couldn't see the contestants during the hiding period - and the cloud timer began to tick down, second by second.

"Any ideas?" Barf Bag asked to the other four members of Team Ice Cube! in general.

"I have one!"

They all looked at Bomby. He never spoke much, so whenever he said something, it was usually worth listening to. "We should wait until the other objects are far away, though."

"Why?" Gelatin questioned.

"Just trust me!"

Naily sat down. "I trust you. I'll wait!"

Donut and Barf Bag glanced at each other and shrugged.

Golf Ball turned to her teammates. "Alright, guys. Let's not waste time here." She half-expected Basketball to pull an 8-Ball and counteract that statement, but she didn't. "Our best shot of winning here is to split up. If Four and X only find one of us at a time, then it'll take longer for them to find *all* of us."

Blocky raised his hand. "How about we all just go hide in your factory?"

"That's far too obvious a place to look! We should find places that camouflage our natural appearance. For example, I'm going to go hide in one of the moon's craters as I resemble a moon myself."

"Most of the land here is dead, but the grass around Cloudy's collection is still green and growing," Robot Flower pointed out. "Grassy may be able to hide there!"

"Grassy's VERY good at camouflaging!" Grassy cheered.

"Good thinking. On a related note, Tennis Ball might have a decent chance to hide in the nearby forest, since the golden forest is nothing but burnt trunks now. As for the rest of you..." GB quickly studied everyone's colors. "Just do your best, I suppose."

Book frantically looked around the already-dispersing crowd for Taco, but she had already vanished. *Dang it. Looks like I'm on my own again,* she thought bitterly. Then she shook her head. *No. It's not her fault. She probably doesn't want anything to do with me. I'll just sort everything out after the contest that's literally forcing her to be hidden.*

Unsure of where to go, Book chose a random direction and started to walk, but didn't get very far before someone tapped her. "Hey, Book?"

She looked to find Coiny standing there. "Can you look up my definition?" he requested. "I'm curious to see if it's changed at all."

"Oh. Uh, sure." Book flipped herself open and ran her finger along a page until she found Coiny's definition and began to read aloud. "'Coiny - likes to slap Firey. I used to wonder how you slap fire, but I guess BFB 15 explained that, with the lava and the metal and whatnot. Also a big Loser fan.'" She closed herself. "That good?"

"Yeah, thanks!" He shot a finger gun at her and strolled off backwards. Book turned to go as well, but felt her pages rustle. She paused and they settled. *Huh. Must have been the wind.*

Gelatin glanced up at the cloud timer, which had just under five minutes remaining. "Uh, Bomby? We're kinda running out of time here, and practically everyone else is gone."

Bomby looked around furtively, as to make sure nobody else was watching them. "Ok. Over here." He speed-walked over to the left door of the bathrooms.

"Really? You want us to hide in a *bathroom?"* Donut remarked. "This is probably one of the first places Four will look."

"This one's not a bathroom!" Bomby pulled out a key and inserted it into the door's lock, grabbing everyone's attention. Nobody in Nearby Yoyleland knew why the left door was locked, and nobody was able to get it open before now. Bomby twisted the key, opened the door, and gestured inside. "It's an elevator!"

"Woah! How long has this been here?" Gelatin exclaimed, hopping in

the elevator car without a second thought. Naily followed him in.

Barf Bag seemed a little reluctant. "Are you sure? We don't know what's down there, and couldn't Four just follow us in?"

"Not without this key!"

For the second time in many minutes, Donut and Barf Bag exchanged glances and shrugged at each other. They entered the elevator as well. Bomby closed the door and with a *ding,* they began to descend into the earth.

"Ready or not..."

As the cloud timer hit zero, the metal sheets covering the windows of the loser chamber slid away and Four slammed the door open, stepping outside. "...here I COME!"

"I'm ready!"

Four looked up to see someone's legs dangling over the edge of the roof. "Bottle! How did you get up there? And do you even know what you're supposed to be doing?"

"Yeah! I'm hiding from you!" Bottle giggled. "Er." She frowned. "Wait..."

Four just shook his head, grabbed the ditzy glass container, and stuffed her inside the box. "One down... forty-eight to go."

Cloudy and Lightning peeked out from behind the cloud timer, which still read 00:00, as they watched X jiggle the handle on the left bathroom door. "I'll geeb an eye on the algepralienz," Cloudy said. "Gan you zee any ov the other gondezdandz?"

Lightning looked around. From his vantage point, he could see almost anything. "I think a lot of them went into the other forest nearby to hide, although some went into the portal earlier. I think Grassy's

sitting next to your collection - oh, because there's still some living grass there, that's clever - and I can definitely see a bunch of Losers in a clearing in the middle of the trees."

"That'z nod fery nize!"

"No, I mean *The* Losers."

"Oh."

Lightning squinted as a flash of blue appeared. "Never mind, Four just found them."

Cloudy's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Iz the gondezd alreaty ofer?"

"No, I'm pretty sure there were only five Losers there. I can't see anyone from either of our te- no, wait, Balloony just jumped into your collection. X almost spotted him."

Cloudy glanced down and a tense moment passed as they both watched - X nearly stepped on Grassy in the process - but eventually he moved on. Cloudy breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew."

Lightning decided to turn his attention back to the forest and, in another clearing with a big rock in the middle, spotted someone else. "That's odd... what is Eraser doing?"

Eraser was pushing against a large rock in the forest nearby, trying to dislodge it. A moment ago, he had leaned against it to rest when it shifted, revealing something metal underneath. He didn't know much, but Eraser was pretty sure that wasn't natural.

With one final heave, the classroom tool managed to shove the rock away from what it was hiding. Underneath was a metal tube with a ladder. Eraser rubbed his hands together gleefully. "A secret entrance to somewhere? I like this already."

He began to descend. Fortunately the ladder wasn't very long as Eraser wasn't very fit. He reached the bottom without too much sweat and glanced around. The room under the earth wasn't nearly as

exciting as he originally thought - it was pretty sparse, with the only pieces of furniture being an old wooden desk and two chairs. Various papers were organized neatly on the tabletop.

To his left was a doorway that led to a second room. Eraser peeked through and saw two beds and a small dresser, as well as another door, which he discovered was locked.

He shrugged and sat down on one of the beds. "I guess this isn't a bad place to hide until the challenge ends." Then he spotted a steaming cup of tea on the dresser. "Score!"

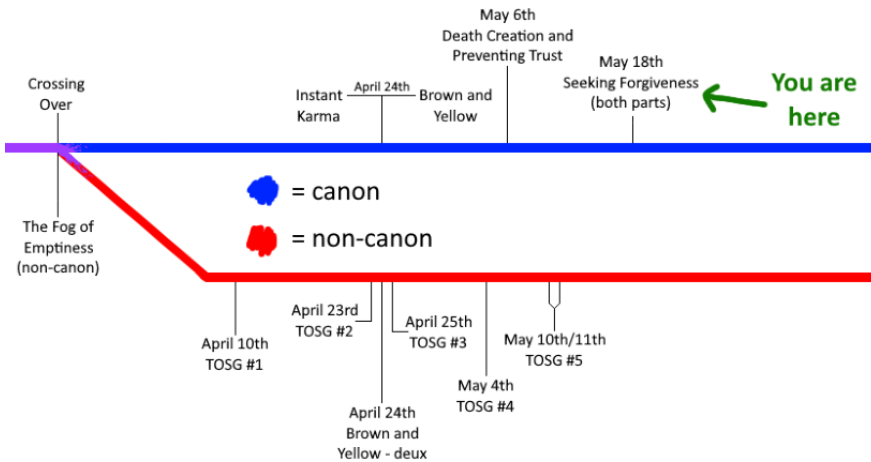
Eraser swiped the cup and began to sip, savoring the taste and warmth it gave. But in his constant state of relaxation, he failed to wonder who actually made the tea, and where they were now.

woah, surprise! this one's a two-parter! (i accidentally wrote a total of almost 4k words lmao I'll publish the other half in a few days)

tried something different for this canon chapter and gave multiple teams a bit of focus rather than just one. might do it again in the future! but that depends

ik i said last chapter that i'd be doing another request first then the canon but the request is kinda tricky and then there's school and all that so it'll come out... eventually idk

here's the timeline early since both parts are happening on the same day



it is midnight i am not proofreading goodnight

[Canon] Seeking Forgiveness, part 2

Ding! The elevator opened up to reveal a very salmon-colored lobby to what appeared to be some sort of hotel. Team Ice Cube spilled out of the claustrophobic metal box. "That's a lotta pink," Naily commented.

Barf Bag surveyed the room. "This place looks lovely! Is it a hotel? And how did you find the elevator key?"

"I just saw it in that forest nearby one day!" Bomby said. "Not the golden one. The key was lying next to some sort of big rock in a clearing. I put two and two together and unlocked this weird underground building!"

"Doesn't two and two equal Four?" Gelatin questioned.

Donut sighed, mildly annoyed. "It's just a figure of speech. However, does Four actually know about this place, Bomby?"

"I don't think so!"

"Good enough for me." Naily opened the front door to the hotel and was met with a wall of dirt. "What I wanna know is, who the heck would make a normal-looking building underground?"

"Golf Ball would," Gelatin answered automatically.

"Golf Ball doesn't strike me as the type of person who would go for this sort of... aesthetic." Barf Bag eyed the coloring of the lobby as she said this.

Naily closed the doors. "Eh, I suppose it doesn't really matter. Bomby - does this place have a kitchen?"

"You bet it does!"

I wonder why I've never been here before, Book thought silently as she strolled through the nearby forest, taking in the scenery. *It's a nice change of pace after the golden forest, and now that THAT'S gone, this place is so full of green, I can hardly believe it. I should come here more often.*

A bush next her rustled and she jumped, startled after being lost in her head. "Hello?" she said cautiously.

The leaves in the bush settled and paused before arguing voices emanated from within. Recognizing them, Book pushed through the foliage to come across Lollipop, Taco, and Saw. "Guys!" she exclaimed happily.

"Uhg, it's *you,"* Lollipop remarked snidely.

"Lolly!" Taco scolded. Internally, Book sighed. *This might be tricky.*

The journal sat down. "Can I... talk to you guys for a bit? I wanna say some things."

Lollipop rolled her eyes, but Taco smiled nervously. "Sure, what's up?"

Book took a deep breath. "Well, I, uh... I wanted to apologize for the whole 'jawbreaker thing.' The way I treated you, Taco, was unacceptable, and I only realize now how bad it had gotten recently. Same goes for you guys, Lollipop and Saw - I continued to berate you all even after you accepted Taco again and I... I'm really regretting all that behavior. I get it if you can't forgive me for being so harsh, but I just wanted to get all that off my chest."

Lollipop huffed and crossed her arms, but Taco went before the candy could say anything. "Honestly, I can sort of understand how you acted at first. I never really tried to explain what happened after episode 3, but..." She chuckled. "I actually wanted to thank you for saving me and Icy from the lavapocalypse in episode 14. After that, and the fact that you're obviously trying to make up... I'll forgive

you."

Book's expression was shifting into one of intense gratefulness when a scoff from Lollipop jarred her out of it. "Nice try. *I'm* not going to forgive you that easily. This entire conflict could have *easily* been avoided if you two had talked this out right when it started."

Book frowned at her. "Hey, you were shaming Taco then, too."

"Because of *you."*

"But you realized you were in the wrong about me, didn't you?" Taco prompted. Lollipop mumbled something intelligible and pulled her new scarf over her mouth.

Saw glanced back and forth between the three of them. "If I may...? Book, I'm not sure I'm quite ready to forgive you, either, but I'll definitely keep in mind that you seem to be trying to be a better teammEIGHT! Euhg, stupid fumes."

"No, I understand..."

A moment of awkward silence passed. "Um." Book coughed. "I think I'm gonna head out now. This bush is getting a bit too crowded for my liking."

Standing up, she nodded to Taco and walked out of the shrub. Less than a second later she rushed back in. Lollipop glared at her. "Why-"

Book slammed her hand over Lolly's mouth, muting her. "Four's. RIGHT. Outside," she hissed quietly. Taco's and Saw's eyes widened, but they stayed silent.

The two fliers stared at the hole in the ground far, far below where Eraser had disappeared into. "Whad to you thing iz town there?" Cloudy wondered out loud.

"I don't know. I didn't know there were even any structures here, other than the bathrooms." Suddenly suspicious of something, Lightning looked around the rest of the area. A sinking feeling began

to fill his stomach. "Cloudy..."

"Yes?"

"Where are the hosts?"

Cloudy looked over at him in surprise, then understanding, then fear. He opened his mouth to reply but was abruptly interrupted by a "Found you!" form below. X rose into the air, grinning evilly. "You guys are out!"

The next thing they knew, the duo found themselves inside the box reserved for contestants who weren't very good at hiding. "Aw, man," Cloudy complained. He started to float around the box, presumably searching for his teammates. Lightning shuddered, the metal box around him already reminding him of his claustrophobic time in the Locker Of Losers. At least this chamber had windows.

To distract himself, he decided to look around and see who else been discovered by Four and X, which appeared to be over a third of the cast. Rocky had just barfed on Bell, Yellow Face, and Blocky - in turn - and Cloudy was scolding him. Bottle was sneakily reaching for one of Fries' fries, but got interrupted by Tennis Ball and Robot Flower. Puffball was slowly spinning in the air above Teardrop and Ice Cube, while most of The Losers (minus Leafy) were chatting together in one of the boxes corners. Bubble and Snowball were there as well, but Lightning noted with satisfaction that the rest of their team was still hidden somewhere.

Without warning, four more objects - Book, Saw, Taco, and Lollipop - materialized inside the box, startling everyone else inside. TD waved at the four of them. "Darn," Taco commented, stomping her foot halfheartedly. She glanced around and saw TD and Icy chilling in a corner. "Looks like it's down to..."

Gaty groaned and sat up from her bed of dirt. "Why did I think it would be a good idea to jump down that pit iance dug..." she mumbled to herself. "Well, as least Four probably won't find me down here."

Something someone should never say that out loud. As the last words left Gaty's lips, she could hear the faint sound of telltale footsteps on the surface, far above her. She quickly scooted out from under the large hole that led to the surface, relaxing when she couldn't see the sun anymore.

Unfortunately, since she was looking in front of her rather than behind, she scooted right into another pit - this one made by BEEP - leading down into Golf Ball's factory. Gaty screamed as she fell, twisting herself midair to see the soft, squishy, yellow object which would break her fall. But that object turned out to be X.

The variable glanced up in time to see Gaty hurtling towards him and caught her just before she would have made impact. "Got you! Let's get you back to the loser chamber."

Gaty managed to breath a sigh that was simultaneously of relief and disappointment. The machinery of GB's underground home vanished, replaced by the stark grey walls of a large metal box. X gently set Gaty down and counted out the other members of Gabop, then did it a second time to make sure. "Yup! Gabop, all of your team members have been found! You guys are up for elimination!"

"Drat!" Icy cursed from her corner. Teardrop looked crestfallen as well, and patted the bite-sized chunk of frozen water on the back.

"Time to send Four a brain message that the challenge is over!" X closed his eyes, pressed his index fingers against his temples, and hummed loudly for several seconds. Suddenly, Four was there, and the box was gone. Everyone else who had previously been hiding appeared on the plains as well. Eraser glanced around, annoyed that his mug of tea hadn't been transported with him. "Man..."

Team Ice Cube all teleported in as one group, and Naily was in the middle of chanting something at Bomby and Gelatin. "-g! Chug! Chug! Ch- oh, wait, how'd we get back *here?"*

Gelatin cracked an eye open, then spewed the apple juice he was chugging all over Bomby's face in surprise. Startled, Bomby dropped his own AJ and ran off screaming, knocking over several people in the process.

Donut slowly shook his head. "I really hope there wasn't something in that apple juice..."

Book simply watched all the chaos with mild interest. "Ack!" Suddenly, she felt herself being opened and was face-planted into the dead grass.

"Yippee! It worked, Coiny!" The slap of a high-five could be heard. Book got up, closed herself and dusted herself off, and turned around angrily to see Leafy and Coiny celebrating behind her.

Coiny noticed and chuckled nervously. "Uh, sorry, Book. Leafy was just hiding in your pages for the challenge. We had a theory that-"

"Wait, so when you asked for your definition from me earlier, that was to help Leafy slip in unnoticed?"

"Yeah!" Leafy agreed, scratching the back of her head. "I hope you don't mind."

Four stomped over to the three of them. "If what I'm hearing is correct, then you Losers should be up for eliminated instead, because Book got discovered before Gaty did!"

"Not necessarily." Cake walked over as well. "Leafy may have been inside the box before Gaty was, but you never actually *found* her, did you?"

Coiny snapped his fingers. "Yup! And by the rules of this contest, you said all members of a team had to be FOUND, not put in the box."

Four glanced between the two of them and groaned. "Fiiiiiine. I'll let this slide once. But don't think I won't have my eye on you in the future!" He pointed two fingers at his eyes, then at Coiny's, then held the pose while sliding away slowly.

Book turned to go as Needle joined in on the round of high-fives, but Pin entered her field of view. "Sorry about that," the thumbtack staccatoed. "Coiny didn't tell me about his plan."

"It's alright, it was actually really clever. Just wish I could have worked like that with my team."

"Oh! Did you ever get the chance to talk to Taco?"

"Yeah..." Book looked past Pin, across the field, to see Taco trying to mime something for Lightbulb *(when challenges end, Four allows the II contestants to return to Goiky)*. Taco saw her looking and waved.

The journal smiled. "I think everything's going to be alright."

nice and wholesome ending :)

no timeline today cause this is just part 2 of the last chapter

~ Note/general update ~

[4/22/21]

Hellooooooo! It's been a bit, so this chapter is sort of a quick update on stuff.

I've mentioned in several announcements I've made previously that I was working on two huge school projects, which were taking up a lot of my time. Well, I'm glad those projects are finally done!

Unfortunately, starting from now, **I will be (possibly temporarily) closing requests for this book.** I actually haven't gotten any new requests in a while, but I've somehow managed to overextend myself with Wattpad stories again, so I wanted to just close them for now just in case. And even with those two large school projects done, I still have the rest of normal school (but that'll probably be a lot easier).

[Note: as of 6/7/21, requests are PERMANENTLY closed.]

That does NOT mean I'm stopping this book, however! There are still 4 older requests that I haven't done yet, so I will be doing those, and I'm going to keep writing the canon chapters as well.

On a happier note, I'm very happy to say that the murder mystery should actually be out pretty soon! If I'm being honest, part of the reason I haven't worked too much on this book in the past 2 weeks is because I've been pretty invested in the murder mystery instead. But now that about 3/4ths of it is written - and I'm very sure the early chapters are as good as they're going to get - I can start releasing them weekly soonish, which will give me a lot of time to put writing the last few chapters on pause and work more on other stuff.

And what about my other two books, *Powerless* and the *Crossing Over* sequel? Well, I'm slowly resuming brainstorming for the COS, which

involves mainly just writing down ideas in a document when I think of them. (That document is SO unorganized and has SO much information on it... not exactly looking forward to sorting it.) But that's more of a very gradual thing, whereas I hope to mostly use the time given to me by the MM to start *Powerless* up again. I can't promise any exact dates, or even estimated ones, so we'll all just have to wait!

I hate trying to end these things. Uh, stay safe and have a nice day :)

[Canon] Shocking!

May 30th, 2020

"I think everything's going to be alright."

Famous last words.

Pin watched with horror as Four sucked up Book, sending her to what she could only guess was a realm of endless algebra. Sure, it wasn't the worst thing that could happen to an object. But seeing a close friend who was trying to redeem herself get voted out by viewers nonetheless... it made Pin worry for her own safety in the game.

"Hey, you good?"

She turned to see a mostly unfamiliar object, who she deduced must be Baseball, staring at her with a quizzical expression. "Uh, yeah, I think I'm fine." She looked back at Four, who was shooing the other members of Gabop away from the elimination area. "Just... watching a friend get eliminated is hard."

Baseball instantly understood. "I know exactly what you mean," he sympathized. "But hey, look on the bright side! At least your friend wasn't voted out by people you know, heheh... ehh." Pin glanced at him weirdly and he sighed. "'Bright side...' I've been spending too much time around Lightbulb. Point is, I think I've learned that it's best to just move on. We'll both see our friends again eventually - they're not gone forever!"

"Easy for you to say," she mumbled. "Your show only has 7 people left, and mine has 48."

"Well-"

Their conversation screeched to a halt as both objects became distracted by something falling from the sky - a raindrop. A few more fell, then a lot more, and before they knew it, a torrent of rain was upon them. An extremely rare occurrence in both their universes.

However, the loud pattering of rain was no distraction to Golf Ball. In fact, she was expecting the unexpected weather. Sitting outside her factory's entrance, an umbrella protected her as she scribbled various observations of the downpour on her trusty notepad.

"Golf Ball?" Tennis Ball's voice leaked up from inside the factory, and his footsteps could be heard increasing in volume as he climbed the stairs. "I think a pipe broke, there's water leaking all over the factory flo- what the-!" he gasped, almost falling over in astonishment from the sight of the weather.

GB didn't look up. "Nice weather today, huh?"

TB blinked. It wasn't like his dimpled friend to make jokes *or* small talk. A different, unrelated thought suddenly chased that one out of his mind and caused him to hurry under the protection of the umbrella. "Um, are these robotic arms of ours waterproof?"

This time, Golf Ball glanced up, if only to roll her eyes at him. "Yes, they are. Test Tube is a brilliant scientist and wouldn't have let something so simple as a little H2O short-circuit these wonderful creations." She turned back to her notes. "Anyway, I'm sure you're curious about the unusual rainstorm we're currently experiencing."

"You could say that. But why do I get the feeling that you're somehow involved with it?"

"Normally I would condone listening to 'feelings' like that. In this case, however, your gut is entirely correct. I believe I have managed to cause this Teardrop family reunion."

"But how? And why?"

Golf Ball flipped her notebook shut. "An experiment. A few days ago, I launched... hmm. It's not exactly a satellite, as it's within our

atmosphere rather than in space..." She thought about it for a moment. "I'll think of a better term later. This 'satellite' has been hovering above the contesting grounds, way out in the upper atmosphere of our planet, for a while now. I've had a theory for a long time that it only ever rains in Goiky when the air is greatly disturbed by an outer force - such as, a semi-large object hovering in the atmosphere for several days. Thus, I believe that I have proved my theory correct!"

"Interesting," Tennis Ball responded after a moment of thought. "Is there a reason as to why you performed this experiment?"

The moment the words left his mouth, something nearly imperceptible on her face changed. He only noticed it because he had known her for so long. She was putting mental defenses up. "N-no. Scientific curiosity is all."

He studied her face carefully. "I feel like there's something you're not telling me."

"What's there not to tell? Besides," she said, rapidly changing the subject, "it's always possible that this storm is simply a coincidence, and that my theory is... wrong."

TB frowned. Something was definitely off if GB was admitting that she could possibly be wrong about something, but if she didn't want to talk, he wouldn't pursue the subject. It was a well-timed thought, too - as they both stopped talking, the wind blew a waterlogged piece of paper right into Golf Ball's face. Tennis Ball tried not to laugh.

The scientist grumbled as she pulled off the soggy sheet and scanned it. "What!" she cried, outraged. "He didn't give us any time to prepare! I didn't even know the elimination had happened!"

"What's it say?" wondered Tennis Ball. Golf Ball shoved the paper into her fuzzy friend's face. It read:

Dear contestants. A surprise thunderstorm has chanced upon Goiky, and with it, a new challenge! Lightning strikes will soon become a common occurrence, and they are DEADLY. You may also encounter other abnormalities, such as strong wind and maybe even a tornado or two. The

first team to have all their team members die in some fashion while this storm is going on will be up for elimination. (Black Hole has been temporarily disqualified. Mechanical minds and objects who are allergic to water have all received an umbrella, but the umbrellas will not last forever.) Contest starts when you receive this message!

*"Thunder*storm?" he asked out loud. "But I thought you said this was just a rain-" He was abruptly cut off by a deafening *BOOM* of thunder, and the downpour immediately worsened.

Golf Ball cursed. "That evil numeral must have done something to the weather himself. Now come on! We must find our teammates posthaste!"

They stood up and began to sprint off into the distance. Hidden in a burnt bush nearby, a pair of eyes watched them go, then snuck into the factory unnoticed.

Balloony rushed over to the portal, where Four was ushering Baseball and Fan over to their universe. "Four! Four!" he called out frantically, protecting the small object cupped in his hands from the rain.

Four glanced at him. "What?"

The airhead stopped next to him, pausing for a moment to catch his breath. He held out his hands and revealed a tiny, cowering Woody with an emerald lying in Balloony's palms. "Can you make Woody big again? He's going to die in no time in this tiny form, and our team only had four other members! We'd lose for sure!"

"Alrighty, Balloon boy!" Four gave them a thumbs up, then snatched Woody. He threw him up into the air, and the balsa slab began to rotate. When he landed, both Woody and his emerald were back to normal size. Balloony breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Four!" He grabbed Woody's arm and quickly dragged him back to Cloudy's collection pile, where the rest of BEEP was huddled under the half-burnt tree nearby.

Nickel spotted them first. "Oh, thank goodness that worked!" he

cheered. "I was SURE Four would say no, or blast you both to bits."

"I'm glad it worked, too." Balloony sat down next to Rocky. "Now all we have to do is sit under this tree and hope for the best."

"Thad'z all we *gan* to," Cloudy confirmed. "Pud I'm sdill worriet thad thiz sdronk wint will plow me away."

"Oh, you'll probably be fine, Cloudy. If there's anybody we should be worried about, it's Woody," Nickel said. "Isn't he scared of basically everything?"

Balloony shrugged. "He seems to be getting better, especially after getting that emerald."

"Wah!" Woody suddenly cried out. He looked back at the portal, where his emerald was lying, abandoned. Nickel followed his gaze. "Don't do it, Woody. It's not worth-"

A clap of thunder drowned out the rest of his response as Woody sprinted back into the pouring rain and straight for the emerald. "Woody!" The three of them shouted, trailing after him and leaving Rocky behind at the tree. The slab reached the gemstone first, raising it in the air triumphantly.

Balloony glanced up at the dark clouds above him and saw electricity sparking. As loud as he could, he yelled, "Look out!!"

"Wah?" Woody looked upwards as well just in time to see the bolt of lightning streaking downwards. He shrieked and covered himself with the emerald instinctively right before the arc of energy struck him.

"WOODY!!!" they all screamed.

The tumultuous sky growled at Fanny. "I hate rain," she growled right back.

"Tell me about it," sighed Bubble, standing under a large, pink umbrella. Next to her was Snowball, and he looked like he was

itching to pop her. As they were the only two members of iance to be weak to rain, they were sharing shelter together. Fanny had tried to get under as well, but there wasn't enough room. She now sat dejectedly just outside the protective radius of the rain shield, occasionally yelling at the sky about how much she detested the weather. It was a wonder some divine force hadn't smote her yet.

Snowball looked around idly and spotted two other objects heading towards them. "Hey! It's more of our team!" He squinted. "...is it?"

He was correct. Flower and Lightning reached them in a matter of seconds, the former breathing heavily and the latter simply floating calmly. "Finally," Flower gasped. "Some shelter! This rain is too much for my poor petals. Scooch over and make some room for me!"

"No," Snowball retorted. "This dumbrella is for us water-based objects only! No pesky petals allowed!"

"Grr! You should know by now that when I need my space, I expect you to get out of my way!"

As Snowball stood his ground, Lightning floated down to where Fanny was sitting. "This team is really falling apart," Fanny commented. "Not that it was much of a 'team' to begin with."

Lightning nodded agreement. "Should we break this fight up?"

Fanny considered it, then allowed herself a slight smile. "Nah."

They continued to watch Flower and Snowball wrestle for control of the umbrella, while Bubble scuttled between them to make sure she was protected from the rain at all times. A bright light caught their attention, and they turned to see something green and yellow sparkling from across the dead field. "What in the world is that?" Lightning questioned.

The green thing suddenly projected a beam of yellow light. The beam turned out to be a bolt of electricity, and it shot towards Snowball, Flower, and Bubble, ripping the three of them apart.

"What the-?" Fanny exclaimed. They took another look at the energy source to see Woody pointing a smoking emerald in their direction.

The other members of BEEP stared at him in wonder as another shock of lightning came down from the heavens and struck the gemstone, causing it to crackle with power. Woody wasn't harmed in the slightest.

"Uh oh." Lightning knew where this was headed. He grabbed Fanny's cage as flew directly upwards as fast as he could, narrowly avoiding the stream of death directed towards them.

"Hey! Put me down! I hate flying!" Fanny complained.

Lightning looked down and saw the arc of energy continue forwards and strike Ruby far off in the distance, causing her to explode into countless crimson shards. "Unless you want to lose the contest, I think I'm going to keep going."

That shut her up.

They continued to soar upwards. "I'm not sure how high these storm clouds go," Lightning told his teammate, "but I'm going to try to fly above them. Maybe we can completely avoid the-"

Before he could finish, a regular, inanimate bolt of lightning struck down and coursed through their bodies. Lightning was barely affected, but Fanny convulsed violently and eventually fell still. He stared at her corpse in shock *(haha)*, then reluctantly dropped the dead weight and kept on going up, up, up.

"One, two, three, four, five... we're only missing Basketball," Golf Ball concluded. Huddled around her were the other five members of A Better Name Than That. Robot Flower and TV each had an umbrella to themselves, but the strong wind was making it hard for them to hold on.

Blocky spoke up. "I already looked around a lot of the area before I met up with you. I didn't see any sign of her!"

"Odd. TV, can you perform a scan?"

TV displayed a 'No Signal' warning on his screen. The storm was

messing up his Wi-Fi capabilities. "That's frustrating. Well, where haven't we-"

A bolt of sizzling plasma shot past, inches in front of the globule's face. She leapt backwards in surprise and whirled around to see Woody and his emerald advancing on them, the remainder of BEEP following behind. "We're under attack!" GB shrieked. "Retreat to my factory!"

"What about Basketball?" asked Grassy, worried, as they fled from the five-man team.

"She's smart, Grassy," Blocky confided. "She can probably hold her own! We'll find her later, I promise."

"Ok!"

Thankfully, BEEP didn't pursue them for long, and stopped when ABNTT reached the entrance to Golf Ball's factory, dashing down the first few steps and out of reach of the rain. "Thank goodness," Robot Flower said. "We should probably just stay down here for the challenge."

"Agreed." The team slowed down and followed Golf Ball deeper into the workshop. "At the very least, you and TV should use this shelter. Once we know BEEP is gone, the rest of us can continue our search for-"

On the factory floor, something metal clattered. They froze. Another object was already down there. "Hello?" Tennis Ball called out cautiously.

A gasp from below. The six of them glanced over the edge of the stairwell to see Basketball sitting on the factory floor, various tools, blueprints, and bits of metal strewn around her.

GB's eyes narrowed. "...Basketball." In an act of uncharacteristic recklessness, she jumped off the stairs and plummeted towards her incinerator, only to be caught by the Golf Ball Safety Net. She hopped off the tightly woven filaments and strode towards Basketball, her face stony. Baskie quickly stood up but stayed in place. "What," GB

growled, "are you doing in here uninvited?"

"I am trying to build some mechanical arms for myself, since you seem to be so adamant about not letting TV and I have any."

"What are you talking about? I've stated multiple times that the arms are simply not ready yet." But as she said this, she saw all the blueprints scattered behind her orange nemesis and knew the jig was likely up. But she wasn't going down without a fight.

"Oh yeah? Let's take a look at these." Basketball slid one of the said blueprints over to where Golf Ball could see and pointed at a diagram with her foot. "This here is a modifier for 'extending limb joints.'" She pointed to another, then another. "'Extra tensile strength.' '360 degree rotation servomotor.' Oh look, from your conversation earlier, you've already made this improvement - 'waterproofing.'"

"Why are you reading these out to me? I made half of these blueprints and have poured over the other half for weeks now; this activity is a redundant waste of our time."

"If you know these plans so well, then you can *clearly* read the labels on nearly all of these that say 'optional!' These arms are *done,* Golf Ball, and you're holding out on TV and I by not building new ones for us."

As GB rushed to think of a reply, the other objects of ABNTT finally reached the factory floor and sped over to the globule duo. "What's going on here?" Blocky demanded.

"Golf Ball is-"

"-trying to perfect these arms so that they're the best they can be," Golf Ball interrupted before Basketball could finish.

BB narrowed her eyes as she moved the blueprints over to the others. "That's what you've been constantly telling us, yes. But look at these designs, guys. They're *finished."*

"Not completely," Tennis Ball countered as Blocky and the mechanical minds scanned the documents. "Like Golf Ball said, we're trying to make them work optimally so that when we install them, they-"

"These looks pretty finished to me," Blocky interrupted. He looked at GB. "What is this about? Why aren't you letting TV and BB have arms?"

"We've told you!" GB protested. "We're doing our best to perfect th-"

Basketball exploded. "I don't WANT perfection! I just want to be able to use a second pair of limbs! I'm tired of constantly not being able to walk and do things with my legs at the same time! I'm tired of not being able to reach up high! I'm tired of having an extremely unfair disadvantage in this competition!"

"You want an advantage in the game, huh?" Golf Ball barked right back, taking a step towards the larger ball. "Do you think I'd let you have an advantage, after supporting 8-Ball and stabbing us in the back in episode 12!?"

Everyone was silent. Then, from Basketball, in a quieter voice but a less angry tone: "Is this *just* about the game for you?"

"Are you sure apoud thiz, Woody?" Cloudy whispered nervously. They were at the very top of the factory stairs, looking down at the floor where ABNTT was arguing with itself.

Woody nodded. "Yah."

"Personally, I think Woody should go for it," Balloony said. "I don't want to lose again. Four might disband us..."

Nickel nodded agreement as well. "I'm tired of us being considered the 'weak' team."

Cloudy glanced at Rocky, who wasn't really paying attention. "Well then, I kuess I'm oudfoted." They carefully stepped back out to the pouring rain to see if they could attract another bolt of lightning.

The factory floor was dangerously silent once more as everyone tried to figure out what to say next. "O... kay..." Golf Ball started haltingly,

"perhaps I'm being irrational with the 'imposter' incident-"

"You were absolutely being irrational," Robot Flower said bluntly. Golf Ball turned to her angrily, but Basketball said, "Stop."

Everyone looked at her. She sighed and sat down. "Look, GB... I supported 8-Ball at first because of how convoluted episode 1's plan was, but I hadn't really known you for long then. My first impression was not great. And it's not so amazing right now, either. But," she held up a foot when Golf Ball opened her mouth, "you *do* have good plans. Like in episode 13. I'm willing to let bygones by bygones, if you would just make some mechanical arms for me and TV, or let us build them. If you want, I can stay out of your way when the merge happens - assuming we're both still in the game then. I just... I want to be considered an equal on the team."

The third wave of silence hit, this one lasting a full minute. Golf Ball's tense expression finally loosened, and she slowly let out a sigh. "Basketball-"

A stream of energy shot down from above and struck Tennis Ball in the back, electrocuting and killing him instantly. The others stared at his corpse in shock, while GB looked upwards to see Woody climbing the stairs with his emerald, presumably to acquire another charge. She turned to Basketball, furious. "Was this your plan all along? To distract me long enough so that another team could arrive and wipe us out??"

"What?" Basketball stepped back. "No! I didn't even know BEEP was-"

"Basketball's innocent!" Robot Flower buzzed angrily, grabbing GB by the head and lifting her into the air. GB grabbed the mechanical mind's robotic arm with her own, but before the conflict could accelerate, another bolt of crackling light hit Robot Flower. Electricity coursed through her circuits, causing a total shutdown. Then-

Woody nervously high-fived Balloony as he came back up for a third charge. "Nice job, Woody!" the balloon complimented. "Who else is-"

An explosion rocked the ground they stood on, and smoke began to leak out from the factory's entrance. Curious, BEEP crept down the first few stairs to see a jagged circle of soot on the factory floor. At the center stood a pair of metal legs - all that remained of Robot Flower. Her catastrophic failure had also completely obliterated the bodies of her teammates.

"...never mind," Balloony commented.

Fan stepped through the portal to Goiky, umbrella in hand, to encounter Test Tube. She had a cork in her top to prevent herself from getting diluted and was holding a tiny machine of some sorts. For the most part, it was nothing but a small box with a screen and a tiny, rotating satellite dish. "Whatcha up to, Test Tube?" he asked.

"Hey, Fan. I'm trying to determine the source of this unusual thunderstorm."

Fan squinted at the sky, but saw nothing except clouds and water. "It *is* pretty unusual. I've never seen anything like it!"

"Neither have I, which is why I'm-" The device beeped. Test Tube looked down at the tiny screen. "Hm. It says the sources are atmospheric disturbance, and... algebraic energy?"

"Oh, then this storm is Four's doing," Fan scoffed. He gestured to the algebralien, who was standing stock-still a dozen feet away from the swirling portal. "It must be for a- CHALLENGE!" He yelped that last part, causing Testy to wince from the sudden volume. "Is there a BFB challenge going on? Where's my phone? Where's my phone??"

Test Tube rolled her eyes and smiled. "Calm down, Fan. You can just watch the episode when it releases online, can't you?"

"Yeah, but it's so much more fun to watch it in person!"

Four suddenly twitched, causing both friends to jump. He raised his hand and a drumroll played as seven objects were recovered - A Better Name Than That. "You guys lost the challenge!" he announced gleefully. "Time to remove that pesky machine from the sky." Without

moving another muscle, he began to levitate straight up into the air and vanished in the cloud cover.

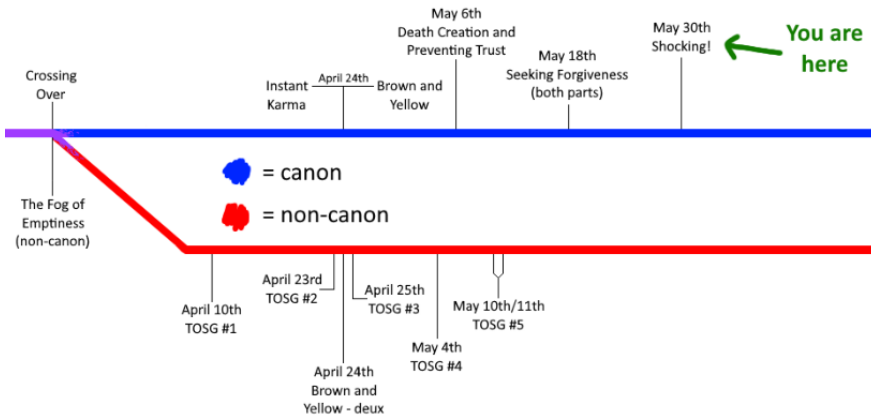
The members of ABNTT slowly got up, sour expressions on all faces except Grassy's. Not wasting a second, Golf Ball strode towards the II duo by the portal. "You guys lost the challenge?" Fan asked. "What hap-"

"Not now. I need to let off some steam." The sporty scientist brushed past them and continued on through the portal, into the IIverse.

Fan and Test Tube glanced at each other. "Golly," Testy said. "Must have been a rough contest."

hello this is almost 4k words lmao but I'm not gonna split longer chapters from here unless they're REALLY long

"short" stories psh


Crossing Over
Instant Karma
April 24th
Brown and Yellow
May 6th
Death Creation and Preventing Trust
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness (both parts)
May 30th
Shocking!
You are here
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of Emptiness (non-canon)
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 24th
Brown and Yellow - deux
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 4th
TOSG #4
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5

[Canon] Cameras and Camouflage

June 11th, 2020

Tennis Ball sighed as he sat up, stepping away from the half-burnt picnic table in front of Gelatin's Steakhouse. He watched dejectedly as Golf Ball briskly walked off towards her factory, ignoring the other members of her team. As glad as he was that GB had survived, he wished that the whole team conflict was over. But despite his best efforts, Golf Ball and Basketball were still sniping at each other. And to make matters worse, Robot Flower had been eliminated - one of Basketball's best friends.

He shook his head. Knowing that Golf Ball just needed to let off steam for now, he resolved to talk to her later and instead strolled up to X, who had hosted the elimination. "Hey, X?"

"Oh, hi TB! What is it?"

"Can the next contest be a little more... low-key?" He glanced back at a sulking Basketball. "The last one was pretty rough on everyone."

X smiled. "Don't worry! Four and I already planned for that. In fact, now that the elimination's done we can start the next contest right now!" The variable held out his hand dramatically, then snapped his fingers.

Nothing happened.

"Uh, X? Are you sure you-"

"No no, it's working. Look!" X pointed behind TB, and he turned to see Black Hole, Bottle, and Pen being lifted into the air by some sort of tractor beam. As he watched, Pie was sucked up as well, then

Pillow, then Remote. Basketball and Blocky suddenly began to float upwards as well.

Across the field of dead grass, Golf Ball was working on adding a security system to her factory with Test Tube when the globule began to rise up into the air. She dropped her screwdriver in surprise. "What the heck?"

"Goodness! Golf Ball, you're floating!" Testy exclaimed.

"I can see that. It must be for the next contest."

Test Tube tried to grab hold of her friend's foot, but missed by inches. "I'll continue working on the door while you're gone!" she called upwards.

One by one, team by team, the contestants of Battle For BFDI were alphabetically taken by X's mysterious gravity-defying beam. Team Ice Cube, Free Food, The Losers, iance, BEEP - they were all sent into the sky. The last ones taken were the members of Gabop.

"Uh, I feel floaty," said Gaty as her feet left the ground. "Is it just me, or-"

"Don't worry, you're *not* hallucinating." Lollipop pointed over to Ice Cube, who was flailing around in the air as well. Lollipop glanced down as she began to float herself. "Oh, joy."

"This feels amazing!" Saw whooped. "I can't wEIGHT for the contest!"

It was time to strike. For weeks now, she had been watching both the show in real time and the previous episodes on her phone, analyzing each contestants' behaviors and patterns, waiting for the perfect moment to intervene unnoticed. Now, all but two objects were significantly distracted by the fact that they were floating through the sky, and most were too far away now to see anything if they looked back. Plus, she had a gut feeling that something different would happen this episode, something that she could use to cause some chaos. Now or never.

II Taco burst out of her fake bush and sprinted towards her doppelganger, who had just started to rise upwards. She grabbed her leg and pulled herself into the beam.

"Hey, what the-" BFB Taco tried to protest before two pieces of duct tape were slapped over her eyes and mouth. II Taco yanked her fish away before flinging her out of the beam. BFB Taco landed in the bush below. Her clone pulled out her blaster, turning the knob to the 'ignite' setting, and fired at the bush. It was instantly set aflame.

"Apologies, my fishy friend." II Taco slid the fish into her own shell and grinned. Disguise complete. "But today, I'll be filling in for you."

On the ground, Teardrop blanched as she witnessed everything. Her feet left the ground as X's magic finally took hold of her body, and she glanced up. II Taco simply smiled at the droplet. "Oh, dear me. Looks like I've been caught! A shame that you can't tell the others."

TD shook her fist in fury as the last of BFB's contestants were carried away into the unknown.

Black Hole would have touched down first, if he could touch the ground without ripping it into atoms. So Bottle was the first object to land. She immediately lay down on the ground and began doing grass angels. "This feels so nice!" she giggled. "It's been so long since I've felt living grass!"

"Wish I could share the same sentiment," Black Hole lamented as the rest of Death PACT touched down. The grass there was indeed green and growing, but the foliage was the only normal part of their new location. A thin layer of clouds surrounded the lower levels of towering hills made from purple rock. Unlike Nearby Yoyleland, where the only buildings of any kind were the bathrooms, various Greek-like ruins dotted the mountains. And to top it off, a majestic pink sky completed the fantasy-like feel. It was a picturesque landscape.

"Wow," Marker murmured. At this point, all the teams had landed. "Where *are* we?"

X materialized in front of the large crowd, carrying a large burlap sack over his shoulder. "We're in the Pillary Ruins! What do you guys think?"

Several objects voiced their opinions on the beautiful place, and X smiled. "That's good to hear! I knew this would be the right place when Four and I were looking for somewhere to host this contest."

"I hope you're actually *prepared* this time!" someone called out from the crowd. "Where's Four, anyways?"

"Four's visiting a friend, but he gave me very specific instructions." X opened his bag and let the contents spill out onto the grass - cameras. "Since the last challenge was pretty brutal, he said that this one could be much more low-key. So you guys will just be taking photos!"

Saw slumped. "Aww. I was hoping we could float through the air some more."

"There's enough cameras here for all of you. This place is *really* big, so feel free to explore! You have a full 24 hours to take a picture, so use the sunset and sunrise to your advantages. Take as many pictures as you want, but only one for your team can be turned in. I'll judge the pictures, and the best one wins!" The variable twiddled his fingers. "Did I... explain that well enough this time?"

The majority of the crowd nodded, and X's grin grew even further. "Great! Then, uh, go!" He awkwardly raised his right hand in the air in the classic BFB style.

Everyone surged forwards to grab a camera from the pile. "I hate taking pictures," Fanny lamented. "No, that's not it. I hate that I don't even have arms to take pictures WITH!"

"Don't worry, Fanny!" Snowball held up a camera in the air. "As lame as this contest is, I'll carry our team to victory!"

"Uh, I have arms too, you know," Bubble pointed out.

Snowball popped her. "Not anymore, you don't!"

Lightning facepalmed. "I'm glad I have my own camera."

Lollipop glanced down at Teardrop, who was tugging on her scarf. "Hm? What is it, Teardorp?"

TD pointed frantically at Taco, who was faking not paying attention, but genuinely trying to figure out how her camera worked. Lollipop glanced over. "Yes, TD, it's Taco," she said in a condescending tone. "I have eyes, you know." Teardrop made a series of speedy hand gestures.

"Teardrop, we can't understand what you're saying," Gaty said. "You need to find a different form of communicating." Annoyed, the droplet began to flutter her arms furiously, but quickly gave up and stormed off with her own camera.

Saw glanced at her, concerned. "What was *that* all about?"

Lollipop just shrugged.

"Are you sure about this, Gelatin?" Barf Bag asked. They and their three teammates were attempting to scale the tallest of the half-mountains which dominated the landscape, pausing every few minutes or so to snap a picture. "This is really high up."

"That's the point! You can see everything from up here! And at sunset, the sky is GORGEOUS."

Donut lowered his camera away from his eyes. "We should actually trust Gelatin on this one. I've seen some of the pictures he's taken from the summit of Yoyle Mountain, and they're pretty breathtaking."

"Thank you!"

"I think this trip up will be worth it, Barfy."

"Alright..."

"Can we take a break?" Bomby panted. "I'm really tired..."

Naily flopped down into the grass. "Me, too. I'm pooped. Go ahead and leave me behind if you want."

"No, a break is a good idea," Barf Bag agreed, sitting down. Gelatin and Donut followed suit. The five friends stayed there for several minutes, enjoying the light breeze on their faces.

Gelatin pointed vaguely southwest. "Look! We're only about three quarters of the way up, and you can already see Yoyle Mountain from here. We're actually not that far from home!"

Donut squinted and saw that he was right. "Good eyes, Gelly."

"Just wait until we get to the top."

Pin fiddled around with her lens cap, thinking and not paying attention to where she was going. She walked right into Coiny with a small *oof*. "Ow..."

"Sorry about that. You alright?" Coiny turned to her.

"Yeah, I'm good."

He studied her face. "You seem distracted by something. Normally, you love doing challenges. Something the matter?"

"No, no, just... thinking."

"Alright." He eyed her carefully before rejoining the rest of The Losers. Or, most of them, anyway. Since he, Pin, Needle, and Cake had accepted Leafy as part of their team, Firey and Eggy had begun to distance themselves from the rest of them. Plus, Eggy didn't even have arms, so she couldn't take any pictures.

Coiny sidled up to Leafy while Needle was distracted snapping a candid photo of Marker in the distance. "Have you and Firey made up yet?" he asked out of the blue.

Leafy's ever-present smile started to fade. "Not yet. I'm not even sure I can get through his thick skull at this point."

"Well, you gotta try again soon. There's only so many times he'll listen to *me."*

"Maybe next contest."

They continued the rest of the walk in silence.

"Almost... there... gh," Bomby complained. It was sunset, and the five had been climbing most of the day. "Made it!" He pulled himself over the final ridge and collapsed on the ground, panting heavily. The rest of Team Ice Cube soon followed.

After a moment of rest, Naily glanced at the horizon. She gasped. "Woah..."

Everyone else gasped similarly. The sunset was indeed gorgeous; the pinks, purples, and deep blues of the sky blending perfectly with the coloring of the landscape beneath them. Gelatin wasn't lying - they could see for miles. The Pillary Ruins continued to stretch north of them, seemingly endlessly. To the east was a massive desert, where the world's largest oven could be seen looming over tiny cacti. Southwest was where the BFB contesting grounds lay, a large, dark circle of lava-scorched grass surrounded by untouched nature. Yoyle Mountain was one of the more prominent features, proudly guarding the long-lost Yoyle City somewhere behind the impossibly tall space flagpole reaching into the atmosphere. And from as far they could see, stretching horizon to horizon from southwest to southeast, was the Yoyle Canal.

It was truly an awe-inspiring sight.

Several moments of completely silent staring passed before Gelatin finally elbowed Barf Bag gently. "Told ya so."

"This is beautiful!" Naily gushed. "How are we going to get a picture of it all?"

"Maybe there's a panorama mode on here?" Donut fiddled with his camera. "Aha! There is!" He lifted his camera to his eyes and slowly

began to rotate, trying to get as much as he possibly could. The others scrambled to get out of the shot.

Thirty seconds later and the job was done. Donut clicked the *print* button, and the extra-long strip of film rolled out. "Guys, come look!"

They all crowded around him and stared at the photo. It was just as pretty as the real thing. "If this doesn't get us first place," Naily said confidently, "I don't know what will!"

Morning came sooner than expected. Team Ice Cube caught a ride from Puffball down their half-mountain and turned their photo in first. As the hours went by, more teams submitted, until by noontime, everyone was done and eagerly waiting the results. X and Eight - a light gray numeral with a half-bored look on his face - were discussing the eight images they had been given at great length.

Finally, X thanked Eight and waved goodbye to him as he faded from existence - presumably back to the Algebra Playground. The yellow variable turned to the contestants and said, "Ok! We have decided. The winning picture was taken by..."

He paused. "...Team Ice Cube!"

A loud *WOOP* came from Gelatin, and his teammates slapped him on the back, thanking him for the idea of getting a good view. "But who lost?" Fries asked from somewhere in the crowd.

"That's the twist. There IS no loser this challenge!" X continued.

Everyone gasped.

"Instead of an elimination this episode, we're having a rejoin!!"

Everyone gasped again.

"And rather than the viewers voting, YOU guys get to choose who comes back!"

Several people fainted at this, and even more began to shout out who

they wanted to rejoin. "I'm hope 8-Ball comes back!"

"Stapy should rejoin!"

"No, *Loser* should rejoin!"

"Yeah! Vote Loser!"

"I'm voting David!" Several heads turned at this particularly odd comment.

Only one object was calm, and she was scratching her tortilla chin thoughtfully. It seemed as if her gut feeling was correct.

"Everyone, please calm down!" X repeated over and over until the contestants finally settled a little. "You guys should know that you can't vote for Clock, because he chose to quit, and you also can't vote for Dora."

"Why not?" queried an annoyed Gaty.

"Uh, I think Four said she just... disappeared one day?" X scratched his head. "I don't really know."

Basketball whistled innocently, thinking back to a failed attempt at trying to reach the IIverse some months ago.

X pulled out a small basket filled with slips of paper and those tiny pencils that you get at minigolf courses. "Please take a piece of paper and write down who you want to rejoin. I'll collect all the votes and count them when Four gets back next episode! Team Ice Cube will get whoever rejoins on their team since they won."

Once again, objects rushed forwards to grab their paper and pencil and get to voting. The next few minutes were filled with the scratching of writing and discussion between friends on who they were voting for and why. Once all the votes were collected, X stashed the papers in a small wooden box and snapped his fingers again. His magic began to carry the contestants back to Nearby Yoyleland, one by one.

Nighttime. Just after midnight, to be precise. It had been a very relaxing day, but everyone was out cold nonetheless. The only sounds that could be heard from the contestants (and X) were snores or sleepy murmurs.

But if you listened closely, *veeeeery* closely, you could hear the extremely soft sound of footsteps.

A dark shape slowly stepped closer and closer to X, until it reached him. Very carefully, it made a circle around the algebralien and continued on towards their real goal - a small, wooden box. They gently picked it up, carried it out of X's possible hearing range, and opened it, dumping out several slips of paper.

After few minutes of counting, they had sorted out the 47 votes into 14 little piles, the biggest one consisting of seven slips of paper. The votes were quite varied. The figure checked the names in the biggest pile and smiled. "Well. *That* would certainly be interesting," II Taco whispered softly to herself. She pulled out a pencil she'd snuck into her shell earlier and began to look through the other votes. "But I believe my own candidate would cause a little more chaos."

She sighed. "Goodness me. My ramblings sounded *much* more sane when I was speaking into a receiver, rather than to myself."

It took another few minutes to completely erase the votes on a few pieces of paper, and it took even longer to meticulously copy the handwriting to forge new votes. But Taco was a perfectionist, and when she was done, nobody could have told the difference, except maybe the original writers. She carefully refilled X's box, and replaced it behind him.

One more task. Writing down a note to recover their Taco on an extra slip of paper, she put the note in front of X to find in the morning, took out her doppelganger's fish, and flung it as hard as she could in the direction of Black Hole, who was floating nearby. The dead animal was quickly sucked up by the vortex. Black Hole didn't seem

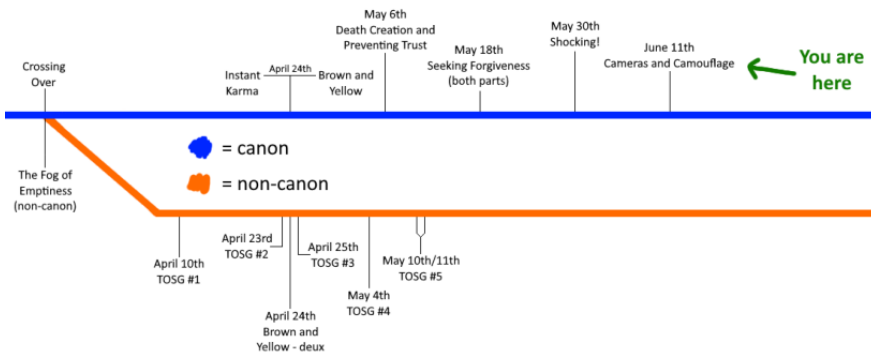
to notice.

Mission accomplished, Taco thought with a grin. Now to find somewhere new to hide and wait until the next episode of BFB.

if II Taco was a real person she'd probably commit several felonies

wonder who's gonna rejoin? >:)

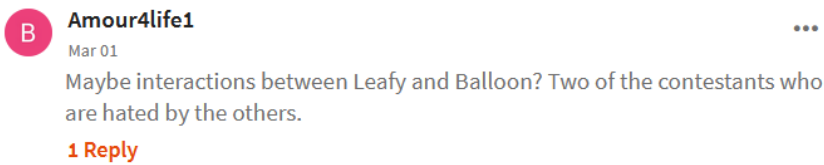
also I changed the non-canon timeline's color to orange cause orange and blue look very nice together


Crossing Over
Instant Karma
April 24th
Brown and Yellow
May 6th
Death Creation and Preventing Trust
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness (both parts)
May 30th
Shocking!
June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
You are here
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of Emptiness (non-canon)
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 24th
Brown and Yellow - deux
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 4th
TOSG #4
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5

[Request] A Rather Blustery Day

*(Requests are **STILL CLOSED;** this is an older request I hadn't gotten to before.)*

Story requested by Amour4life1!


B
Amour4life1
Mar 01
Maybe interactions between Leafy and Balloon? Two of the contestants who are hated by the others.
1 Reply

June 20th, 2020

"...and then absolutely nothing happened until Four showed up about three years ago or so," Leafy concluded. "And he threw us right into another competition. How did *your* show start?"

"Well, I wasn't there for season 1, but..." Suitcase thought back to over seven years ago. "...MePhone just chose a bunch of random objects and offered us the chance to be in the show. I accepted, he brought us all onto a plane, and then... he crashed it into the side of Hotel OJ."

Leafy winced. "Oh dear. OJ must have not been happy."

"Yeah, he shattered from surprise, I think."

A sudden gust of wind blew by them, and Leafy shuddered, both from

the chill of the air and slight nervousness. "It's windier today than usual. I hope I don't get blown away."

Jinxed it. Immediately, a much stronger current swept Leafy off her feet and carried her into the air. "Leafy!!" Suitcase cried, jumping to her feet.

Leafy reached out, but the air was already carrying her high into the sky and farther away from her friend. It continued to buffet her around for a solid minute, twisting her every which way, completely screwing with her sense of direction. Finally, just as she closed her eyes, she slammed into something hard. Since her back was pressed against whatever the object was, Leafy couldn't turn around and see until it suddenly gave way.

She tumbled into a salmon-colored environment and landed on the ground face-first. "Oh my gosh! Are you ok?" a squeaky voice asked.

"M...maybe?" Leafy groaned. Her proverbial head was spinning wildly, but nothing actually seemed to hurt.

"Here, let me..." A hand grabbed one of her arms and housed her upwards. She came face-to-face with a rubbery red sphere. "Oh!" it squeaked. "I remember you! Leafy, right? One of the objects who came through Test Tube's original portal."

"Yeah, and you're Balloon!" Leafy stuck out her hand for him to shake. "It's lovely to meet you again!"

He shook. "Likewise."

Leafy's vision cleared properly, and she took ahold of her bearings. They were in a room that was very obviously Balloon's - red walls, red carpet, red ceiling, etc. Other than a bed, a small desk, and a chair, it was pretty minimally decorated. "Am I in Hotel OJ?" she wondered.

"Yup! You, um, just hit my window a moment ago, and blew inside when I opened it." Balloon walked over and closed the opening, shivering from the cold wind. "It's quite the blustery day outside."

"Tell me about it." Leafy glanced towards the door. "Uh, is OJ

anywhere nearby? I know us BFB contestants aren't really allowed in here after what Gelatin did."

Balloon looked to the door as well. "I think he's trying to deal with Trophy right now. That guy can be a bit of a mess." He perked up. "Oh! Actually, how *is* BFB right now? And Inanimate Insanity? Nobody's been eliminated for a while, and Microphone didn't want to share the details of her elimination, so everyone in the building's a little out of the loop."

Leafy chuckled. "Funny story, actually. I was just about to tell Suitcase about-"

"Suitcase!?" Balloon cried. "How is she? Is she doing alright? And how's Baseball?" He stopped, then sighed. "Sorry. I'm a bit anxious. I know it's only been three months since I last talked to her, but it feels like longer."

"She seems to be doing alright! Clock and I chat with her almost every day. She's told us all about you."

"Really?"

"Yeah!"

The lemon leaf then went on to tell Balloon about Suitcase, and the other contestants, and the semi-recent painting contest MePhone had come up with. They talked for a long time, switching from topic to topic. Eventually, their conversation strayed over to other relationships.

"...since then, he hasn't spoken to me, and I'm starting to worry our friendship will never heal." Leafy concluded her tale of Firey.

Balloon sucked in air through his teeth. "This may seem unrelated, but you know about my relationship with the other II contestants, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Well, recently, I wrote everyone some letters, apologizing for my behavior in season 1 and everything. And it worked! Most of them

seem to have forgiven me... except Nickel. But he's stopped looking for me just to insult me on random occasions."

"I think I see where you're going with this, and I don't like it."

Balloon looked Leafy in the eye. "I know you've already tried talking to Firey, but try again. Just lock yourself in a room with him for an hour and do your best. Even if it turns out you two can't be friends again, maybe you'll at least strike some sort of truce. Don't make the same mistakes I did."

Leafy was silent for several moments before sighing. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt..."

"That's the spirit!" Balloon cheered, trying to sound upbeat. "You just have to keep trying, like Suitcase did with me."

"Suitcase!" Leafy yelped, startling Balloon. "I completely forgot about her! We were talking when the wind blew me away, she probably doesn't know where I am!"

"Golly!" Balloon stood up. "Here, I'll try distracting OJ so that you can sneak out the front-"

Leafy held up a finger to shush him and opened his window, sticking out a hand. "Wind's gone. I can probably float down just fine."

"Boy, do I know *that* feeling."

Leafy turned to look at him and smiled. "It was really nice to see you again. If OJ ever lets us back in the mansion, I'll be sure to visit again!" She waved and dived out the window before Balloon had the chance to say another word.

Hello! Quick update on something. After this chapter that you just read, I have 3 more old requests from before I closed them lined up for later. However, I'm not going to be doing one of them.

Elainewrites, I'm really sorry, but I'm not going to be able to finish this. I love the idea, and I was going to have Four take the TPOT debuters and have them put on this play for the Exitors. I did start it, but I just couldn't make myself go too far. As much as I love the concept, I didn't think I would have fun writing it, and I didn't think I could make it come out very good.

Elainewrites1120
Jan 24
them doing a play re-enacting the events of the CO main story

BUT. Like I said, I DID write ~700 words for it, so I'll show what I managed to do below! (And under that will be the timeline.)

Title: The Dream Island Players (referring to "The Emerald Island Players" from ATLA)

it would have been non-canon

About a week after BFB 16

"...it's time for plan B! Every second counts, so let's hurry!"

"Right!"

Pencil blinked as she woke up, then winced - the back of her head was pretty sore after the fall from the tower of debris. "uuuuuuUh??" she groaned, sitting up. She caught a glimpse of Liy and Stapy shutting the door to the EXIT. Glancing around, Pencil remembered trying to stack up items to reach Four's mouth... earlier that day? A day ago? How long had she been out for?

She stood up completely and ran to the EXIT's door, slamming it open. On the far side of the room, Stapy was watching Liy as she pried a wooden board off the mysterious back door with a hammer. "What're you two doing?" she screeched.

"I didn't even get to take a *peek* before Four caught me and boarded it up," Liy explained, ripping another board away. "I WON'T hesitate this time."

With a grunt, she pulled off the final board. The trio stared at the door for a moment as the other seven Exitors entered the room behind them. Liy pulled out a staple, nervously slid it into the lock, and twisted.

Click. The knob turned and the lock, well, unlocked. Slowly but surely, the door began to creak open, revealing...

...Four. Standing there, menacingly.

"You've got to be kidding me," Stapy grumbled.

"Hello, Exitors!" Four said cheerfully, pushing past Liy and into the classroom. He casually closed the door without looking behind him. "Today, we'll be having another special class!"

Match perked up. "Another, like, rejoin?"

"OOH! WILL I BE ABLE TO SEE ICE CUBE AGAIN?" Bracelety screeched.

Four frowned. "No and no. The next rejoin will not happen for a couple more months. In the outside world, there's been a lot of interesting things going on. So I decided to bring down some guests to tell you what it was like!"

He snapped his fingers, and everything went white. When the Exitor's visions cleared, they were all standing outside the EXIT with their chairs next to them. Also nearby was a large group of objects that none of them recognized at all. There appeared to be about 25 of them.

Some tri-folded sheet of paper with writing on it stepped forward. "Where... are we?"

"You got me," a drum of some sort replied. "Doesn't look very fun, though."

Loser gasped as he recognized a large, perano blue hand sticking out of the crowd. "Winner?"

The hand twisted towards the sound of Loser's voice, and the owner of the hand pushed through everyone. "Loser? Is that you?"

"Winner! Oh, my stars!" Loser ran forwards and hugged his old friend fiercely. "It's been so long!"

Winner hugged him right back. "It's great to see you too, Loser! What are you doing here? Where are we, like ITRD asked?"

"Oh, there's so much to catch up on-"

"Now's not the time!" Four screeched, before clearing his throat. "Exitors, these twenty-five objects that I randomly found all over Goiky who have no significance whatsoever are here to perform a play for you all!"

The twenty-five non-significant objects in particular began to protest

at various levels of volume, the most prominent voices emanating from the area around a boom microphone. Frustrated, Four grabbed said microphone and screeched right into it. The hellish noise that came out was enough to completely stun everyone else, including shatter one of the new objects and Roboty's glass eyes. "-.-. ..- .-. ... . / -.-- --- ..- --..-- / ..-. --- ..- .-. -.-.--" he buzzed angrily.

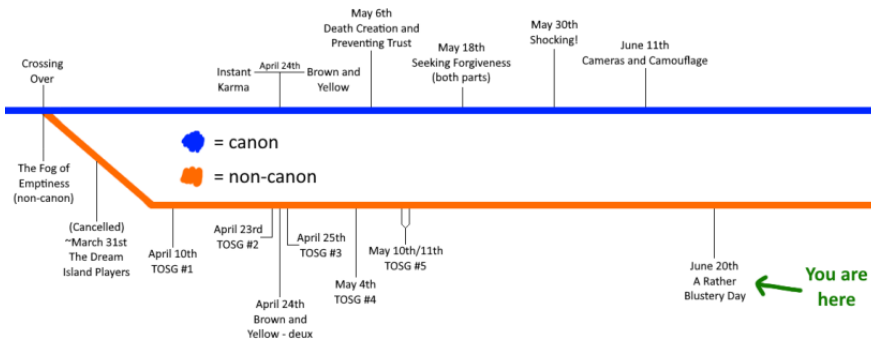
Four rolled his eyes and recovered the shattered object - a blender - before continuing. *"Now* will you all listen to me?"

Thirty-five objects nodded in unison.

"Honestly, what do I have to do to get some respect around here?" Four muttered. "Anyways, to you twenty-five newbies, I'll hand you all your parts in a moment. You have two hours to prepare." He waved his hand and a stage appeared in front of the row of chairs, and pamphlets also materialized in each Exitor's hands (or on the ground next to them, if they didn't have any). "As for you guys, you can all sit down now and read those informative packets to learn about what's going on."

Extending his arm, he created a physical barrier between the Exitors and the newbies and pushed the newbies behind the stage, following them back there.

Sorry again I couldn't finish it, but I hope you liked what's there :)


Crossing Over
Instant Karma
April 24th
Brown and Yellow
May 6th
Death Creation and Preventing Trust
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness (both parts)
May 30th
Shocking!
June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of Emptiness (non-canon)
(Cancelled) ~March 31st The Dream Island Players
April 10th
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TOSG #2
April 24th
Brown and Yellow - deux
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 4th
TOSG #4
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5
June 20th
A Rather Blustery Day
You are here

[Canon/Request] Make or Break

(Hey! I need to explain some things here quickly.

1. I've said this before but I'll say it again just in case - requests are STILL CLOSED. The only reason I'm doing this one is because it was requested BEFORE I closed them, so it was pending for a while.

2. This chapter is not completely centered around this request. Rather, when this request was, well, requested, I decided to integrate it into this chapter because I thought that's where it fit best. So the chapter is canon, and the request also happens to be canon because it's part of the chapter.

3. I can't say what the actual request is up here, as it would be a spoiler, so I'll put what the request is at the end. Although, I will say that it was requested by AmongUs321, who I'll mention in the comments.

Ok, I've rambled on for long enough. Enjoy!)

June 24th, 2020

Yellow Face hopped over to where Bell was floating. "WHATCHA DOING?" he asked amiably.

"I'm watching X," Bell replied. Yellow Face followed her gaze and saw X some distance away, not moving. "He's just... standing there."

"SO... NORMAL BEHAVIOR, THEN."

"Yyyyyup."

They watched for another moment. X continued to stay frozen as various other contestants killed around in the background. "DO YOU THINK FRIES' AND ERASER'S THEORY IS CORRECT?" Yellow Face asked.

"I sure hope so. I'm really curious on who's going to rejoin!"

"ME, TOO!"

X suddenly twitched and they both moved backwards an inch. The variable blinked, blinked again, then cried, "Incoming!!"

His sudden shout caught the attention of many others. He pointed to the sky, and Bell and Yellow Face glanced up to see something twinkling in the sky.

"What...?" Bell faltered as the object grew closer, revealing it to be a big ball of fire hurtling towards Earth.

"Excuse me?"

Knife glanced up to see a slice of chocolate cake looking at him as he sat. "May I ask you a question?" the cake - the name of which Knife assumed was Cake - asked.

"Uh, sure."

"Can you tell me how Clock's doing?"

"...pardon?"

Cake squinted at him. "You *are* from the IIverse, right? Where Clock is. I want to know how he's doing."

Knife gave him a strange look. "Why don't you just go through the portal and talk to him yourself?"

"Well, if I'm being honest..." Cake looked towards the portal; a rip in

space, before leaning in close to Knife. "That thing... it scares me."

"Ah." The utensil nodded and looked to the portal as well. "I'd assure you it's safe, but I'm not completely sure I trust Test Tube. Anyway, if it's Clock you're looking for, ask Leafy about him. Or Suitcase."

"I don't see them around often."

"Yeah, that's because they spend so much time over there." Knife jerked a thumb over his 'shoulder,' pointing to the vortex.

"Oh." Cake sounded disappointed. "Well, thanks anyway... Knife?"

Knife nodded. "Yup. Nice to meet you, Cake. Oh, actually, before you go, I have a question to ask *you."*

"What is it?"

Knife looked away from his new pal and across the plain at Firey, who was trying to prevent Blocky from dumping a bucket of water on him. "You're on Leafy's team. The Winners, or something. What's the deal between her and that fire guy over there? I've noticed some really high tensions between the two, but never bothered to ask."

Cake followed his gaze. "To be honest, I-I don't really know. I think it was something that happened in BFDI. Season 1, I mean. But-"

Before Cake could finish that last thought, a projectile hurled out of the sky and slammed into the ground nearby, causing the earth to shake slightly. Knife shot to his feet and Cake fell over, both objects being extremely startled. "What the..."

Cake stood up and shook the dirt off himself. They both stared at the crater from the impact until the smoke cleared, revealing the fallen object to be none other than Four. He didn't seem harmed in the slightest from falling from the atmosphere. In fact, he seemed more chipper than usual.

As Cake groaned, Knife backed up in the direction of Test Tube's portal. "Well. Seems like that's my cue to leave." Without waiting for a response, he turned in his heels and briskly walked to the vortex. As much as he didn't trust it, he would take it over competing with

Four as his host any day.

X hugged Four the moment the dust settled. "Welcome back!"

"It's good to be back," Four said, patting X on the head. "Do you have the rejoin votes?"

"I do indeed!" X pulled out a small wooden box. "I haven't counted them yet, though. I wanted us both to be surprised!"

"Well, you can color *me* surprised at that entrance, Forty-Four," Lollipop remarked. "Not."

Pillow glanced at her. "Surprise is purple?"

Lollipop rolled her eyes as Cake and the last of the contestants gathered in a loose circle around the two hosts. Everyone was just as eager as they were to see who was going to rejoin. "Where'd you go, Four?" Ruby questioned. "We missed you!"

"Some of us missed you," Flower corrected.

Four turned to his contestants while X opened the box and dumped out a pile of paper. "I went to the Algebra Playground to visit some of my friends!" he answered jovially. "It was lovely. We should do a challenge there someday!"

Gaty groaned. *"More* of you? No thanks."

"Your opinion is invalid," Four harrumphed. He directed his attention towards the paper next to him and began to tally the votes. Everyone who had feet took a step closer in anticipation. It only took them two minutes total, but it felt much longer. Four counted them once, then X counted them once, then they glanced at each other. "Is that right?" X said, voice lowered.

"I think so," Four whispered back.

Fries coughed. "Is, uh, something wrong?"

Four looked back up. "No. These results were just unexpected. Anyway, the object rejoining us today, with seven votes out of a total of forty-seven, will be..."

He paused. The crowd tensed, everyone holding their breath.

Four reached inside himself and yanked out a tall, orangey-tan stick, with a pink top and a sharp, gray bottom. "...Pencil."

"PENCIL?!?" everyone exclaimed.

Over by the portal, Fan gasped. "No way!"

"What?" Knife, who had also decided to watch, flicked his eyes over to the paper fan. "What's so special about this Pencil?"

The moment the words left his lips, he realized he'd made a mistake. Fan opened his mouth, and Knife knew he was about to be subjected to a detailed account of BFDI. The entirety of it.

Over in a bush, hidden from view, a different being smiled. "Chaos, indeed."

Back with the hosts, Four continued. "Welcome back, Pencil! You have been chosen by your fellow peers to return to the game and get a second chance."

Pencil looked at the forty-six eyes watching her, then at Four, then at everyone else again. "I'm sorry," she said, bewildered. "Did I hear that right? *They* voted me back in?"

"Mhm. You'll be joining... er..."

"Team Ice Cube!" X filled in.

"...you'll be joining Team Ice Cube for the remainder of this team phase," Four finished.

Pencil looked away once more to where Donut, Gelatin, Barf Bag, Bomby, and Naily were standing uncertainly. "Can't I join my old team again?"

"Nope! Now, shoo!" Four waved Pencil away, and she reluctantly strolled over to join TIC. Donut and Naily edged away from her slightly. Pencil avoided their gazes.

X tapped Four's shoulder. "May I go now?"

"Yup! Have fun, silly boy!"

"Horray!" X began to float straight up into the air and quickly vanished from sight, off to the Algebra Playground - his turn to take a short vacation.

Four cleared his throat, then casually recovered Taco. A few people - particularly the members of Gabop (except Teardrop) - were surprised, not knowing that she had been dead in the first place. "Anyways..." The algebralien suddenly got a twinkle in his eyes. Those who were close enough to see it felt an irrational urge to run away screaming. Four raised his hands, and before anyone could react, a large bank of fog rolled out from him and engulfed them all.

Needle wasn't sure what exactly had happened, but a few seconds after the fog consumed her, she suddenly felt ill. Feeling like the ground was rocking under her, she staggered over to the side of the boat and vomited off the edge, into the water below. Only after she emptied her stomach was when she realized that she was *not* in a boat a few seconds ago. She squinted hard, trying to see in front of her, but the thick fog which consumed her prevented Needle from seeing more than a few feet. Not like it was much of a view, anyway - just water.

"Oh boy," a familiar voice said behind her. Needle turned around to see Firey freaking out. "Oh gosh, oh golly, oh no. This is NOT good." He gave off enough light to allow the entire boat to be seen, but it wasn't anything more than a wooden, rectangular... *thing*. Leafy, Cake, and Marker also shared the 'vehicle,' still trying to recover from Four's magic.

Cake opened his eyes and immediately shut them again. "I already d-don't like where this is going."

"What... what happened?" Marker groaned. "Where are we?"

A flutter from above caught their attention as a sheet of paper gently floated out of the fog and towards them. It likely had all the answers they needed. Unfortunately, it happened to land on top of Firey and quickly burned to a crisp.

Needle stared at the ashes. "You've got to me kidding me."

Leafy sighed and rubbed her eyes. "This has to be a contest. Knowing Four, it's probably something like 'get all members of your team in one boat,' or something." She glanced up and glared at her fiery foe. "We *could* have known for sure, if *someone* hadn't *burnt* the paper up!"

Firey was too busy screaming his head off to notice.

Despite still feeling nauseous, Needle slapped him in the face, hard. "Pull yourself together, man. We're all in this boat together, and if we want off, we have to be in our right minds. *All* of us." She shot Leafy a look.

"Maybe one of us could be outside the boat and push it while swimming?" Marker suggested.

"Good idea. I would, but..." She gagged. "Firey's allergic to water, and Cake doesn't have arms to push with."

"I'll do it, then," Leafy volunteered. She jumped into the water and Marker joined her, rocking the boat wildly. Needle had to force the fresh wave of bile back down her throat. Slowly, but surely, their boat began to move in a random direction.

Cake made a sound resembling a squeak, and Needle turned to look at him. "You ok?"

The pastry shook his head ever-so-slightly, eyes dictated on the water next to them. "Is t-this a b-bad time to t-tell you guys that I-I'm aquaphobic?"

Needle just rubbed her forehead. An aquaphobe, a girl with motion sickness, and a guy who was straight up allergic to liquid... it would be a miracle if they survived this at all.

None of them knew how long it took before they finally bumped into something. When it happened, there was no warning whatsoever - the fog completely obscured the other object until it was right on top of them. Thankfully, although the bumping was violent, no serious damage was done.

Leafy popped up from behind the boat. "What did we hit? Land?"

"No, you hit us!" an annoyed voice said.

Needle did her best to wave the fog between them away, revealing another boat identical to theirs in design. On it was Golf Ball, Fries, and Bell (with a severed string). "Finally, some civilization," Fries grumbled. "I was beginning to think we'd be stranded out here forever."

"We're just as lost as you are," Firey said as Marker and Leafy climbed back into the boat. At the same time, a very familiar thumbtack climbed onto the others' boat from behind. Cake gasped. "Pin!"

"Guys!" Pin said to them. She rushed over and leapt into The Losers' boat, nearly turning both over in the process. "Wow, we already have five of us here? That's great!"

Firey scratched his chin. "Is that actually the challenge? I accidentally destroyed the piece of paper we got before anyone could read it."

"Yeah," Bell replied. "Get all your team members into one boat, blah blah blah."

Marker switched boats as well, joining his fellow Foodies (and Golf Ball). "Thanks for the info!"

"Look out!" a completely new voice yelled. The nine of them whipped around to see a third boat emerge from the fog and crash into Fries' boat. Someone from the new boat fell in as well, but the other managed to stay balanced. "Oh gosh," the second newbie said. Needle recognized his voice as Donut's. "Are you guys alright?"

"Yes," Leafy said. "No," Firey said at the same time. They glared at each other.

The object who had fallen into the Foodie's boat stood up, rubbing her head. "Ow..." Pencil said.

The air suddenly got very quiet as everyone realized Pencil was now in the same boat as Golf Ball. Pencil seemed to realize this too and froze. "Oh. Uh... hi, everyone."

"Time to go," Leafy whispered to The Losers. She silently slipped into the water and pushed their boat away from the other two as quickly as she could. "If Golf Ball and Pencil are within a mile of each other, I want to make sure we're as far away as possible."

"Pencil," Golf Ball said quietly.

Pencil cleared her throat. "Yes, hi again. Erm, I actually wanted to talk to you about something, but it's a little private. Can you other guys go in our boat for a hot sec?" she asked the Foodies.

Bell and Marker glanced at each other, but Fries wasted no time climbing into the other boat. Shrugging, Marker picked up Bell and carried her in with Fries and Donut as well.

Pencil gently pushed them apart, and waited until they were out of sight before turning back to her old nemesis. "Look, GB, I..."

She faltered as she saw the look on Golf Ball's face. Pure, utter hated. "Whatever you have to say to me," GB said coldly, "I *don't* want to hear it."

"But-"

"You don't even have anything you *could* say to me that would-"

"I wanted to apologize!" Pencil blurted out. This was enough to paint a shocked expression on GB's face, so she took it as a sign to keep going. "I'm sorry. For everything I've done. All the bullying, all the name-calling, especially that one time where..." Pencil gulped. "...you

know, when I... threw you into your own... incinerator."

Golf Ball stayed silent. "Everything... I'm sorry for not trusting you when we were in Yoyle City. Just..." Pencil exhaled, out of steam. "Yeah. I'm sorry."

She looked directly into GB's eyes and waited for a response. Finally, the sports ball opened her mouth. "No."

"Huh?"

"Apology not accepted." This time, Golf Ball looked *her* in the eye. "Do you actually expect me to believe that you're *sorry?* Out of nowhere, just suddenly feeling guilty about everything?"

Pencil frowned. "Well-"

"And just me?" Golf Ball interrupted. "Do you *only* feel bad about how you treated me?" She took a step forward and Pencil unconsciously took a step back. "Do you have any idea, any idea at all, how many other people you've hurt? How badly you hurt them? There's no way you only feel sorry about me, and there's no way that you would already feel sorry about everyone else."

"H-hey! I've changed!" Pencil said defensively. "And it's not like *you* haven't hurt other people!"

"Oh, now you don't seem sorry at all. I DO know how many others I've hurt, unlike you! And people don't just *change* for the better, Pencil!"

"At least I'm TRYING! They were both shouting now, and Pencil was visibly on the verge of tears. "For once in my life, I'm looking back on myself, and all I'm seeing are the people I've hurt, the damage I've caused. I really do want to make up for it all, but you're not even giving me a chance!"

"I'm never going to GIVE you a chance! You've had your chances! BFDI, BFDIA, IDFB, BFB - sure, maybe you started out as a halfway decent object. But if we're being honest here, you HAVE changed, just for the WORSE! You treat all your allies like garbage when they're only trying to HELP!"

"WELL, AT LEAST PEOPLE TRY TO HELP ME! NOBODY'S EVER TRIED TO HELP YOU, *BOZO BRAIN,* EXCEPT FOR THAT STUPID, GULLIBLE, CLUMSY TENNIS BALL!!"

Her words were instantly absorbed by the fog as Golf Ball went silent. "Don't," GB started, beginning to shake, "call me Bozo Brain. And don't *ever* insult Tennis Ball."

"Actually," Pencil said angrily, "the whole thing about that nickname is the reason I came to apologize. I know about Essaitch, Golf Ball, and what she did to you."

Golf Ball staggered backwards as if she had been physically struck. "Wh-what? How?"

Pencil pointed behind her. "You remember that meeting everyone had after we escaped Yoyle City? You wanted to collect information about everything that had happened since we arrived there, and you put it all in that book of Balloony's. Well, *Bagel Brain* over there stole it and disguised it as his diary. Then Loser got ahold of it and read it out loud to us in the EXIT, without realizing that we could hear him. And he read *e v e r y t h i n g."* She stretched that last word out.

Questions of confusion came from the Foodies behind her as Donut stammered and tried to explain himself. It was obvious that they were eavesdropping on their conversation, but Pencil no longer cared who listened in. "When I heard what you had been through, I started to feel guilty. I really, truly did, GB, no matter what you may think. I've had time to talk it over with Match, and I resolved to apologize to you the next time we met. And I did." Her voice cracked. "But now I think you're onto something. People *don't* change, and *you,* Bozo Brain Bossy Bot *Golf Ball-"* She pointed at the globule accusingly. "-haven't changed one *bit* since the day those two blasted humans created you."

Golf Ball twitched dangerously, and her face began to flicker between two states. One was her normal face, black eyes, black mouth, all straight lines or thin circles. In the other, those lines disappeared, and darkened dimples took their place, forming two angry eyes and a rough mouth.

As GB's twitching worsened, Pencil's own eyes widened, and any trace of hate vanished from her own face in an instant. "Oh, sharpener. Golf Ball, are you...?"

The sphere opened her mouth to answer.

"Alright." Leafy climbed back into The Losers' boat, exhausted. "I need a break, and we're probably far enough away from them now."

The next sound they all heard was a scream of pure, unadulterated rage and hatred echoing out from within the fog. It lasted for several seconds before petering out. "Then again, maybe not." Leafy slumped onto the floor. "I'm pooped."

"I can take over for now," Pin volunteered. Leafy nodded thankfully and Pin hopped out into the water, beginning to kick and propel them forwards once more.

A few minutes of silence passed. "This is so boring," Firey whined. "I wish something else would happen. Can't we go any faster?"

"No we can't," Leafy sighed, "until I've had enough time to recover."

"How much time are you going to even need? Swimming can't be *that* hard."

The lemon leaf sat up and glared at him. "It's not, unless you're pushing something heavy around as well. I don't see *you* trying."

"You know I'm allergic to water! I can't step off this boat or I'll die!"

"Yeah, and *you* knew how bad lava was for me when you put me on that ferris wheel!"

Pin peeped over the side of the boat. "Can you guys stop arguing? You're not really helping my-"

"No!" they shouted at her in unison, before going back to bickering.

Needle groaned and clutched her stomach. Their arguing was making

all three of the other Losers hurt. Pin was all about team morale, and Cake was suffering enough with his aquaphobia. She let the bickering continue for another two minutes before she finally swallowed back her bile and stepped over to them. "Listen here, you two," she said sternly, poking them both. "Instead of arguing forever, I want you both to resolve this conflict *right now.* I don't care whether you strike a truce, or become best friends again, or decide to never acknowledge the other for the rest of your life. We've all been listening to this for months, and it's beyond tiring at this point. You're both at fault for something. Get to the root of the problem, and *figure it out."*

She huffed and slid back to her seat next to Cake, leaving both other objects speechless for a moment. Then: "Needle's right," Leafy reluctantly admitted. "We've been at this for way too long. Temporary truce, at least until we've sorted everything out?"

She extended her hand, and Firey glanced at it. Finally, he shook it. "Ok. Temporary truce."

"So... let's start from the beginning. BFDI 24. You made that Ferris wheel with the lava fall for both of us. Did you not know that I could burn in lava?"

"No."

"Really? You didn't see me die dozens of times when we were in that volcano?"

"I didn't see you at all. Also, I didn't really think about the fact that you were a leaf."

"...ok. And when I said, 'Get me off of this thing!', that hurt your feelings."

"Yeah, that still stings a little."

"And then, in BFDI 25... gosh. I-I can see now how big of a mistake it was to steal Dream Island from you. I'm really sorry about that."

"Well, maybe I was being a bit petty, too..."

They continued to talk for several minutes, dissecting their actions

and managing to truly uncover their confusions and intentions in a long-winded discussion that I didn't really want to write. Let's be honest, I'm bad at character interactions like these, and besides, a conversation between them like this already exists in BFB. So let's just use this awkward fourth wall break as a segueway into the final section of this chapter.

Despite the long, boring period of absolutely nothing happening - they didn't come across any other boats, although they did hear various objects calling to each other in the fog - the tension in The Losers' vessel lifted significantly once Firey and Leafy made up. Soon, they were laughing and reminiscing about the good memories from the original BFDI, trying to cheer Cake up with various stories of the Announcer. Pin joined in as well, summarizing BFDIA for Leafy, and even Needle managed to forget her seasickness for a while.

But all good things must come to an end. Without any warning, the fog around them lifted, revealing that they had been in the Goiky Canal the whole time. Northwards, barely visible, was the coastline for Yoyleland, and scattered around them were a couple dozen boats. Most were empty, except for seven very full ones, and one extra boat with two lone objects.

"The contest has ended!" Four's voice boomed from the sky. "And The Losers lose, being the last team to find each member and get them in the same vessel. Everyone else is safe."

Cake squinted and was just able to make out the shapes of Coiny and Eggy in the two-object boat. Both sides of the team began to swim towards each other as the other seven teams swam for the shore.

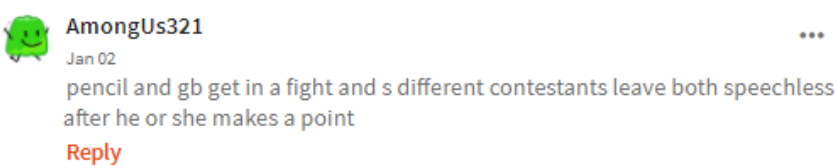
Firey happened to glance over at the other teams' watercraft just as something was launched from one of them. "Uhhhhhhh... guys?" He pointed into the sky. "I think someone's about to hit our-"

He got brutally interrupted by Snowball slamming into their boat at warp speed. The boat flipped, sending Pin into the air and the others into the water. Firey was immediately extinguished, and Cake began to flail around helplessly. Pin vanished into the horizon.

Needle broke the surface and coughed out several gallons of water. "Snowball!" she yelled, hacking violently. "What the heck was *that!?"*

Snowball sheepishly rose from the water, a corner of the upside-down boat on his head like a hat. "I ran into Golf Ball. I think she's mad about something."

Glaring at SB, Leafy wiped the seawater from her eyes. "You don't say?"


AmongUs321
Jan 02
pencil and gb get in a fight and s different contestants leave both speechless after he or she makes a point
Reply

Yeah, it's official. *IDFB: Continued* is 100% canon to the *Crossing Over* universe! (For those who don't know what IDFBC is, it's another one of my books.)

I've hinted at this several times before, both in IDFBC and this book. Anyone who's read both and payed enough attention (or any attention, really) have probably already figured it out by

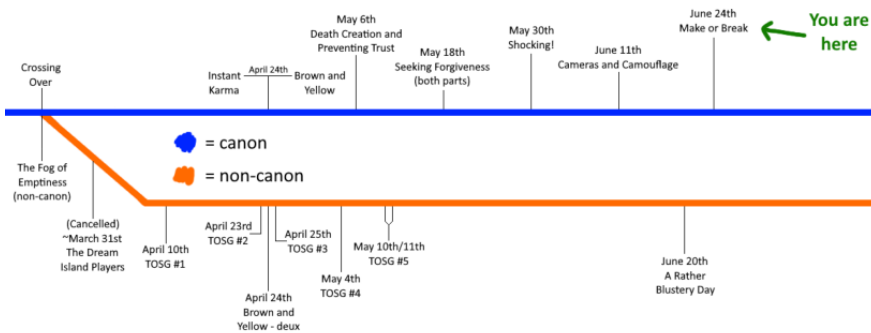
now, but I thought it would be good to "officially" confirm it anyways.

What about the sequel, then? Well, the CO sequel is now technically a sequel to both CO and IDFBC, but I'm going to keep calling it the CO sequel for now because it's easier. It's coming along really well, and I REALLY think you guys are gonna enjoy it. I'm super hyped for when I eventually get to release it.

(Another random note: I keep breaking this record, but this chapter is now the longest single chapter I've ever written, being just over 4k words, not including my message at the start and this end message.)

Here's who the contestants REALLY voted for in the last canon chapter, without II Taco's edits, for those who are curious. I tried to think as they would have rather than just have the team members vote for their own team members, even if that happened a lot anyway. rip foldy lol

Finally, here's the usual timeline.



Whew, that's a lot of words. See you in the next chapter!

TOSG #6: Wake up, sleepyhead!

July 28th, 2020, 7:30 am

Leafy is online

Leafy: Good morning, everyone!

Gelatin is online

Gelatin: ah, good ol' leafster

Gelatin: you can always count on her to wake you up at the same time every morning!

Paintbrush and TV are online

TV: right on schedule

Gelatin: like a rooster

Leafy: Thanks?

Paintbrush: I dont wann know why u guys rdiscodussing rosters but gm leafyy

Paintbrush: leaf*

Paintbrush: neve mnd

TV: are you alright? normally, your spelling is accurate, but you appear to be slipping up today

Paintbrush: slep devriv d

Paintbrush: spent al knight textn an old fri end

Leafy: I apologize if I woke you up!

Paintbrush: noo ur goood

Paintbrush: im just reallyy trdedddddddd

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Leafy: Oh dear

TV: it appears they have fallen asleep on their phone keyboard

Gelatin: how do you even do that?

Lightbulb is online

Lightbulb: they're out like a light!

Puffball is online

Puffball: I am here solely to relay the message that Lightbulb has been added to my pun hitlist

Puffball: The purge will occur soon.

Puffball is offline

TV: well, that's concerning

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Leafy: I want to go wake them up, but they need their sleep...

Lightbulb: on it

Lightbulb: who's ready for a wee bit of unfillibration

TV: defillibration?

Lightbulb: that's the one

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Tree is online

Tree: surely, there must be a better way to wake up Paintbrush than electrocution

Cherries is online

Cherries: electrocution? I wish I could see that

Lightbulb: you might be able to, I think Painty's pretty close to the hotel rn

Lightbulb: yeah I see em now they're close

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Tree: I can't watch.

Liy is online

Liy: you can't watch because you're stuck down here in the EXIT with us, dummy!

Liy: I can call you whatever I want

Liy: and I don't care that we're 10 feet apart from each other, talk to me in this chat instead of real life so the rest know what you're saying

Liy: what do you mean, "no?"

Liy: hang on

Liy and Tree are offline

Cherries: that was entertaining

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Flower is online

Flower: for petal's sake, someone just WAKE PAINTBRUSH UP ALREADY! their texts are spamming my notifications!

Flower is offline

Lightbulb: I'm working on it but I lost Painty somehow

Cherries: how did you lose them? they were literally a dozen feet in front of you!

Leafy: Don't move, Lightbulb, I'm getting the Death PACTers to deal with you

Leafy is offline

Gelatin: death pact is booooooooooring

Gelatin: it's not like death is permanent or anything, you can have lots of fun with it!

Blocky is online

Blocky: agreed 100%

Paintbrush:
ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

Cherries: oh my pits Paintbrush just vanished

Lightbulb: I told you so!

Test Tube is online

Test Tube: that would be my doing! behold, my latest invention... the Inconspicuity Instrument!

Test Tube: it is a blanket which, when worn, makes the user extremely inconspicuous; that is, as long as they don't make any sudden moves or noises, then they won't be seen

Gelatin: ...so it's an invisibility cloak

Test Tube: NO! it's far from that! if any attention whatsoever is drawn to the user of the II, then the device will simply stop working. they are NOT invisible. just... inconspicuous.

Blocky: still sounds similar to an invisibility cloak to me

Lightbulb: all of that went in one ear and out the other

Lightbulb: and it won't stop me from finding them!

Test Tube: quite improbable

Test Tube: but, even if I couldn't stop you, *they* definitely will

Lightbulb: who's th

Lightbulb is offline

Cherries: oh this is hilarious

TV: what?

Cherries: Leafy just led a bunch of objects out of Test Tube's lab and now they're restraining Lightbulb

Cherries: she's fighting back with all her might, and she's WINNING

Blocky: I HAVE to see this

Gelatin: omw as well!

Gelatin and Blocky are offline

Match is online

Match: I like really wish you guys could see this right now

TV: aren't you in the EXIT?

Match: what? no, I don't mean whatever's like happening with LB

Match: Liy and Tree are like having some huge hissy fit about whatever

Match: everyone's taking sides

Balloony, Donut, Knife, and TD are online

TD: hi

TV: hello!

Donut: what's up, guys?

Balloony: yeah whats poppin

Cherries: Leafy and Death PACT are attempting to restrain Lightbulb from electrocuting Paintbrush, who's asleep, and the Exitors are having a war for some reason

Knife: what

Donut: I'm sorry I asked.

Donut is offline

Paintbrush: test

Match: like, welcome back

Test Tube: that was me

Test Tube: before placing the Inconspicuity Instrument onto Paintbrush, I took their phone

Test Tube: I know it's an invasion of privacy, but I'm really curious about who they were texting last night!

Match: the... whatso?

Match: eh, never mind.

Match is offline

Knife: do I even want to read the chat history from today?

Cherries: probably not

Test Tube: well

Test Tube: that's... interesting

Balloony: what did you find?

Cherries: yeah, spill the beans!

Test Tube: they were talking to Marshmallow

Cherries: Marshmallow??

TD: who

Test Tube: long and convoluted story

Test Tube: it gets better, though!

Knife: please don't tell me they were going to add her to this chat

Knife: I'm NOT on good terms with her.

Test Tube: no, but Marsh gave them the number of a friend who *does* want to join the chat

Paintbrush added Bow to: TOSG

Knife: *WHAT*

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: BOW?!?

II Nickel: I thought she was dead! Like, dead dead!

TD: again, who

Balloony: Yeah, who? I wanna know!

Cherries: ditto, is she from season 1 or something?

Knife: like Testy said, long story. But I'm also curious on why she's alive

Bow is online

Bow: Coolness! Thanks, Painty!

Bow: woah, what's with all the new people in this chat? I didn't realize it was so big!

Bow: howdy, y'all! I'm Bow!

TV: Greetings!

Cherries: nice to meet you, Bowy!

Bow: like, sameeeeee

Test Tube: also

Test Tube: how are you alive?

Bow: what? I'm not

Balloony: so... you're dead?

Bow: yeah why

II Nickel: that answers literally nothing.

TD: this is hurting my brain

TD is offline

Knife: if you're dead, then how are you texting us?

Bow: I'm a ghost!

II Nickel: that... still answers nothing

II Nickel: in fact, I have even more questions now. great job /s

TV: ah, I see you've been using that tone indicator guide I sent you!

II Nickel: yeah, thank you for that

II Nickel: er

II Nickel: /gen?

TV: yup

II Nickel: nice

Test Tube: back to the topic on hand

Test Tube: Bow, how are you a gholaskdesagfjref

Balloony: you alright?

Bow: I'm gonna be honest with ya, Test Tubey

Bow: I don't know how I'm gholaskdesagfjref

Bow: but I think I pull off whatever it is pretty good!

Paintbrush: that was me punching her for taking my phone and invading my privacy

Paintbrush: and now I have hers

Cherries: karma!

Paintbrush: those, what, five minutes? of sleep actually did me really well

Paintbrush: to make a long story short, that mansion we all went to in episode 6 is where objects go when they die and can't be recovered. Bow turned into a ghost and is now trapped there with Dough

Bow: also, Marshy Marsh and Appley Apple are staying here!

Knife: so THAT'S where Marshmallow went

II Nickel: I never particularly *wanted* to know where Apple had gone, but there's no removing that information from my head now

Knife: remind me to steer clear of that place

Knife is offline

Bow: aw, I wish I could meet yall properly, but Marshmallow's calling my name

Bow: gotta go see if Apple got stuck in the attic again

Paintbrush: I think I'm going to head off as well, even though I feel better I probably need more sleep

Bow, Paintbrush, and Test Tube are offline

Leafy is online

Leafy: Well, that was a big mess

Cherries: did I miss the rest of the fight??

Balloony: yeah who won

II Nickel: fight?

Leafy: ...Lightbulb, somehow.

Cherries: NO WAY

Leafy: Way.

Test 2be added herself to: TOSG

II Nickel: what

Test 2be: as ditzy as Lightbulb usually is, sometimes, she's a force to be reckoned with

II Nickel: I'm getting a lot of deja vu right now. how did you do that?

Test 2be: I had a backup phone, just in case of this exact eventuality!

Test 2be changed her name to: Test Tube

Leafy: Testy, is there any way to increase the size of your portal? The Death PACTers want to send Black Hole through to deal with her

Test Tube: I've experimented with that, but unfortunately, I have not yet found a way to do so

Lightbulb is online

II Nickel: speak of the devil

Lightbulb: yo yo yo

Lightbulb: that was super fun!

Leafy: not for your victims.

Test Tube: perhaps I can track her down, with my TRANQUILIZING TRACKING DART BLASTER!

Lightbulb: I'd like to see you try!

Leafy: Reading the chat history, it looks like it's time for adding new people again. I've got one to introduce!

Leafy added Firey to: TOSG

Leafy: Since I'm finally friends with Firey again, maybe he'll stay this time!

Lightbulb: I counter your addition with an addition of my own. Snot man, I choose YOU!

Lightbulb added Tissues to: TOSG

Cherries: HIM?? why would you add HIM of all people

Lightbulb: I like my merry gang of weirdos

TV: who exactly does this "merry gang" include?

Lightbulb: everyone

II Nickel: figures.

Test Tube: LOCATION TRIANGULATED

Lightbulb: WHAT HOW

Test Tube: you jeebweezer, you left your Wi-Fi enabled! I was able to use Find My Phone to find you, I didn't even NEED the tracking darts!

Bottle is online

Bottle: Sorry, Lightbulb! But you're going DOWN for what you did to the others!

Cherries: OMP this is better than any show I've ever watched

Leafy: Eh, it's a pretty daily occurrence where I come from.

Tissues is online

Tissues: hi, guys

Cherries: Tissues! you're just in time for the main event!

Cherries: go to one of the north windows so you don't miss it!

Tissues: no thanks, I don't like to partake in violence

Cherries: you could just watch, y'know

Blocky and Gelatin are online

Blocky: Gelly and I have climbed one of those weird easter egg columns

Gelatin: we've got a GREAT view!

Gelatin: Flower's selling some really sparkly binoculars if anyone wants a pair

Firey is online

Firey: sup

Leafy: Firey! Welcome!

Leafy: It's pretty chaotic in here right now, don't get overwhelmed

Firey: oh, I love chaos! point me towards it!

Gelatin: IIverse

Firey: on my way

Balloony: who even thought it was a good idea to add this many people to the chat?

TV: it was mostly cumulative.

II Nickel: how many people are there even *in* here?

Balloony: 38

Balloony: technically 39, but two of the numbers here belong to Test Tube

Blocky: looked at the list and I think literally everyone who owns a phone is in here, from both universes

TV: except for Marshmallow and OJ, but OJ's made it clear that he doesn't want to be in this chat

TV: and Marshmallow's had plenty of chances to join after talking to Paintbrush, so she probably doesn't want in either

II Nickel: good. as much as I hate to agree with a balloon, this thing is far too full already

Test Tube: SURRENDER, LB! YOU ARE NOW SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES AND CANNOT ESCAPE

Lightbulb: I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT!!!!11!1

Lightbulb: also you don't wanna just charge in here blindly, I have Fan, Baseball, Suitcase, and Marker as hostages

Test Tube: you *WHAT*

Marker is online

Marker: help

II Nickel: BASEBALL??

II Nickel: that's it I'm coming down

II Nickel: screw OJ's rules

Cherries: wait for us!

Cherries and II Nickel are offline

Fries is online

Fries: you kidnapped Marker?? this is WAR

Leafy: This is getting more and more convoluted by the minute.

Puffball is online

Puffball: *It is time.*

Test Tube: pardon?

TV: oh dear

TV: is this what I think it is?

Puffball: The purge is upon us.

Puffball: Those who have made puns in my presence will be exterminated.

Lightbulb: what the frizzle frazzle?

TV: It's her pun hitlist...

Puffball: Targets remaining: 6.

Puffball: Identities: Balloony, Cheesy, Fan, Gelatin, Lightbulb, Nickel.

II Nickel is online

II Nickel: which Nickel?

Puffball: First target: Balloony.

Balloony: oh

II Nickel: *WHICH NICKEL?!*

Cheesy is online

Cheesy: my ears are burning! did someone say my name, or is that just my extremely gouda hearing?

Puffball: Objectives adjusted. First target: Cheesy

Cheesy: uh

Cheesy: I've clearly missed something

Fries: PB, are you ok?

Gelatin: no, I don't think she is

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

Firey: That's easily the most ominous thing I've ever heard.

II Nickel: I'm scared

Cheesy: haha

Cheesy: I'm in danger, aren't I?

TV: I highly suggest you run.

Cheesy: yeah I'm going inside the hotel

Cheesy: can someone open the doors for me? I'm almost there

II Nickel: NO DON'T SAY WHERE YOU ARE

Cheesy is offline

Blocky: uh-oh

II Nickel: SHE'S HERE

Puffball is online

Puffball: One down. 5 targets remaining.

Test Tube: oh, golly

Puffball: Next target: Nickel from Battle For BFB.

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

II Nickel: oh thank goodness

II Nickel: I thought I was a goner!

Tissues: guys, she's headed for the portal

Bottle: somebody warn them!

Fries: where's Four when you need him??

Match is online

Match: he and X are, like, with us Exitors

Match: the fight's gotten pretty intense in here

Match is offline

Leafy: I've got a bad feeling about this.

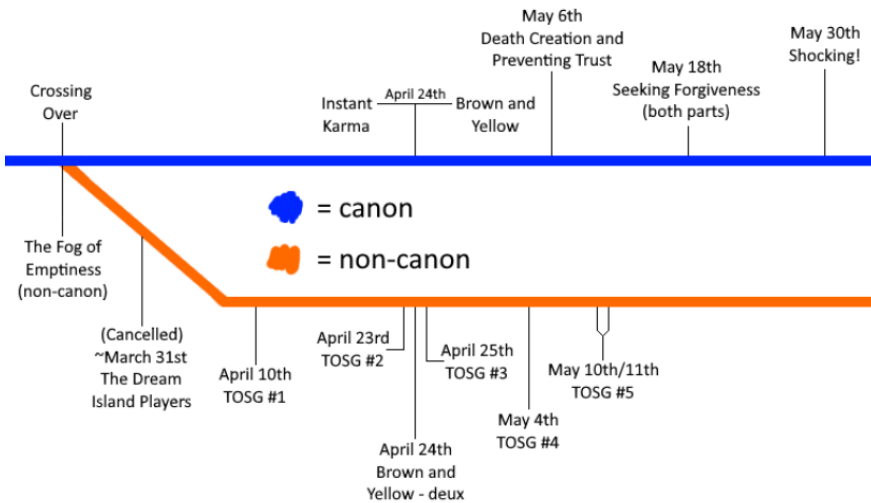
To be concluded...

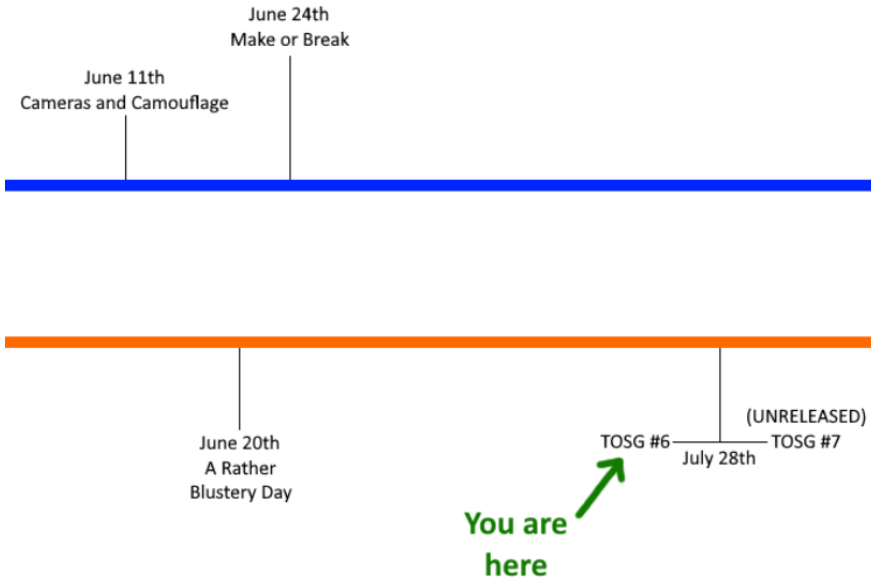
wooooooooooooooooooo I always forget how fun it is to write a chapter of this until I actually go ahead and do it

also, two COSS chapters released within 24 hours of each other? wow! (I wrote most of this one today lmao) that's actually good, though; it's put me ahead of schedule and given me more time to finish this book before the CO sequel's planned release date (which will not be revealed yet cause it's not final)

I will say that the next chapter is *not* the next TOSG chapter. there will be more canon stuff in between, so you'll just have to wait to see how this whole mess ends >:)

also, I realized that in the last chapter, the timeline has gotten long enough that it's becoming hard to read the words on it without zooming in or whatever, so from here on out I'll split it into 2 images, to make it easier to read (haha BFB/TPOT split)


May 6th
Death Creation and
Preventing Trust
May 30th
Shocking!
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness
(both parts)
Crossing
Over
Instant
Karma
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of
Emptiness
(non-canon)
(Cancelled)
~March 31st
The Dream
Island Players
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5
May 4th
TOSG #4
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow - deux



we really jumped forward in time a bunch for this one, didn't we? well, we're going to do even more of that next chapter! (don't worry, we'll go back to our regularly scheduled mayhem in the chapter after that one)

[Canon] Mine Your Own Business

(Disclaimer: a lot of the dialogue in this chapter is recycled from Inanimate Insanity 2, episode 13. Although I have added some of my own words in, not all content here is mine.)

July 31st, 2020

Fan adjusted his video camera carefully, making sure that the red light was on and blinking. He stepped back, revealing that he was wearing a blue bow tie with yellow polka-dots. Also within the camera's view was his laptop, which sat on a stepstool to his left, and his egg, leaning against the stool.

He smiled nervously. "Last time on: Inanimate Insanity!" he started out, before immediately realizing he'd forgotten his headband. "...hang on." Fan grabbed the light blue band and stretched it out over his head before releasing it. It snapped closed over his face, blinding him and folding him up. "WHAT THE!?-"

The recording cut to static, before quickly switching back to Fan coughing into his fist. He began with, "We were suddenly...!" then bent down to grab something. He came back up with a sheet of paper which had a doodle of nine objects on it. "Down to the final eight!"

Fan paused, and noticed that Marshmallow was still on the drawing. "Uh." He swiftly tore off her corner of the paper.

Static filled the recording once more, but only briefly. Fan continued to speak to an invisible audience as Lightbulb and Test Tube's actions filled the screen. "When MePhone introduced the last challenge as just painting, I thought it was going to be boring. But, oh, it was *far*

from that! Paintbrush and Suitcase put their proverbial heads together, and with the help of me and the rest of the former Bright Lights, they got Microphone eliminated! And here I was thinking Mic might actually make it to the finale. Truly anything can happen! Hah! Uh..."

He paused for a moment and looked curious about something, before putting on a smile again and returning to the camera. "And that's what you missed on... Inanimate Insa-"

The camera ran out of battery.

"...and I, am Steve. Steve Cobs!"

"I put the U-U-Unctional in Functional."

*"Rest assured... **I** have the means to protect you."*

"Are you sure it was her?" Paintbrush asked.

BFB Taco nodded. "I didn't actually see her, but it's the only explanation that comes to mind. None of my other teammates believe Teardrop though, even after she tried to explain everything she saw

through writing. They still don't really respect her."

"That's... concerning."

"Well, my whole team's been kinda a mess for basically the entire competition so far, myself included. I'm more or less used to it."

"Tell me about it."

Bottle pointed to herself. "Well, *my* team performs pretty nicely, I'd say!"

Taco glanced at her. "It hasn't really seemed like that recently."

"Oh, I'm sure Pen and Tree got over their feud."

A rhythmic drumbeat, pounding away, interrupted their conversation. "Don't be alarmed!" They could hear Toilet shouting off in the distance. "Today's a BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY!!"

"Ah, that's my cue," Paintbrush muttered. "Sorry guys, but I gotta go see what the next challenge is."

"We understand completely!" Bottle replied cheerfully. BFB Taco rolled her eyes. "Yeah, it's not like we go through the same thing ourselves every two weeks."

Paintbrush waved to them before turning to leave, finding Toilet right in their face. "HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-"

"The challenge today is cave mining," MePad told the seven contestants gathered around him.

Toilet hopped over to the nearby cave opening. "Over in that pretty cave over there! Ooh, it's so pretty..."

"GARR! Of course!" Lightbulb cried. For reasons unbeknownst to anyone but herself, she was wearing an eye patch, red bandanna, and had a hook over her left hand. She pouted. "This is like the knitting challenge all over again."

MePad played some chipper music as he explained. "You will each explore interconnecting tunnels and work to find gems identical to this one." He showed an image of said gem on his screen. "Upon touch activation, you will be granted instant immunity. Like Test Tube!"

Baseball and Knife glared at Test Tube. "The single contestant left gemless," MePad continued, oblivious, "will automatically be eliminated."

Fan breathed in. "You know... Toilet, MePad, you're doing a great job. But, you guys, you're really getting into the pattern of BREAKING THE PATTERN!" His sudden outburst startled the hosts. "WHERE'S MEPHONE, WHERE'D YOU PUT HIM, WHAT'S GOING ON?!?"

"You all probably have LOTS of questions," Toilet half-answered. But guess what WE have?"

Nobody guessed.

"PERFECT CONTESTANT ATTENDANCE! YAAAAAAY!!!"

"Correct!" MePad confirmed uselessly. "Digital gold stars for everyone! No one's loss... except the inevitable losers. Disperse!"

"Go on, git!"

Knife chuckled as he spray-painted another red X onto the ground. *That oughta fool at least one of them for a while,* he thought.

Carrying his pickaxe over to a different rock, he began to bang away at it rhythmically. But as he worked, something felt... off. An unsettling feeling of being watched, of something creeping up behind him, increased with every swing of his pickaxe. Finally, unable to bear the prickling on his 'neck' any more, he whirled around.

Nothing.

He breathed out, not realizing he'd been holding his breath. *Get ahold of yourself, man.*

Right before he would have turned back to his rock, an extra bright sparkle caught his eye. He angled his bladed head slightly to see something rectangular sticking out from the wall - something *far* too rectangular to be natural.

"Aha!" Knife said aloud. He quickly strolled over to the gemstone, leveraged it out from the wall with his pickaxe, and picked it up.

"They're REALLY going for it!"

*"...maybe later. I know **I** have work to do."*

"Trash. Huh!"

"Congratulations on immunity, Knife!"

Lightbulb continued to dig her way down, down, down. She was starting to think she would emerge on the other side of the world (she wasn't even close) when the ground beneath her suddenly gave way. "AHH!! WAAHH!!" she screamed as she fell into the darkness.

She landed on more solid ground with a loud *thud,* somehow avoiding getting shattered. She emerged, groaning, to see Fan and Suitcase staring at her, concerned. Fan was holding his egg, and Suitcase was wearing a hard hat with a video camera strapped to the top.

Lightbulb lifted her hand to wave at them and found that she was holding an oddly-shaped gemstone.

"On your set, get ready... TREE!"

"Hey, I'M blue!"

"By the end of the day, I'm expecting a spaceship."

MePad teleported into the cavern, just fast enough to give Lightbulb her immunity and stop her from eating the crystal before teleporting out again.

Paintbrush slowly walked along a long tunnel, scouring the walls for anything that looked like what MePad had shown them all. But all

they could see were irregularly-shaped purple stones. Nothing even hinted at being man-made.

At some point, they happened to glance up. Lo and behold, a square gem sat lodged away in the ceiling. Paintbrush reached up for it, but it was just too high. Building up energy, they jumped and whacked the jewel hard with their pickaxe.

It broke free and fell to the ground below, but despite its rectangular nature, it began to roll down the slope that they had been heading down. "No!" Paintbrush cried. They dropped their pick and sprinted after the stone. "Come back! *I need you!"*

Hands behind his head, Knife smiled as he sat back in his minecart, relaxed. He'd managed to score himself immunity in record time, and on top of that, the cave he was in was beautiful. Pink, blue, and purple lights flowed softly through his closed eyelids as he passed each gemstone along the minecart track.

He opened his eyes. Something felt off again. This time, he felt as if he was supposed to be having a conversation with someone. Knife sat up and glanced at the tracks his minecart had just gone over, but he was the only one around. No second cart, no stalkers... just him and the gems.

Shrugging, Knife turned his attention forwards and gasped. Ahead of him was a split in the track, and the one he was currently on led to a deep, deep pit. A sign on a rock in front of the dead track said "Danger!" with a skull and crossbones painted on. He reached out his hand and slapped a lever as he went by it, switching tracks to the functioning one just before he would have fallen into the pit.

Knife breathed a sigh of relief. *That was close.*

Chk-chk. Pew!

Test Tube fired her Tranquilizing Tracking Dart™ forwards and a dart flew out, landing on the ground two dozen feet ahead of them. It

beeped thrice. "HA! IT WORKED!" Test Tube cried with glee. She gestured to Baseball. "This way!"

As TT continuously loaded and fired her gun, Baseball sighed. "You know, with Suitcase... maybe if in the maze, I had just mentioned, or on the dock, if I had just said something that... things could have *changed."*

Test Tube paused and glanced back at him. "None of those would have fixed it."

"You... don't think so?"

"Baseball..." Test Tube sighed. "You remember what originally happened with the portal to Goiky, right? How it exploded, and ruined my lab, and took a week to get working again..." Baseball nodded. "Well, it showed me that the unpredictable can *happen* in experiments. Things blow up! Quite literally, in this case. But I learned, and now... I don't repeat... those patterns."

Baseball smiled. Suddenly, ahead of them, a dart beeped four times. The duo rushed over to the rock it was sticking out of, and with two hits of his pick, Baseball could see the exposed gemstone. He gently placed his free foot on it.

"Performance isn't quite optimal, there are definitely some bugs."

"DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!"

"Listen, you're improving. So let's... keep it that way."

"YAAAAA YOU DID IT!!!!!!!"

"Er, just- out of curiosity, MePad, who's left?"

"Fan, Suitcase, and Paintbrush, Ms. Tube."

"Oh. Thanks..."

Paintbrush dashed after their crystal hurriedly, but gravity proved to be a stronger force. As the slope got steeper, the crystal got faster, until it was almost out of sight. Thankfully, Paintbrush spotted it bounce around a corner and skidded to a halt, turning the tight corner as well.

Thankfully, the room they turned into was all flat ground, so the jewel's momentum would only be able to carry it so far. Unfortunately, the next time Paintbrush spotted the gem, it was under Suitcase's foot. Next to her was a hard hat with a camera, and Lightbulb's shattered body could be seen on one side of the room.

Suitcase blinked and lifted her foot away, glancing around the room. Her gaze settled on Paintbrush and she immediately spotted the expression on their face. "Oh, gosh. W-was this gemstone yours? It just rolled in here..."

Paintbrush breathed in, then sighed, letting the irrational anger flow out of them. "Yes, but it's alright. I'll find another."

MePad teleported in with Toilet. "YAA DID IT!" Toilet yelled. "GOOD JOB! WE LOVE YOU!"

"Congrats, Suitcase!" the Meeple device complimented. "There is now

one safe spot left." He displayed images of two objects on his screen - Paintbrush and Fan.

Suitcase gasped. "Oh. Oh, no, Paintbrush, I'm so sorry-"

Painty held up a hand. "Don't blame yourself. I'll just find Fan and... we'll sort it out. Have you seen him, by the way?"

"Yeah. Test Tube just came along and pulled him... er..." Uncertain, Suitcase pointed down a separate tunnel with her foot. "That way. I think."

"Thanks!" Paintbrush broke into a jog and sped down the indicated tunnel, leaving Suitcase alone in the larger room (MePad had transported himself and Toilet away moments before). They followed the path, taking a few turns and passing a small body of water. They were about to pass a different tunnel branching off to the right when they heard Test Tube's voice filter through it, saying, "Over here!"

They screeched to a halt, then took a sharp turn. At the end of that path, Test Tube and Fan were standing over a large rock. "Fan, wait!" they cried. But when they got there, Fan had already placed his hand onto the final gemstone.

"Belay that, troops!"

"They just broke through the shell! MOVE!"

*"Please, Cobs, don't. Please, Cobs, don't! Please, Cobs, DON'T! DON'T! DON'T DON'T! NOOOOOOOOOOO-" *beep**

"OO, OOH! SIX! That's all we need!"

"Excellent job, Fan!"

"I guess we didn't need need Master Adam's help after all!"

"...Adam?"

"E-what?! Mistah Phone?"

"You thought I'd never catch on! Adam HIRED you, and WHO hired ADAM?"

"The corn man!?"

"GET! OUT!"

"Gosh, Paintbrush, I-I'm so sorry! If I had known, I might have-"

"Hey, look. It's ok, alright? It would have been one of us. I'm just happy you're continuing."

"...thanks."

Lightbulb glanced back and forth between Paintbrush and Fan while they conversed. "You know," she said. "Something's off about you, Painty, But I can't place my finger on it."

"You *have* seemed a lot... calmer than usual recently," Knife noted.

Lightbulb snapped her fingers. "That's it!"

"What? Just because I didn't burst into flames doesn't mean I'm not acting normally," Paintbrush chuckled. "But yeah. Pie has actually been teaching me meditation to help control my anger, and it's been working great! I haven't exploded for at least two weeks now."

" A new record!" Lightbulb cheered.

snap

A sudden *whoosh* caught the contestant's attention as MePhone opened the elimination portal. None of them had noticed him or MePad appear. "I hope you're ready, Paintbrush," he said coldly. "Because I have *very* little patience right now."

Painty nodded, then looked back at their friends, smiling. "Well... it was nice competing with you all."

"Ditto." Lightbulb shot finger guns at them. Test Tube and Fan smiled as well, bittersweet as it was.

Paintbrush turned to the portal, stepped towards it, and suddenly turned back one more time. "Tell Taco to be on guard!" they shouted. "She'll know what I mean!"

"Will do!" Test Tube shouted back.

One last smile. Paintbrush stepped backwards into the swirling vortex and was gone.

MePhone's unamused expression didn't change. "Next up on the agenda."

Fan sat on top of the vending machine, clutching the slightly cracked egg tightly and staring at the moon. Despite Paintbrush being an *extremely* good sport, he still couldn't help but feel guilty for their elimination. No matter what context he put it in, it was still technically his fault in the end.

He jumped as Test Tube suddenly scaled the machine and sat down next to him. "You ok?" she asked warily.

Fan blinked. Test Tube wasn't one for social interaction. Being asked a simple question like this meant a lot, so he decided to give her an honest answer, rather than going with the standard *I'm fine* fib. "Not completely. I mean, what are you supposed to feel when you get a friend eliminated?"

"Hey, don't think that. It wasn't your fault."

"No, it totally was."

Test Tube opened her mouth, then paused. "Ok, *maybe* it was. But that doesn't mean you should beat yourself up about it. Paintbrush seemed fine with their elimination, and if I were in their spot, I think

I'd feel about the same. You're both great people, and it would have been sad whichever one of you got eliminated. But we can't change that now. All we can do is learn from our mistakes and move on."

Fan looked at the moon again. "I... suppose you're right."

"And look on the bright side!" Test Tube grinned. "You've still got me, Lightbulb... Suitcase, I guess... and Egg here!"

"What about me?"

"AH!" they both yelped, almost falling off the vending machine. Baseball was standing on the ground, looking at the the duo curiously. "You know, for such a big guy, you sure know how to sneak up on people," Fan commented.

Test Tube smiled again. "But all that size is filled with a good heart."

"And Knife isn't so bad once you get to know him, either," Baseball added, ignoring the comments on his bulk. He sat down on the grass, unable to reach the top of the vending machine. "I think what Test Tube is trying to say here, Fan, is that you're *still* surrounded by friends. And Paintbrush isn't gone forever. They'll be back before you know it."

The frown on Fan's papery face finally melted away, and he sighed. "Thanks, guys."

"Anyt-"

"WAIT." Test Tube put out her hand, interrupting Baseball. She listened closely for a moment. before shrugging. "Must have been my imagination."

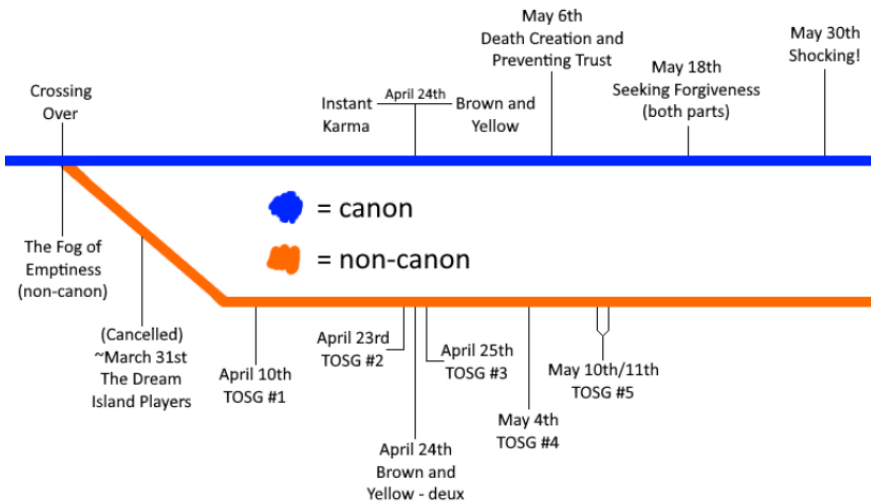
"What? What is it?" Fan asked, already anxious again.

"I just thought I heard a-"

Crack.

interesting to see how the arrival of the BFB contestants has changed things, isn't it? :)

next chapter, we'll be going backwards in time a bit again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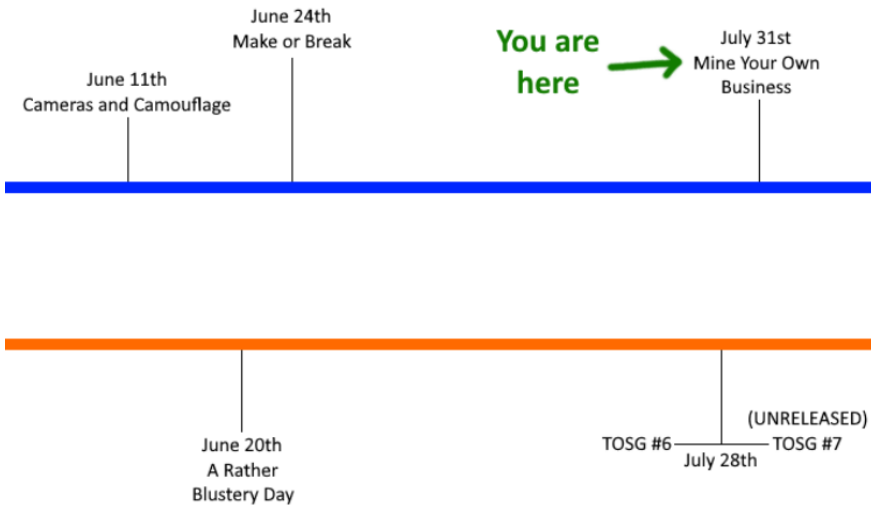

June 24th
Make or Break
You are here
July 31st
Mine Your Own Business
June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
June 20th
A Rather Blustery Day
(UNRELEASED)
TOSG #6
TOSG #7
July 28th

[Canon] Bottom Two

July 6th, 2020

Ruby hummed to herself idly as she watched The Losers' elimination ceremony from afar. She felt an electric presence approach her from behind. "Wazzup, Lightning?" she said without looking back.

"Can I talk to you about something?" Lightning's slightly raspy voice asked. "You seem like the most reasonable object on our team to talk to about this. Snowball's a moron, Fanny hates everything, Bubble's fragile, and Flower's... well, Flower."

She didn't take her eyes off The Losers. "I'm listening."

The energy bolt floated into her peripheral vision. "It's about BEEP. They've been kinda weak from the start, losing three members before Gabop even lost one. Recently, I think I've noticed something... they've changed."

"Go on."

"Since they lost three times in nine episodes, it would only make sense for them to keep losing, right? Since they were the weakest team until Team Ice Cube lost Spongy. But there's been twelve challenges between now and then, and they still haven't gone up for elimination again."

"Oh." Ruby thought about it for a second and realized he was right. "So?"

Lightning began to count off on his fingers. "First, in episode 14, they were in the bottom two with Gabop. There's no way they should have won, and yet, they did - the weakest team out there managed to beat the strongest. Then, in episode 18, they beat Death PACT in a bottom two. Last time that happened, Death PACT came out on top. Episode

20, the thunderstorm challenge - they killed all of you guys with Woody's emerald, or whatever, and caused A Better Name Than That to lose. Then, just last challenge, we had Woody in our boat when his other four teammates found him - remember? The moment they got Woody, the challenge ended, and The Losers lost. They escaped another bottom two."

Ruby glanced at him, then back at the elimination area just in time to see Cake get sucked up by Four.
"What are you saying?"

"What I'm saying is, they seem... well, now *they* seem like the unbeatable team. Like they're stronger than before." Lightning paused. "I don't know what it is, but they just can't seem to lose again."

(yeah, it's called author's bias LMAO)

Ruby finally pulled her full attention away from The Losers and towards Lightning. An excited look shone in her eyes. "So are you saying you want to try to go after them?"

Lightning scratched his chin. "Not yet. I want to try observing for one more challenge to see how they do. But if they prove to be too strong... then yes, I think we should try targeting them specifically."

"COOL!!" Ruby jumped into the air and pumped her fist, startling Lightning a little. "I've never had a specific target before! Let's go tell the others!"

"Quiet down!" Lightning hissed, yanking her back before she could run off. "We don't want any BEEPers to overhear us! Also, don't go and just tell the rest of iance yet. If I'm proved wrong, then you'll just get them riled up for nothing."

Ruby nodded, then wrenched herself out of his grip and skipped away, hopefully *not* heading off to tell the first object she saw about their plans. *Maybe I should have gone to Bubble about this instead,* Lightning worried.

Four clapped his hands, and a fancy runway fell from the sky and landed with a crash next to the contestants. "Fashion show!!" he shouted gleefully. "Earlier today, Flower very generously donated her entire stock of clothing merchandise to me to use for this contest."

"Hey!" Flower protested loudly. "You said you'd pay for everything!"

"You'll get it all back later!" Four shouted back. "Anyway, all y'all teams will have a variety of merch to choose from. You'll have half an hour to put together an outfit and choose a team member to represent your team. Then, when time is up, the chosen representatives will show off their outfits on the runway here-" Four gestured to the structure next to him. "-one by one. Me and two other mystery guests will be judging the entries."

"Where's X?" someone called out from the crowd.

Four pointed to the sky. "Still visiting our friends at the Algebra Playground. He'll come back when he feels like it. Now..." He put two of his fingers together. "...start!"

Snap. Lightning was transported to a familiar-looking room. Two benches, a couple potted plants, pink all around. Taking up one corner was a massive pile of clothing, varying in shape, size, and amount of glitter poured onto each one. Snowball groaned. "Great. Not this *pink* room again!"

"Oh, just deal with it, SB," Flower said, not really paying him any attention. Her gaze was focused on the collection of her merchandise. "You're just mad that you don't know how to accessorize."

Snowball opened his mouth to argue, then closed it again. She wasn't wrong, after all.

"Can *I* help, Flower?" Ruby asked innocently.

"Yes! You can help me choose, since I'm obviously going to be the one walking down that runway."

Bubble shrugged. "No objections over here." Lightning nodded agreement. With Flower focusing on presenting herself, he could later focus on how BEEP would do during their time on the stage.

"Mmmm... any suggestions, guys?" Barf Bag asked her teammates. "I have no idea on how to approach this."

Gelatin wiggled his eyebrows. "Well, *I'd* say that I'm the most fashionable here, with Naily as a close second."

"Hey!" Naily protested light-heartedly.

"Guys, guys. You're thinking about this all wrong." Pencil stepped forward. Instantly, she could feel the moods of Donut, Naily, and Bomby lower after putting herself in the spotlight, but she pressed on nonetheless. "We need to be strategic. Flower loves anything fashion-related, so she's probably our biggest threat - we need to create an outfit that will both make whatever iance makes look bad in comparison, and will also appeal to Four. As self-imposed leader of this team, I think w-"

Donut put his hand out to stop her. "Hold up. We never agreed to this."

"Well, why not? It doesn't seem like any of you were leading the rest before."

"We don't *need* a team leader." The pastry gestured to his four other teammates. "We may be a team, but we're also a group of friends. Friends don't need *leaders.* We listen to each other and come to a consensus about what we should do."

"Without a team leader, you guys are gonna crash and burn, hard. I mean, you've already lost three times! I'm just trying to help out."

"Oh..." Donut realized where she was going. "This is about you trying to redeem yourself... isn't it?"

Pencil scratched the back of her head. "Well... sorta. But I also do think you guys need a leader! And I'm willing to step up to-"

Donut shushed her again. "Pencil, look. I don't know how it works in your alliance, but you don't need to be a leader to 'be better' or whatever, just... try to let it come naturally. Over time. But one of the

things I *can* tell you about that is that you need to learn when to realize that you're not needed, and when to step back. Right now..." He glanced at his other teammates. "Well, we don't know if it's one of those times or not yet. You can tell us any *suggestions-"* He put an emphasis on that last word. "-you have, but don't expect us to always listen to you. Currently, I trust my friends' opinions more than I trust yours."

"..." Pencil wasn't sure what to say, so she just stepped away from the other five objects to get out of their way. Satisfied, Donut turned to the others.

As Gelatin, Naily, and Bomby began to discuss outfit ideas, Barf Bag leaned in close to Donut. "Don't you think that was a bit harsh?" she whispered.

He sighed. "Honestly? No, I don't think so. She needs to learn that she's not at the top of everyone's priority list first before she can truly better herself."

Small, hidden loudspeakers in each team's room clicked on. "I hope you all have your outfits ready," Four's tinny voice came through the electronics, "because we'll be starting in one minute!" The speaker switched itself off.

Remote looked at Pen. "Are you ready?"

Pen tugged nervously at his baby blue bow tie, which matched the tuxedo and top hat (the very *tall* top hat) he was wearing. "I don't know. This still doesn't seem like the best idea to me..."

"I'm sure you'll do great!" Bottle cheered.

Pie and Black Hole nodded agreement. Pie turned to Pillow. "Pillow? What do you think?"

Pillow blinked. "What? Is there a challenge right now?"

The rest of Death PACT simply stared at her until the walls of their room vanished. They were back with the other eight teams next to

the runway, minus Pen. Each team had one other contestant missing as well - they had been transported behind the large curtain at the end of the stage.

"Welcome!" Four's voice boomed from a judge's table off to the side. "To the first-ever and last-ever Goiky Fashion Show! Before we begin, I'd like to introduce the other two judges, who my pal MePhone so kindly lent me today. Please welcome Salt and Pepper from Hotel OJ!"

The condiment duo waved from their seats next to Four. "Like, hi," Salt said lazily. Somewhere in the crowd, Fries and Donut groaned inwardly.

"These two sassy shakers and I will grade every outfit out of ten, for a maximum total of 30 points per team," Four continued to explain. "The team with the lowest score... well, you contestants know the drill. Now, let's start!"

The first five teams' submissions went by pretty quickly, but Lightning wasn't focused on them. He was only interested in BEEP's performance, which had to be coming up soon. But first, he had to sit through Flower walking down the runway with every item of clothing she had on absolutely covered in glitter.

Snowball covered his face. "My eyes!" he complained. "It's too sparkly!"

"Oh, come on, SB," Ruby scoffed. "It's not *that* bad."

"You sparkle all the time! You're used to it!"

"Shush!" Bubble put a finger to both their lips. "We're about to get our score!"

Their five pairs of eyes eagerly looked over at the judge's table to see the verdict. "Too much glitter," Four complained, holding up a large, white sign with a 3 hastily scrawled on it."

"IDK, I liked the glitter!" Salt countered, holding up a 7. Pepper

shrugged and wordlessly held up a 4.

"Next up is BEEP!" Four announced cheerfully.

"Oh, gosh. That's..." Bubble counted quietly. "...only 14. That's the lowest score yet!"

Snowball *hmmed.* "So you *can* count past 3. Can you teach me how?"

Choosing not to question Snowball's lack of intelligence, Lightning began to get worried. *That's not a good score. And with BEEP still not having shown their outfit, they still may be able to beat us.*

The host drummed his fingers on the table impatiently. "Uh, hello? Woody? It's your turn," he said, a little louder.

The curtain parted. Nervously, Woody stepped out onto the stage, and everyone on iance visibly cringed in unison. His outfit wasn't terrible, but it seems Rocky had a little barfing incident backstage a moment ago. "Yikes," Fanny mumbled. "I'm no expert on fashion, but... yeah."

"Do they have *no* sense of style?" Ruby clicked her tongue in disapproval. "I mean, come *on.* Vomit does *not* work with that theme."

The others seemed pretty disgusted as well. Four, Salt, and Pepper all held their signs up at the same time. Four and Salt each gave a 4, while Pepper had a 6. They looked at her strangely. "What?" Pepper wondered. "I appreciate their bold... osity. Yeah, that's totally a word."

"That's 14 as well." Fanny turned to Lightning. "I sorely hope your theory is wrong, because otherwise, if it comes down to a tiebreaker between us and BEEP, I hate our chances."

Lightning gulped and decided not to say anything on the matter. Their only hope now was that the final team would somehow get lower than 14. "And last, but not least," Four said, almost on cue, "Death PACT! Pen, please come down the runway."

Pen strutted through the curtain and began to walk down the stage.

"Oh no," Lightning said immediately when he spotted the fancy tux. "That's quite a nice outfit. They're definitely not losing."

Four scratched his chin, Pepper *hmmed* thoughtfully, and Salt nodded. They quickly scribbled down their final thoughts, then held up the signs for all to see - a 4, a 3, and a 6 respectively. "Love the color, but it's not a very unique outfit," Four commented dryly.

"There just wasn't much in it for me," Pepper said.

"Looooooved it!!" Salt cheered.

Adding the numbers up in his head, Four said with an air of finality, "With a final score of 13/30, Death PACT loses. Thanks for playing, everyone!"

"13?" Salt looked confused until she glanced up at her sign. "Oh, whoops! I was holding it upside d-"

The numeral snapped his fingers and the shakers disappeared, along with the judge's table and runway. "Finally," he muttered. "I think I understand now why OJ pestered MePhone so much to take those two away from him for a while."

Bubble and Ruby breathed a sigh of relief. "That was close."

"Yeah, I'm glad we pulled through!"

"But so did BEEP." Lightning waved in everybody's faces to get their attention. "I don't know how, but they've managed to scrape through yet another challenge. So I say that we start targeting them next challenge until they're no more."

Later that night, Flower approached the stairwell from episode 11's challenge. Listening to her favorite tunes with a MePod and earbuds in hand, she began to climb. Whenever she needed to be alone for a good think, she would always go up to the very top - the view was beautiful, allowing her to see the outskirts of the golden forest that hadn't been incinerated, and there was almost never anyone else up there.

Tonight, though, it seemed as if someone had the same idea as her. Not really paying attention to where she was walking, Flower nearly slipped on one of several banana peels littering the top few steps. From his perch at the top, Bomby glanced at her. "Oh. Hello."

"Er, hi." Flower paused her music. "I... wasn't expecting anyone else to be up here."

"Me neither."

They waited, and an awkward moment of silence passed. "Uh... can I... have a banana?" Flower asked.

Bomby thought about it for a second. "Only if you let me listen to your music, too."

"Deal."

Bomby tossed her a fruit as she sat down next to the buzzer. She handed him an earbud and resumed her music, unpeeling the banana. "Thanks," she said gratefully, chomping down on the snack. Bomby just nodded and took a bite of his own food.

As they ate in silence, the stars came out in their full glory, twinkling away and not caring about a thing in the universe. It was peaceful.

Several minutes passed before Flower decided to break the quiet. "Why'd you come to this spot tonight?" she wondered out of the blue.

Bomby blinked. "There wasn't really a reason. I just thought the view from here would look good, and it does."

"Agreed."

"What about you?"

"Oh..." Flower glanced at the button stand she was leaning against. "Well... you know how I made my team lose, back in episode 11. I-" A memory suddenly came back to her. "Oh, gosh. Uh, this is awkward... sorry about pushing you off that day, heh."

The explosive glanced at the ground dozens of feet below, then shrugged. "Black Hole saved me, so no harm, no foul."

Flower smiled. "Wow, thanks. Er, anyways, I come up here pretty often, just to think. I don't know if you know, but I've done some... regrettable things in my past, and I'm trying to make up for all of it." Her smile slowly slid off her face. "B-but it's harder than I expected, and I've been struggling a little lately. Especially this episode, I... I almost made iance lose again. And if that isn't bad enough, I almost surely would have been voted out for that."

She put her face in her hands. She hadn't meant to spill her mind to someone she had barely exchanged more than a few words with, but it was out now. Not that most of it was a secret, anyway.

Bomby set down his banana gently. He knew from experience that it didn't take much for something volatile to go off, but he wasn't sure how to approach this. "You know..." He noticed something. "...this is sort of like something that Pencil's going through as well."

Flower raised her head to look at him. "Really?" Incredulity crept into her voice. "Actually, how *are* you guys dealing with Pencil? Before her elimination, she was pretty harsh to most of the rest of our team, even after I tried to reconcile with her and Match."

Bomby considered her query. "It was mostly Donut," he replied. "Pencil tried to take over as a team leader this challenge, but he shut her down pretty quickly. She *seems* like she mostly just wants to help, but it's hard to tell. She has bad blood with Donut and Naily. And apparently, there was also some... conflict between her and Golf Ball last episode, but Donut's refused to elaborate on what exactly happened in the fog."

Flower remembered a vaguely Golf Ball-esque shriek piercing the fog back during the boat contest a few weeks ago. "Huh," she said. "Well, if *she* manages to redeem herself, then I'll... er... I'll eat a hat!" She looked around. "...assuming I can find one."

The thought of Flower trying to tear apart a hat with her teeth was so absurd that Bomby had to cover his mouth to stop a laugh from escaping. "What?" Flower said. The confusion on her face only caused him to chuckle harder. "I'm serious!" But she started to grin too, the muffled laugh infecting her previously dampened mood.

After a moment, it died out and they both continued to stare at the stars in peace. But, before long, another thought popped into Flower's mind, unbidden. "Hey..." she started. "...do you guys want to form an... uhg, I hate this word... alliance?"

He looked at her, startled. "What?"

"Sorry, I meant a temporary one!" she quickly elaborated. "Between our two teams, until BEEP is taken down." She took his expression of confusion as a sign to keep explaining. "Lightning has this weird theory, about how BEEP should be so weak, yet they haven't lost a challenge in a long time despite having only five members and three of those members don't even have arms and he wants to try to stop them before they can't be stopped and..." She realized she had begun to ramble. "Basically, my team is trying to target BEEP until we can get them to disband. Would you guys like to help?"

Bomby chewed on the idea as he chewed on his newest banana. It was certainly an interesting request. The part of him that wanted to get far in the competition said that allying with another team would help accomplish that goal, while the emotional side of him told him that it would be a great opportunity to make new friends. Despite that, however, a small part of him was worried. *If we do this, we'd be purposely sabotaging another team and trying to get their members eliminated. What if two or more other teams start doing the same to us?*

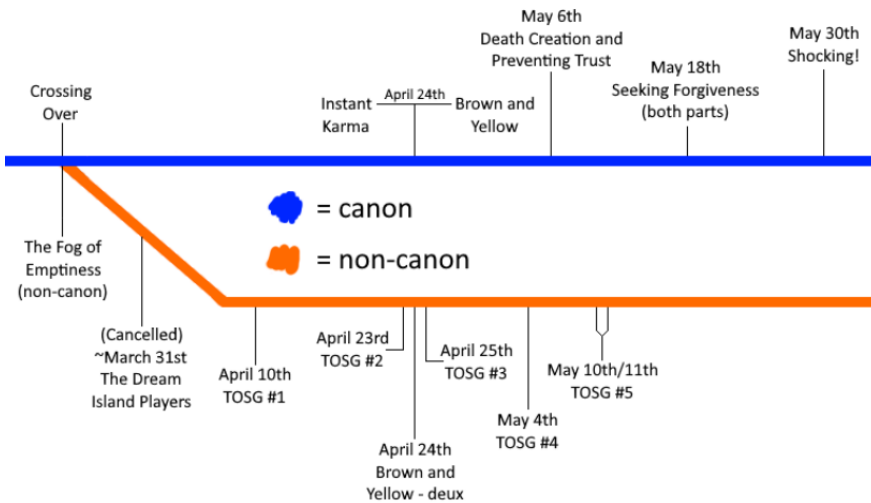
Eventually, he made his decision. He dropped his empty banana peel and stood to face Flower. "I can't speak for the rest of my team, but I think I'm in."

Flower beamed. "Awesome! So, allies until we take down BEEP?" She extended her hand.

Bomby smiled back and grabbed it. "Allies."

They shook.

don't mind me, I'm just posting past midnight and ruining my sleep schedule like a normal person


May 6th
Death Creation and
Preventing Trust
May 30th
Shocking!
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness
(both parts)
Crossing
Over
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Karma
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow
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The Fog of
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The Dream
Island Players
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 25th
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May 10th/11th
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May 4th
TOSG #4
April 24th
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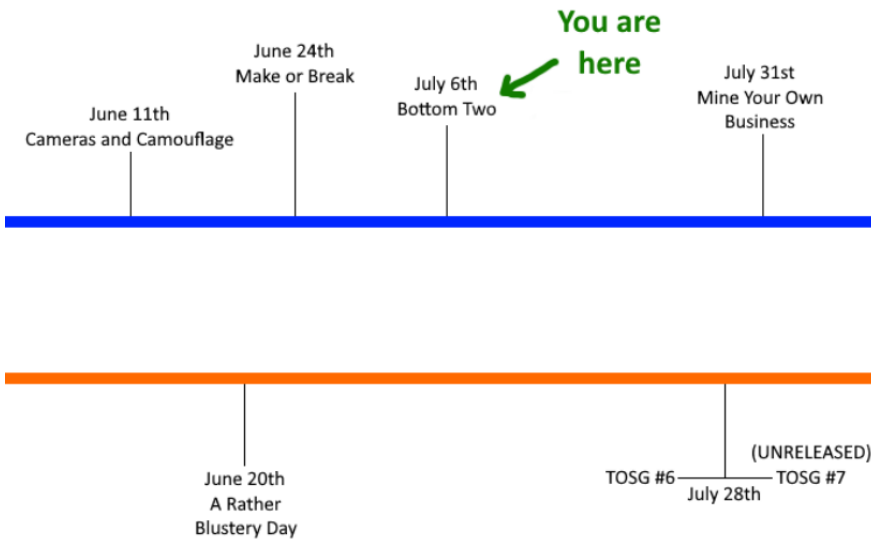

You are here
June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
June 24th
Make or Break
July 6th
Bottom Two
July 31st
Mine Your Own Business
June 20th
A Rather Blustery Day
July 28th
TOSG #6
TOSG #7
(UNRELEASED)

[Canon] The Free-For-All Food Brawl

July 19th, 2020

"Palloony..."

"Mmm... five more minutes."

"Palloony, wage ub!"

"Uhh??" Balloony opened his eyes, squinting at the sunlight shining around the figure floating above him. "Wazzha?" he slurred.

Cloudy nudged him gently. "We hafe do ged ub. Four zayz the challenge iz zdarding zoon."

Balloony moved his hand in front of his face to block the harsh morning light and sat up. "Already? It's only, what... 7:30 in the morning? And who got eliminated, anyway?"

"Remode," Cloudy answered. "And I don'd know why he'z toing a challenge thiz early, bud abbarandly he will announze id zoon." He floated off towards where Nickel and Woody were sitting. Balloony followed them.

Nickel spotted the duo pretty quickly. "Hey guys! Glad we have most of our team here."

"Where'z Rocgy?" Cloudy asked.

Nickel shrugged the best he could with his legs. "Who knows. Hopefully, that won't be a problem. He doesn't do *too* much, anyways."

"Hey!" Balloony protested, putting his hands on his 'hips.' "He helped

save us in episode 14!"

"Uh, if I recall correctly, it was Woody who got the emerald. Also, I got eaten."

"But your sacrifice helped us get out of that lava-filled hole!"

Cloudy moved between them. "Kuyz, zdop thiz boindlezz argumend. I thing Four'z zdarding."

The four of them glanced over to see Four and X setting down small boxes nearby them. There were several other tiny, wooden containers with silver clasps just like it all over the field of burnt grass. The other seven teams seemed about as ready as BEEP was, and more or less everybody was watching the hosts.

Finally, they both looked satisfied. Four turned to face his contestants and cleared his throat. "Ahem. I'll get right to the point. Today's challenge will be a wonderful food fight! Or, as we like to call it..."

"...the Free-For-All Food Brawl!" X finished for him.

"Yup! When I say 'go,' all these little boxes here will transform into tables laden with food, as well as various walls and other places of cover. Anyone can take any food item from a table or on the ground to throw at another team. If it hits a member of a different team, then the team that got hit gains a point. But! That's a bad thing. The team with the HIGHEST point count after time's up will lose."

Four started to write in the air, and numbers etched themselves into the background from nothing. "If the food you throw gets caught by your target, nothing happens. No points are gained, but no points are lost, either. And you can't throw contestants that are food!"

That last part was directed at Coiny, who had just lifted Eggy into the air. He set her down again. "Aw, man."

The numeral finished his etching, and the air timer now read 1:00:00. "Other than that, anything goes. On your mark, get set-"

"GO!!" X interrupted, catching everyone off guard. Simultaneously, every little wooden box placed around the field by the algebraliens

opened up, and various objects spun out. Most were tables with a huge variety of food items, but some were small walls or barriers or other things that could provide cover.

All eight teams surged towards the tables in one massive, roiling crowd. The first few minutes was nothing but an absolute mess. Contestants collided with one another, throwing fruits and vegetables and fast food and all sorts of other edible items at each other, whether they belonged to the same team or not. Eventually, they began to spread out and get behind cover, or overturn tables if there was no other choice.

Gelatin jumped over a watermelon rolling by and slid into place behind a large rock, which was already sheltering Fanny and Bomby. "This is perfect!" he commented. "It's exactly what we need to target BEEP. They won't be able to beat us, two on one!" Needless to say, most of Team Ice Cube! had accepted iance's offer to temporarily team up.

Bomby peeked out from their shelter, grabbed an incoming slice of cake, and took a bite out of it before chucking it back at whoever had thrown it in the first place. "This is CHAOS!" he shouted over the racket. "How are we going to meet up with our other team members? The moment we step out from behind this rock, we'll be toast!!"

"I hate toast!" The moment she said that, a piece of toast whacked Fanny in the face.

"We need better cover..." A lightbulb went off above Gelatin's head. "My steakhouse! It's perfect! Once we get inside, we'll have a moment to breathe. Plus, there's a whole stockpile of food ammo in the back!"

Lightning shot down from the heavens and landed next to the trio. "Good idea. Let's go!" Grabbing Fanny and Bomby, he yanked them into the air and flew as fast as he could towards the steakhouse, dodging several projectiles along the way. Mildly annoyed that he hadn't been picked up as well, Gelatin stepped away from his shelter and immediately got pelted by a large slab of Jello. Chuckling at the irony, he sprinted after Lightning, food constantly whizzing by his head.

Zipping around obstacles, Gelatin passed by Saw, Lollipop, and Taco, barely managing to avoid their sights. "This battle is insane!" Saw yelled. "How are we supposed to concentrEIGHT on any individual groups??"

"Just keep throwing!" Taco shouted back, hurling muffins and various other pastries at anyone who got too close.

Saw opened her mouth to reply when a large bag of powdered sugar slammed into her. It split against her saw blade, creating a huge white cloud of sugar that effectively blocked the trio's vision temporarily.

Annoyed, Lollipop unwound her scarf and tried to shake the sugar out of it. "Where in the world did *that* bag of sickly sweet stuff come from?"

"What makes you think I know?" Taco responded, equally frustrated by the lack of vision.

"Achoo!" Saw sneezed.

"Bless you."

The tool wiped her 'nose' violently. "Uhg, I think this suga-a-aaa-aaaaacHOO! This sugar getting to me." She sniffed, which was a mistake. "A-aa-aaaaaaAAAACHOOOO!!"

The final sneeze was powerful enough to knock her to the ground. A grainy black dust shot away from her and quickly mixed with the powder in the air, turning gray and then eventually dissipating for good. Taco grabbed Saw by her handle and hefted the appliance to her feet. "Gosh, Saw. You ok?"

"I think so? I feel a little... lighter, almost. Like a small weight was lifted." She stopped. "Wait... they're gone! The 8-Ball fumes are gone! I can say eight and anything that rhymes with it normally again!"

"Hey, that's great!"

"It IS great!" Saw agreed, giddy. "Gate! Mate! Late! Hate skate plate crate debate ate irate! WOOO!!"

Lollipop smiled. "Good to have you back, Saw. For real this time. Now that your head's finally in the game again, let's show these other teams who's boss."

Saw saluted dramatically. "Yes, ma'am!"

"Aaaaaaahh!!" a new voice shouted from the fog of sugar. The three of them looked down to see Nickel rolling by. He emerged from the powdery cloud and settled down under a table, encountering Woody. "Oh, gosh. What are we gonna do?" He sat up and cowered next to the balsa. "I can't catch or throw anything with just legs."

Nervously, Woody slid out from under the table slightly. A nearby contestant chucked a lemon at him, but he raised his emerald and barely managed to block the citrusy fruit. "Hey, good thinking!" Nickel complimented.

Their table suddenly tipped over, revealing two other contestants above them. "Come on!" Balloony said, hanging onto Cloudy. He had a hand extended. Gratefully, Woody and Nickel both latched onto his arm, and the four of them shot up into the sky.

Snowball shoved Ruby through the doorway to Gelatin's Steakhouse before entering himself. "We're here!" he announced unhelpfully.

"Is that everyone? Where's Bubble?" Pencil asked frantically.

"She got popped by a UFO!" answered Ruby.

"A *what!?"*

"An Ultrasonic Flying Orange!"

"Yes, everyone's here!" Donut gestured to Gelatin. "Now!"

Gelatin nodded from behind the counter. He slammed his palm into a hidden button, and metal sheets slid down over the front door and windows, cutting the two teams off from the outside world. Instantly, the cacophony beyond the walls became much more muted.

Everyone visibly relaxed, several objects breathing out a sigh of relief. Barf Bag sat down and fished out a literal fish from her acidic innards. "It's madness out there."

Flower sighed. "Just when you think Four can't come up with a crazier challenge."

Lightning took the moment of calm to quickly glance around the inside of the steakhouse. It wasn't anything super special; tables and chairs were placed strategically around the main area, with there being a counter near the back for ordering food. A door behind Gelatin led into what was presumably the kitchen.

The sound of Ruby's voice broke his train of thought. "I didn't know you had a steakhouse, Gelatin!"

"Really??" he exclaimed. "I thought everyone knew! This thing has been here for ages!"

"Do you ever actually get any customers?" Fanny questioned slyly. Gelatin opened his mouth, then closed it again, which gave her all the answer she needed. "Thought so."

Lightning clapped his hands, grabbing everybody's attention. "Ok guys," he announced as ten other pairs of eyes turned to look at him. "If we want to make sure BEEP loses, we can't spend too much time in here. We have to quickly think up a game plan, then go out there and get our hands dirty."

"I already have a plan," Snowball grunted. "Go outside and throw food at the enemy. You're overcomplicating this."

"No, we need to have designated throwers and designated catchers."

Fanny coughed. "Not all of us here *have* arms to throw and catch, Lightning."

"Well then, you and Naily can try to eat anything that comes your way."

"I hate eating."

"Seriously?"

"What if I say no?"

Everybody turned to look at Naily, who had made that last comment. There was a serious look on her face. "I never agreed to help take down BEEP."

"Naily," Barf Bag said gently, "we know you're friends with some of them, but-"

"I'm friends with ALL of them!" she barked. "They've already lost three times. Why do you guys wanna be so hard on them?"

"We... we're your friends *too,* Naily. And we can't fight each other."

Naily looked at her weirdly. "Did you think I was going to actually throw food at you guys? I just think we should choose a different target is all!"

"Come on." Bomby placed a hand on Naily's head. "Let's at least hear them out again, alright?"

Naily fumed a little but decided to stay quiet. "Right," Lightning tried again. "Now-"

Pen suddenly popped out from behind the counter. "M-"

"AHHHH!!" several of them shouted in surprise. Snowball instinctively grabbed the nearest food item - which happened to be Donut - and hurled him at Pen. They both went down in a tangle of limbs. "Snowball!" Pencil scolded.

Snowball stuck his tongue at her. "You're not on my team anymore. I don't have to listen to you."

Barf Bag rushed over and helped Donut get up. "What the heck are you doing here, Pen?" Flower wondered.

"Ow..." the writing utensil said woozily before shaking off his headache. "I snuck in here just before you guys did and hid down here. I might be able to help you."

"How?"

"Black Hole!"

The members of TIC and iance exchanged confused glances. "What now?"

"Black Hole," Pen repeated. "I might be able to convince him to suck up any food thrown at us and you guys if we combine forces. That way, none of us will get hit by any food!"

"Hey, that's some good thinking!" Gelatin commented. "Guys, we should-"

"We are *not* going to try using Black Hole to help us win in future challenges," Donut snapped. "This is just a... special case."

"Awwww."

Balloony started to feel light-headed as they rose higher and higher into the sky. Well, more so than usual. "Cloudy, don't go too high up," he warned as they entered the cloud layer. "I don't want to pop from lack of air pressure."

"Don'd worry," Cloudy comforted. "We're almosd do where I wand do ztob."

Nickel glanced downwards nervously, although he couldn't see the ground through the layers and layers of condensation. "Good. I've never been this high up before, and I don't really want to do it again."

Seconds later, the four of them broke through the top of the inanimate clouds. "Oooooh," they all gushed. The rays of sun seemed to bounce off the cloud they had just emerged from, giving off a dazzling effect. Furthermore, from what they could see of the ground below, the view was quite stunning.

Cloudy slowed until he was simply hovering in place. "Thiz zhoult pe good," he said. "We're way oud ov range ov anyone elze."

"Wahh..." Woody mumbled, pointing to somewhere to their right. Nickel looked over and said, "Uh, you sure about that?"

Cloudy turned to see three Foodies staring at them. Fries was perched atop Puffball, while Bell was simply floating on her own via her string. "Oooh, other team members!" Puffball gushed excitedly. "Fries, grab onto Bell for a sec, will ya?"

"Please don't," Bell pleaded.

Puffball shook herself around anyway until Fries was forced to leap off and grab into Bell's string instead. PB shot back down towards the ground. "Sorry," Fries apologized. Bell just grumbled.

Exchanging worried glances with Balloony, Cloudy slowly began to float away from the two Foodies. "I'fe kot a pad feeling apout thiz."

"Yeah, you may want to fly away while you still can," Fries warned. "Puffball is easily... excitable sometimes."

"♪My ears are burning!♪" a sing-song voice trilled from below the clouds. Puffball burst upwards, and this time, she had Eraser with her. In his arms were several boxes of pizza. He grabbed a slice of pepperoni and tossed it at the BEEPers. "Chew on *this!"* he yelled defiantly.

"Ahhh!!" Nickel screamed. Cloudy shot out of the way, only to be slapped in the face by a slice of mushroom and bacon right after. Eraser had a better throwing arm than he originally thought.

"Hold on, kuyz!" he shouted, before speeding away as fast as he could. Puffball and Eraser gave chase. Balloony did his best to catch any greasy ammo thrown at them, but there really wasn't much he could do with one hand. Nickel tried to say something at one point, but the second he opened his mouth, a wad of cheese and bread was chucked into his gullet and nearly made him choke. He opted to stay silent after that.

Cloudy began to pant heavily. "I... I don'd know iv... iv I gan go on mudge longer. How doez... Buffpall haff so mudge energy?"

"Half a dozen cans of Dr. Fizz a day!" PB proclaimed proudly, slowly

gaining on the sentient cloud. "Lightbulb got me addicted last month. I must have spent sooooooooo many nickels on that soda machine."

"Hey!" Nickel protested, right before getting another mouthful of pizza. He spat it out. "This is getting ridiculous. What do you guys think the chances are that there's something soft below us right now?"

Balloony's eyes widened. "Nickel, don't-"

"Eh, I think I've already gotten over my fear of heights. Later, guys." Nickel detached his foot from Cloudy and fell through the cloud layer.

"NICKEL!!" Cloudy cried. Balloony simply face-palmed. "Thad'z id." Cloudy orientated himself until he was facing towards the ground. "We're koing town!"

He shot through the vapor like a bullet, leaving a cloud-shaped hole in the cloud. *(How fitting.)* "Should we go after them?" Eraser wondered. "I'm almost outta ammo."

Puffball considered it for a second. "Nah. Let's go bully some other team."

"Fine by me!"

Tendrils of vapor whipped Balloony and Woody's faces as they held onto Cloudy for dear life. They barely had time to close their eyes against the oncoming condensation before they emerged from the underside of the clouds. Below them, Nickel was screaming his head off as he plummeted to Earth. Far, *far* below them, they could still see the remaining teams brawling it out.

"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU GOT OVER YOUR FEAR OF HEIGHTS!" Balloony tried to shout over the sound of rushing wind.

"I DID!" Nickel replied loudly. "BUT NOW I HAVE A FEAR OF HITTING THE GROUND!!"

"THIS DIDN'T OCCUR TO YOU *EARLIER!?"*

"I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT THINKING THINGS THR-oof!"

That last expellation of air from Nickel's lungs was the result of Lightning slamming into him at a high speed. Before the coin could recover, Lightning grabbed him by his legs. "Lighdning!" Cloudy exhaled in relief. "Oh, thang koodnesz."

"Come on!" Lightning gestured towards the ground, zooming away before any of the other BEEPers had a chance to respond.

Cloudy carefully lowered them onto a patch of dead grass to where Lightning led them - near Gelatin's Steakhouse, a bit away from the fighting. Balloony and Woody both hopped off, Woody immediately collapsing to the ground. "Thank you so much, Lightning!" Balloony said gratefully, his own legs feeling wobbly. "I don't know if we would have been able to catch him in time if it wasn't for you."

The bolt unceremoniously dropped Nickel, who landed face first with a muffled *ow.* "I only saved him to get you guys down here."

"Say what now?"

"NOW!!" Lightning shouted, startling everyone. Without warning, ten other objects - iance and Team Ice Cube! - burst out of the steakhouse. The eight of them who had arms each had an armload of steaks cooked to various levels. Woody shrieked as he and his teammates were pelted with slabs of mystery meat. "Kuyz- ack! Grap on akain!" Cloudy yelled. "We haff to ket oud ov here!"

"Oh no you don't!" Lightning whizzed over and grabbed the top of Cloudy. Flipping himself over, he used the momentum gained in the flip to hurl the cloud as far as he could. Cloudy unwillingly soared away from the rest of them, Lightning in hot pursuit.

"RETREEEEEEAT!!" Nickel cried. He, Balloony, and Woody all dashed off in different directions as they were pursued by various members of the allied teams.

Golf Ball expertly caught another mangosteen and hurled it back at the contestant who threw it. She and most of A Better Name Than That had been locked in a four-way fight with Gabop, The Losers, a couple members of Death PACT, and the remainder of Free Food (Marker and Yellow Face) since the contest started.

She bumped into someone, but she knew from bumping into this someone several times over the past half hour that it was Tennis Ball. "Any progress?" she barked, not taking her eyes off The Losers.

"No," TB replied. "None of the other teams are budging from their positions, and we're running out of explosive blueberries. I think we might be at a standstill here!"

"Then we must find a way to break the standstill. Have you fixed your trebuchet yet?"

"No, there never seems to be enough time."

GB cursed under her breath. "Well, how about-"

"INCOMING!!" a new voice yelled. Both sports globules turned to see Nickel leap between them, covered in juices of some kind. "Please save me from my attackers!"

"Who's attacking you?" Tennis Ball asked, while simultaneously gesturing for Golf Ball to calm down and not instantly barrage the non-ABNTT member who came close to them with blueberries.

"I-I don't know exactly who's chasing me right now," Nickel stammered. "But TIC and iance have teamed up to-"

Golf Ball stopped struggling against Tennis Ball. "iance?" she interrupted.

"Yeah!"

"Oh, no..." TB muttered.

GB faced the direction Nickel came from, a steely expression painted on her dimpled face. "Tennis Ball, protect Nickel the best you can. As of right now, the enemy of my enemy will have to be our ally."

"Golf Ball, we've been over this, you've *got* to let go of your grudge against-" But Tennis Ball's protest was cut short as Pencil, Snowball, Gelatin, and Donut came into view. The moment she spotted Pencil and SB, Golf Ball gained tunnel vision and grabbed several berries. She clicked a button on one of her mechanical arms, and it began to spin like a pinwheel, preparing to launch the fruits at Mach 1 speed.

Donut took one look and turned to go. "Nope," he said, mostly to himself. "Nope, nope, nope. *Not* dealing with that today."

Woody fled without looking back. He knew that Nickel and Balloony could likely fend for themselves. Somewhere inside him, deep down, he knew that he probably could as well, but his current desire to not be bombarded with multiple steaks rapidly squished any other desire to fight back.

Without thinking properly, he dived right into the main brawl between four other teams - his logic being that he would be harder to find and specifically target in a larger crowd. Thankfully, there was so much chaos that barely anyone noticed him scuttling around.

Woody eventually found a decent-sized corner to hide by and dived behind it, breathing heavily. He hadn't run that much in a long time, and he was a little out of shape. Lugging around an emerald all the time that was as big as him probably didn't help.

He tried to relax. Unfortunately, that also happened to be the moment that Bomby, Naily, and Flower found him, catching the balsa slab completely off guard. "Gotcha!" Flower said, lifting up a steak. Woody freaked and scrambled to get up, only to trip on his emerald and fall over.

Just before Flower's steak hit him, Naily jumped to his aid and intercepted the meat by catching it in her mouth. "Naily!" Bomby gasped as she spat the projectile out. "What are you doing??"

"Protecting a friend!" she shouted back. "I'm not going to throw anything at you, but if you want to get to him, then I'll do everything in my power to protect my pal here. Just go find someone else to

bully!"

Bomby had never seen his best friend so mad at him, and it was a little scary. With one more look at her, he reluctantly turned away to find the other TIC members. Flower glanced back and forth between him and Naily. "What, you're just going to take that?" she asked. "Show some backbone, man!"

"And you." Naily turned to her, angry expression still plastered on her metal face. "You caused us to lose in episode 15. Don't think I've forgotten that! I ain't trusting this so called 'temporary alliance' you've tried to strike with the rest of my team."

"Wh-" Flower tried to protest. "I was genuine about that!"

A steak slapped her in the face. Naily looked behind her to see Woody regaining his balance from his throw, annoyance in his eyes. "We on't want youw hewe!"

For a moment, Flower looked like she wanted to dish out retribution. But instead, she just sighed. Juice dripping off her petals, she glumly walked away from the duo. "Why does this always happen when I try to be nice..."

Balloony peeked out from behind his makeshift shelter. A blessing disguised as a curse had come his way - the fight between Gabop, ABNTT, and The Losers that had lasted for almost an entire hour finally shifted over to where he was and enveloped his pursuers, sufficiently distracting Ruby, Barf Bag, and Fanny enough that he was able to make a quick getaway.

Unfortunately, it seemed like the battle was heading towards him again, so he grabbed the platter of pancakes he'd found and turned to go, slamming straight into several objects. "Oof!" His platter skidded away into the grass.

Nickel was the first to get up. "Gosh, sorry about that, Balloony. You ok?"

"I think so..." Balloony sat upright and saw Nickel, Woody, Naily, Tennis Ball, and Blocky. "Ahhh!!" he shouted after spotting the non-BEEPers. "Other team members!"

"Relax!" Blocky comforted. "We're on your side! And we'd have Golf Ball, too, if she wasn't hunting down Pencil with a passion." From behind him, TB rolled his eyes.

Balloony tried to calm down. "Well, that's good. We could use any extra helping hands - last I saw, Lightning is still chasing after Cloudy, and Rocky's been absent the entire contest."

Naily grinned. "Well, we've got you covered! Anyway, I think we should try to get inside Gelatin's Steakhouse. You can lock yourselves in there, so once we get you inside you should be all good."

"One small problem," Tennis Ball piped up. "To get to the steakhouse, we have to go through... that."

He pointed to where he and the others had come from - the main massive brawl between thirty plus contestants. It had long since dissolved into lots of individual battles, but the idea of even heading that direction was still daunting. "I don't think we have a choice," Nickel commented. "It's coming our way anyway. We may as well charge through on our own terms." Woody nodded in agreement, mild determination present in his eyes.

"Well, then we better gear up." Balloony picked up his platter and passed several pancakes to Woody, Blocky, and TB. "Nickel, Naily, do your best to catch anything that comes our way with your mouths."

"Will do."

Without another word, the group of six turned and charged straight into the crowd. Immediately, several of them were whacked by a torrent of edible projectiles coming from all directions. There was almost more food in the air than there was *air* in the air. They also encountered several other strange sights - Puffball and Eraser swooping down on unsuspecting objects, Eggy freaking out whenever an egg sailed by, and Ice Cube standing on top of a machine gun that rapid-fired burgers at anyone who drew near. For some reason, Gaty

sat in the middle of all the chaos, smiling without a care in the world.

What seemed like an hour-long sprint to the steakhouse was more than likely less than a minute in actuality. Blocky reached the door first, grabbed the doorknob, and yanked hard. It didn't budge. "What! It's locked!"

Feeling eyes on the back of his stringy spine, Balloony did a 180 to find Pencil, Ruby, Gelatin, Pen, Pillow, and Snowball emerge from the crowd. Pencil had a black eye, presumably from her encounter with Golf Ball, but the others were unharmed (other than being covered all over with food). "It worked!" Gelatin shouted. "I knew you'd try to take my restaurant. Well, it ain't gonna work, pals! That door is reinforced from the inside."

"We've got you cornered now," Snowball sneered. "At least, from this side."

Nickel groaned when he saw Pen and Pillow. "Don't tell me you guys allied with *another* team."

Pencil shrugged. "It's in my nature to make allies."

Woody yelled at them in defiance and threw a pancake their way, sparking off the inevitable food fight. But with their backs to the wall, there wasn't much the six of them could do, even though they had the numbers advantage.

Tennis Ball banged desperately on the steakhouse's door. "There's got to be some way to break this down! There's no way it's *reenforced!"*

"I'm not lying!" Gelly protested. "Why does everyone always think I'm lying about that??"

"BECAUSE *NORMAL* PEOPLE DON'T REENFORCE *RESTAURANT* DOORS!!"

Pencil caught a pancake thrown at her and spun around, ready to return to sender. But before she got the chance, a gray blur whizzed by, and the breakfast food vanished from her grasp. She stared at her hand, dumbfounded. "What?"

Whatever it was sped by again, grabbing steaks from the attacker's hands and ripping them away. The something plopped itself down next to Balloony, revealing itself to be a familiar little stone. "Rocky!!" Balloony, Nickel, Tennis Ball, Naily, Blocky, and Woody cried out in joy.

Rocky gave them all a huge grin, right before opening his mouth and machine-gunning the stolen food back at their opponents. "Goodness!" Pillow yelled in surprise as she and the others were bombarded with steaks.

Before they had a chance to recover and retaliate, Rocky zoomed over to them and gobbled up the steaks once more. Preparing to fire a second round, he returned to his original position and opened his jaw. But as the steaks flew out, Black Hole lowered himself from the sky and absorbed the flying food. "Finally!" Pen complained. "Where have *you* been?"

"Trying to help out Bottle and Pie," Black Hole said, no trace of annoyance in his voice. "They're quite fragile, you know."

Blocky tried flinging a pancake at like a frisbee at Snowball while they were all distracted, but Black Hole swiftly moved to intercept it. "Gah! We can't do anything against THAT!" he lamented.

"Well, at least we know he won't kill us, heheh," Naily said nervously. "But how are we going to get past him absorbing any food we throw at them??"

X materialized between the two groups. "Uh... I feel like I should mention that any food which gets sucked up by Black Hole counts as food hitting your team."

"What!!" For once, Black Hole actually sounded somewhat irked. "I feel like this should have been a detail for Four to mention earlier! I've been absorbing food for the whole contest!"

"Sorry..." X awkwardly scratched the back of his head and walked off.

Pillow gestured into the sky. "Shoo! If you can't absorb food for us, it'd just be best for you to get away from all the food!"

"Understood." Black Hole quickly floated upwards until he was far, far out of anyone's throwing range.

Behind Balloony, Tennis Ball yanked hard on the door handle. Something snapped, and the door flew open, slamming into Nickel. "Finally got it!" he grunted. "Everyone inside!"

They didn't waste any time. Naily grabbed a stunned Nickel by the leg and hauled him inside after Woody and Balloony stepped in first. Blocky was after, then Tennis Ball waited until Rocky went through to slam the entrance shut. "Ok." He let out a long, anxious breath. "I think we're finally safe."

"Thank goodness." Nickel leaned against the wall and slid down to the floor. "I've got a headache after all that."

TB winced. "Partially my fault. Apologies."

"It's all good, man."

Blocky glanced at a clock on the wall. "Hey, didn't Four say the challenge would last an hour?"

"I think so," Naily answered.

"Well, it's almost 9." Blocky pointed at the analog clock's minute and hour hands. "We started at 8 or so, which means there's only two minutes left. I don't know if two minutes of us being protected is going to help you guys much."

An uneasy silence filled the room. Balloony sighed a heavy sigh. "Well, we'll just have to see, won't we?"

The air timer hit zero with a bang. Literally. Something resembling a cannon shot blasted through the air, causing everyone to drop their food and clap their hands over their ears, assuming they had hands. "Time's up!" Four yelled redundantly. He clapped his hands and every trace of cover, weaponry, and food that wasn't a contestant vanished. "I'll be chalking up your points now." X pulled out a whiteboard and the two aliens began to scribble on it.

Tennis Ball carefully pushed the door to Gelatin's steakhouse open, finding that all their previous assailants were still standing outside. "Ow," Snowball complained, rubbing his head. "Too loud!"

"What?" Gelatin shouted, still half-deaf.

Shaking his head, TB led everyone outside. If Four hadn't removed any evidence of a fight, the already dead grassy plain would have looked like a war zone. As it was, it looked spotless.

"Here we are!" Four gleefully announced, turning the whiteboard so that all the teams could see the results. Those who got their hearing back quickly crowded around the numeral to see if they had lost, while those who were still recovering staggered around shakily, or fell over, or both.

Balloony pushed through to the front of the crowd and his heart fell. At the top of the board was BEEP's logo, with a whopping number of points above everyone else. The only other team who had come close was Death PACT, and that was likely Black Hole's fault, albeit accidental.

"Hey-hey! We did it, guys!" Gelatin cheered when he saw the scores, high-fiving Pencil and Ruby. "Looks like Lightning's plan worked out!"

Accepting defeat, Balloony turned and trudged back to the others. "I don't like your expression," Nickel commented when he saw Balloony's glum face.

"Yeah... we lost."

Tennis Ball looked sad. "Awww. I'm sorry we couldn't help you more." Woody looked down as well.

"You don't have to apologize. You helped a- Cloudy!!" Balloony exclaimed as Cloudy floats over to the other BEEPers. Balloony gave him a hug. "You ok, dude?"

"I'm vine, I'm nod hurd at all," Cloudy comforted. He shot a nasty look at Lightning, who had followed the puff back. "The only thingz inchured are my veelings."

Lightning said nothing at this, instead returning to his teammates.

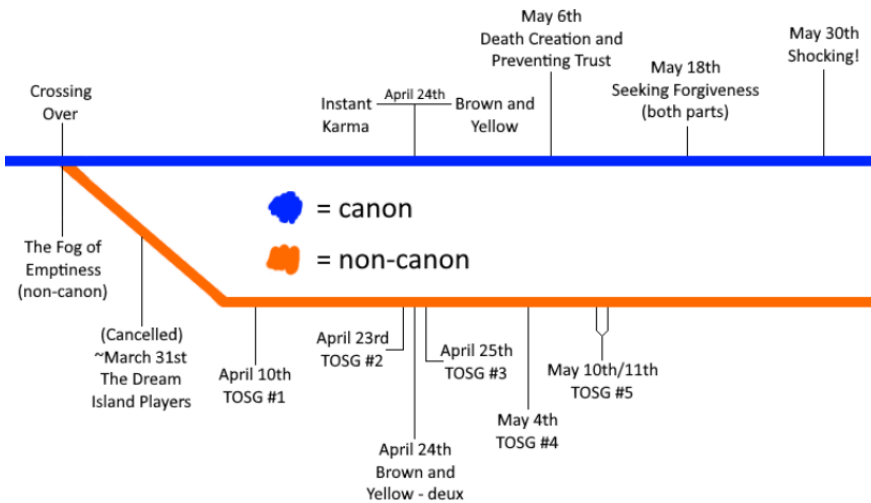
"Hey, at least you guys tried!" Blocky attempted to help. "You gave it your all, and I'd say you did pretty well, given the circumstances!"

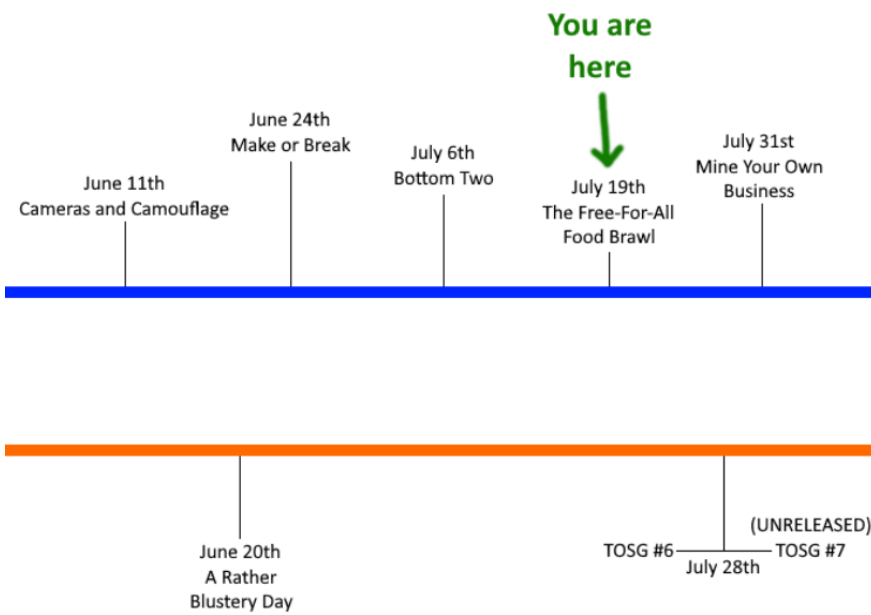
Naily nodded furiously. "Agreed!"

Rocky grinned at this, and Woody reluctantly gave a small smile as well. "Thanks, guys," Nickel said thankfully. "It's really nice to know that even if we have enemies, we'll always have other allies as well."

wooooooooooooo over 5k words (new record!)

now that one of the harder chapters is done, time to (hopefully) rapid-fire write and publish the last few chapters... we'll see, though


May 6th
Death Creation and
Preventing Trust
May 30th
Shocking!
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness
(both parts)
Crossing
Over
Instant
Karma
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of
Emptiness
(non-canon)
(Cancelled)
~March 31st
The Dream
Island Players
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5
May 4th
TOSG #4
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow - deux


You are here
June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
June 24th
Make or Break
July 6th
Bottom Two
July 19th
The Free-For-All
Food Brawl
July 31st
Mine Your Own
Business
June 20th
A Rather
Blustery Day
TOSG #6
July 28th
(UNRELEASED)
TOSG #7

[Canon] Hatching the Plan

(Disclaimer: a lot of the dialogue in this chapter is recycled from Inanimate Insanity 2, episode 14. Although I have added my own words in, not all content here is mine.)

July 31st, 2020 (very late at night)

MePad gently lifted his foot off the massive gem as the vision faded. "Sir," he addressed MePhone4, who was standing nearby. "I never knew what you did to... save me."

"Yeah, well.. I didn't want to know either. But I guess repressing my memories was a pretty short-term solution, huh?" He sat down and patted the ground next to him. As the co-host sat, MePhone generated a goofy-looking painting of Steve Cobs that could have only been made by one object. "I know Lightbulb meant well when she painted this for me the other day. They don't know what he's really like. But as soon as I saw that smug face again, man... all I wanted to do was something that wasn't one of his 'tasks.'"

"And you accomplished that. This show is yours!"

"No, it's *not!"* MePhone burst. He stood up and furiously kicked the painting over. "I left this island to rebel against him, making a reality show he'd HATE, but he created A.D.A.M, he tricked me, hired me AND Toilet, and not a SINGLE thing I've done has been out of his control! Not *ONE!!"*

"Not even saving me?" MePad immediately rebuked. "Why would he let that happen?"

MePhone didn't respond. Before MePad could continue any further, a

strange sound reached their audio processors.

A deafening, otherworldly noise emanated from the egg without warning, startling the three objects nearby. Baseball jumped backwards in fright. Test Tube fell off the vending machine, and Fan nearly did as well, but managed to right his balance before both he and the egg fell off.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it stopped. Test Tube groaned, sitting up from the grass. There was a crack in the back of her head, and about half of her mysterious green liquid had spilled in the fall. "What... what *was* that?"

Fan slid off the vending machine and landed on his feet, clutching the egg carefully. "I have... no idea. None. Zilch. I-I'm kind of unsettled here."

"Was that from the egg?" Baseball wondered, still looking a little spooked. Fan nodded, noting that the shell's crack had grown slightly larger.

Test Tube stood up and glanced at it uncertainly. "May I... see it?"

Fan hesitated, but only for a split second, before letting Test Tube take the egg. He knew from nearly a season's worth of competing with her that he could trust her; yet his increasingly overprotectiveness of the egg caused him to get paranoid at the slightest opportunity for disaster.

Rotating the egg around in her hand, Testy carefully inspected it. "Well, apart from the crack, nothing seems to be different," she slowly concluded. "Most avian species on Earth typically lay eggs which eventually hatch into youth, so that must mean that this one is getting ready to hatch. But I've never heard anything like that sound before..."

"What about Four? He can make some pretty... unnerving screeches," Baseball suggested.

"Probably not." Fan waved his hand, quickly dismissing the idea. "Last

time I checked, Four didn't even know this universe existed before Test Tube opened her portal."

The scientist in question was about to hand the egg back when it emitted another noise of the same caliber as before, causing Fan and Baseball to both wince.

Test Tube managed to remain steady, being very careful to not let the egg fall, despite her initial instinct being to drop whatever she was doing and cover her ears. Nearby, MePhone wasn't so lucky. His screen glitched out and began to generate various items, ranging from large to small, while MePad could do nothing but watch.

After an agonizing minute, it finally stopped again. Baseball simply stared at the egg in horror as he and Fan recovered. Test Tube, however, quickly shook off the ringing in her ears and held the egg carefully against her chest. "Let's get to my lab."

Fan began to protest, but Testy rapidly shut him down. "Fan, we don't know what's happening to the egg right now. It could be hatching, or, I-I don't know! It could be sick! I want to protect whatever's inside this thing as much as you do, so to do that, we need to make sure it's *stable* first before cuddling it, alright? And my lab is the best place to do that, I guarantee you."

"Yeah... you're right," Fan relented after a second of consideration. His fearful expression quickly morphed into something more determined. "Let's go."

"That's the spirit!" Test Tube rotated on her heels, fully prepared to head down the stairs nearby that led to the laboratory. What she *wasn't* prepared for in the slightest was a beam of light to shine down from the sky and completely stop her in her tracks. "What the..."

She started to float into the air. "Wh-what's going on!" she cried. "This isn't how gravity is supposed to work!"

The gazes of Baseball and Fan followed the light to its source - a giant, egg-shaped structure, floating ominously in the sky. Suitcase, who was nearby, witnessed the event and watched with wonder in her eyes. Lightbulb, Knife, and Clock rushed over as well to see what

the commotion was.

As Test Tube rose higher and higher into the sky, *something* occurred. Her entire body convulsed and appeared to glitch, bits and pieces flickering between states of reality. The egg, strangely enough, was not affected by this phenomenon, but she was sufficiently effected that it caused her to drop her taser, which she had been carrying around since episode 12. It dropped to the ground unceremoniously.

The sound of the device thudding against the grass was just enough to snap Fan out of his state of shock. "Test Tube!!" he shouted. Without thinking twice, he leapt into the beam to attempt to follow. He tried 'swimming' through the air to get to her faster, and it was working. Inches away, he reached out to grab her leg.

A door slid shut between them, trapping Test Tube inside and cutting off the tractor beam. Fan plummeted downwards.

(cue II2 intro lol)

"He's here, MePad! Cobs is here for me!" MePhone cried, extremely distressed.

"Cobs?!" Lightbulb and Knife exclaimed in confusion. "Who?" Clock shouted from behind them.

MePad glanced at his boss. "Are you certain?"

A bright light appeared on the side of the vessel. Something resembling a charging noise sounded, just before a green laser shot towards them. MePhone jumped out of the way as the beam hit the ground, blasting a small crater through the grass. He landed smoothly several feet away, unharmed but angry.

"He always wanted a spaceship."

The lights appeared again, and this time, the ship fired three jets of destruction. Just in time, MePhone generated a shield in front of him, blocking the brunt of the attack. When the dust cleared, his shield briefly 'glitched' just as Test Tube had moments before.

"We need out, now!!" he called to MePad before directing a look at his contestants. "He took Test Tube. Get her back!" MePad ran up to him and teleported them away just as yet another beam slammed into the ground. But Lightbulb, Baseball, Knife, Clock, and Suitcase couldn't do much more than watch everything unfold in terror.

As Fan stumbled to his feet, the ship rose ever-so-slightly into the air, preparing to fly away. He saw this and freaked. "We can't let them get away!!"

He whipped his head around, looking for anything that could help. He spotted the taser lying next to him, as well as a telescope nearby. An idea sparked in his mind, and before Fan even realized what he was doing, he had already ripped the telescope off its stand and plugged the taser into the eyehole. He pointed it towards the ship and pressed down on the taser's button, letting it charge for a moment before releasing.

A sizzling bolt of electricity shot out from the magnified end of his telescope. It beamed straight to the egg-shaped vessel and struck it, neatly frying most of the electronics inside for the time being.

The other five objects stared at the ship or at Fan with a range of emotions on their faces. Fan let the modified blaster drop from his arms. "I-wow." He was nearly speechless, as were the others.

After a moment, however, the paper fan shook his head. "Al-alright. Alright alright alright. That-that probably won't hold for long." He gestured to the others, and they joined him, gathering in a small circle. "So we need to, uh, think of some way to get up there."

"Anyone got a BIG LADDER?" Baseball interjected, laughing nervously before seeing the unamused expressions on everyone else's faces. His chuckling died off. "Uh- th-this is a new approach for me... uh... th-this is way too much, I'm sorry." He awkwardly good back away from the rest of the group, looking ashamed.

Suitcase smiled, trying to bring up the group's mood a little. "We've gone up to SPACE. This should be easy, right? Let's just... build another rocket!"

"You've been to space *before??"* Clock wondered.

"Yup. Yet MePhone ditched us *again* before he could give us parts, but at least he gave us a challenge this time!" Knife rolled his eyes. "Worst of both worlds."

Snap. The opening of a can and the fizzle of soda drew everyone's attention over to the vending machine, where Lightbulb had just opened a can of Dr. Fizz. She looked up at them. "Sorry, I drink when I'm oppressed. Which we are!" She raised a finger defiantly. "Oh, we are..."

Ignoring Lightbulb, Fan glanced towards Test Tube's lab's stairwell a few feet away. "We may not have the materials to *build* a rocket," he replied slowly, "but I think I may know where we can *get* one."

"Isolating ourselves will not prevent his arrival."

"Exactly. It's inevitable. So why should WE have to be scared? I've made up my mind, if you'll join me."

"...join you in what, sir?"

"Forgetting. Cobs, the show. Remove whatever we want from our

systems. Put it behind us. Make a few new gems."

"Is that not EXACTLY what he wants? To forget? Comply? Forfeit our greatest weapon? Sir. These contestants, AND Toilet, have always had your back. If we work together, TRUST each other, it will be our best chance of surviv-"

"Huh. *Trust."*

"Sir?"

"Why'd you let Marshmallow leave, MePad?"

"..."

"Yeah, thought I didn't know about that. There's no way you wouldn't have noticed. So don't lecture ME about *trust.* I've tried trusting. Doesn't exactly work out."

"...then, I suppose... what am *I* doing here?"

Vwoop. MePad appeared back on the contesting grounds, looking disconcerted. Almost immediately, Baseball spotted him and rushed over. "Thank goodness! We've been looking all over for you. We need

you to help us get Test Tube back."

MePad pushed back the conversation with MePhone from moments ago and put on a neutral face. "I'm sorry, but I do not think I'm allowed to help you with the contest."

"No, I mean *all* of us, not just me! And besides, this is a *person* we're talking about here. Test Tube's life could be on the line, for all we know. For *her* sake, help us out."

Impressed, MePad nodded. "Very well. I will assist you and the others in any way I can to rescue your friend. However, I do not have weapons of any kind, and I'm afraid that that ship is outside the reach of my teleportation capabilities."

"Don't worry, Fan has a plan. Follow me!" Baseball dashed away to find the others. MePad followed, intrigued.

From within the bush behind him, II Taco snapped her fingers in frustration. *This task may be harder than I originally anticipated.*

The loudspeaker in the corner of the room crackled to life. "Language confirmed. Scanning specimen for threat activity."

Test Tube blinked. The speaker was the first sign of contact between herself and whoever was piloting the spaceship since she had been abducted, and its sudden activation was, well, sudden.

It beeped as it finished its scan. "Specimen identified as... threat level... three point five."

"Three point five?" she repeated, more out of amusement than anything. "Hmm. Not bad, but I was expecting to be a *little* more of a threat in the competition."

"Lay our youth down and put enough space between the two of you before we fire at will," the speaker continued as a ray gun emerged from the wall.

Test Tube glanced down at the egg in her arms before fully

processing what the speaker said. "Wait... *your* youth?"

The shell cracked.

"Too late," the loudspeaker spoke. "The process has initiated."

The scientist watched in wonder as the egg floated out of her grasp and glowed brightly, spinning through the air. Finally, the glow died down and the egg lowered itself to just inches above the ground. There was now a hole in the front face, rather than just a crack, as well as in the bottom of the shell. Test Tube stared intently into the darkness inside.

Suddenly, the darkness gained eyes and stared back.

"AHH!!" She scrambled backwards, surprised. This, in turn, startled the egg and caused it to squeal in fright before fleeing to a corner of the room. There, it cowered in confusion as Test Tube got over her own. "Fascinating!" she softly exclaimed, leaning in for a closer look. "What *are* you?"

A door opened behind her. She turned around to see a stranger with a spear floating there. "Wait. *You're* not Cobs."

Fan slammed the wire hatch closed. "Well! I think it's about as close to fixed as it'll ever be."

"Are you *sure?"* Knife questioned, skeptical. Fan shrugged, which wasn't very reassuring.

"Well, this *is* Golf Ball's rocket," Baseball confirmed. "We've all seen her in action. She's just as smart as Test Tube, if not smarter."

"Perhaps, but if this rocket really *did* just break for no apparent reason, while sitting on the *ground,* I'm not very inclined to see what might happen in the air."

Suitcase coughed. "Personally, I'm less worried about what the rocket will do to us, and more worried about what *Golf Ball* will do to us when she finds out we took her rocket without permission."

A scoff from Lightbulb. "Cmon, Briefcase, have you not *seen* those two together? They're science besties! I'm sure Ball would understand if we told her what happened." She wiggled her fingers, eager to go. "And about what you said, Knife. To that, I say... YOLO!"

"Not helping..."

"No, Lightbulb's right, more or less," Fan agreed. "There's only one way to find out." He quickly met the eyes of the other four contestants inside GB's rocket. All of them were strapped in with some duct tape that Lightbulb had pulled from who knows where. "In all seriousness, though, you guys don't have to feel obliged to come along if you don't want to."

Baseball shook his head. "It's not a matter of *want,* it's a matter of *must.* Even if the challenge *wasn't* to save Test Tube, I would still do my best to rescue her, because that's what friends do."

Knife grinned. "I couldn't have said that any better myself. Maybe I'm not exactly a 'friend,' per se, but it's just basic object decency to, you know, *not* let somebody get abducted by crazy corn men."

Fan sniffed. "Th-thanks, you guys. I think I feel a few tears coming on."

"Oh, no, we've started the waterworks," Knife joked, but still with a smile on his face.

Suitcase glanced out the door at Clock, who was standing just outside the rocket with MePad behind him. "Are you sure you're not going to come along, Clock?"

He shook his head. "Helping you fix a rocket is one thing, but I don't want to push the limits of the rules for this contest. Besides, you five are very capable objects. I'm sure you'll be able to save Test Tube without me."

"Alright..." Reluctantly, Suitcase reached out with a foot and closed the rocket's door. She could see him and MePad step back through the circular window.

Wiping away a single tear, Fan met everybody's eyes once more.

"Ready?"

Baseball, Knife, and Suitcase nodded. Lightbulb slapped a strip of tape over her eyes to act as a blindfold before grinning and giving a thumbs-up. "Okay then..." He glanced at the controls nervously. "Let's see how this thing flies." Experimentally, he grabbed the biggest lever and yanked down hard on it.

In the blink of an eye, the rocket blasted off into the night sky. Everyone in the rocket whooped, except for Baseball, who began to scream his head off.

From far below, Clock and MePad watched uncertainly as the vessel grew smaller and smaller as it grew closer and closer to the much larger egg-shaped ship. "So, just to be clear..." Clock said, "Cobs is someone who shouldn't generally be tangled with, right?"

"That's correct."

Clock began to question his own words of reassurance to the contestants moments ago. "Don't worry," MePad said, as if he could read the analog object's thoughts. "As you said, those five can be a formidable force if they wish to be." He stopped looking at the sky and returned his gaze to the nearby Gemory Cave. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a fellow Meeple device to talk to."

By the entrance of said cave, a relieved MePhone lowered a finger away from his screen as he saw the rocket soar upwards, narrowly escaping another case of self-inflicted amnesia.

A set of double doors opened, and Test Tube - restrained by a mysterious set of glowing, white chains - was escorted into what could only be described as a throne room. A long, green carpet led from the doors to a throne, where an abnormally large purple egg sat. Eight soldier eggs holding spears were lined up along the long edges of the carpet, ranging in colors from green to blue to pink. Each one had a uniquely-shaped hole in their face, with differentiating

numbers of eyes. Nestled comfortably between two soldiers was the newborn egg, still looking a little confused.

As Test Tube stared in wonder, seven balls of energy from around the room floated towards the big purple egg that dominated the room. They met as they entered the hole in it's face, and two more orbs of light appeared beside it. "We are the collective ethereal light," it stated, the voice sounding like multiple mashed together into one, harmonious being. A crown appeared on top of its head. "Known as:"

"♪THE PRIME SHIMMER!♪" the eight soldiers sang in unison.

"We speak on behalf of us all, and our energy... what are YOU supposed to be?"

An awkward moment of silence passed before Test Tube realized that she was the one being asked the question. "Er. Hello. I'm Test Tube. I'm a scientist, and..." She shook her head. "Sorry, I-I'm just so distracted by all this. You... whatever you are, you're amazing! Are you a hive mind, a collective consciousness? Are you separate beings connected by-"

"What *we* are is not of importance right now," they interrupted. "Tell us! Tell us where you found one of our own."

"Well, *I* didn't find it, one of my friends did, but- uh, Mars, according to him. He's been taking care of the egg since then, which is pretty considerate, seeing as how it appears that you left them stranded."

"They were STOLEN!!!" the Prime Shimmer yelled, their sudden ferocity shocking the scientist. "What right did your friend have to assume responsibility of them? If you think of yourself as a scientist, then surely, you must have known that this youth is not *his,* and *never* was."

Her mind went blank. "Well..." she thought back to the early days of the competition, where she didn't think too deeply on anything more than whatever experiment she was working on at the time. The egg had been with Fan for so long that she must have unconsciously created a much larger connection between them in her mind. "I can see that right now, obviously, but I... g-golly, to be honest, I never

considered the fact that the egg was... stolen."

A deadly quiet filled the room. Then, without warning, something blue punched through the floor of the throne room, startling the two nearest Shimmer soldiers. Test Tube immediately recognized the rocket as Golf Ball's, which confused her, as she very clearly remembered closing the portal after the last challenge earlier that night. Then she caught a glimpse of Lightbulb through the rocket's porthole, which *really* confused her.

The vessel's hatch opened, and five objects tumbled out in a groaning heap. "Lightbulb! Your 'duct tape seat belts' did nothing!" Baseball complained.

"To be fair, it wasn't *her* driving," Knife said.

They all managed to untangle themselves. They looked up and were met with a plethora of glowing spears pointed at their faces. "Uh," Suitcase stated. "What?"

"Fan!!" Test Tube cried, spotting the familiar foldable paper. Fan spotted her as well and broke into a grin.

"Hate to break the awesome reunion," Lightbulb interjected. She ripped the duct tape off her eyes and gestured wildly at the spears pointed at them. "But who the hoo-hah are these fellas?"

Prime took a deep breath and began again. "We are the collective ethereal light, known a-"

"They're aliens," Test Tube summarized. "Real aliens, Fan! Can you believe it?"

"I mean, I sort of guessed that aliens were real after I, you know, found the egg on Ma-ohmyGOODNESSWHERE'STHEEGG" He whipped his head around wildly.

A soft cooing noise issued from across the carpet. All the contestants gasped as they spotted the tiny Shimmer youth peeking out from behind a soldier. Fan's eyes shone with a mix of emotions. "Oh... my... gosh."

"Just to clarify..." Baseball coughed. "You're *not* with Steve Cobs?"

"...who's Steve Cobs?"

Suitcase looked back up at the soldiers, and the Prime Shimmer. "So, when that egg was found on Mars... they were yours?"

"Are you the one who found them?"

"No, that was me." Fan straightened.

Prime sighed and waved at the contestants. The soldiers retracted their spears, and the chains surrounding Test Tube's arms and legs morphed into small spheres of light and floated away, freeing her. Obviously, she and the others were no longer seen as a threat. "Thank you," Testy said, rubbing her slightly sore arms.

"Man, you guys are soooo coolio!" Lightbulb gushed. "Colorful Easter egg shells, floaty balls of whateverness... can I get a pic?"

Knife gave her a sideways glance. "Is this really the time?"

"What? Any time is a good time for a picture!"

She pulled out her phone and the Meeple logo on the back glinted in the light for a second. Suddenly, the Shimmers were sent into a frenzy, most of the lights fleeing from their shells and spinning around the room.

The Prime Shimmer managed to stay intact, but even they were trembling fearfully. "You bear the symbol of the oppressor!!"

"...Meeple?" Suitcase wondered aloud.

Fan grabbed Lightbulb's phone from her hands and pointed at the logo. "This- this symbol?"

Prime nodded, and the five objects exchanged glances. Test Tube's face hardened. "...what did they *do* to you?"

[insert backstory monologue which I'm not going to write because anybody who's reading this chapter has almost certainly already seen the real

episode]

"...and were able to retrieve all... but two. Until..."

They paused momentarily. The contestants looked devastated at their story; even Lightbulb couldn't put a smile on her face. Fan glanced down at Lightbulb's phone, seeing his own face reflected in the Meeple logo. "Until... you found... the culprit."

"Would you happen to know where the other lost one might be?" they asked sadly.

Suitcase shook her head. "No. I'm sorry."

"We're sorry about... everything," Baseball added on.

Fan shot a look at them. "No, no. Guys. Don't. We aren't responsible for this. Cobs is the one-"

"Cobs stole them, you stole them, *I* stole them!" Test Tube burst out angrily. "Albeit accidentally for me. But they never belonged to any of us."

"He... felt like mine."

"I know. But they belong to this family."

Prime sighed again. "Thank you for finally seeing ye light."

Test Tube looked down at the egg. "You think you can say goodbye?"

Fan closed his eyes. "No, actually, I, I think I... I think I should say hello."

He knelt down to the Shimmer youth. "Hey. You know, I always called you 'him.' Guess not all my theories are right, huh?"

The egg blinked.

"I'm sorry that I... wanted you to be safe so bad that I... almost never got to meet you. I'm always trying to make sense of this crazy world, but... really, I'm just guessing. The only think I know for sure is even

without that she'll holding you together... you'll still watch out for each other."

The egg blinked again. Then, surprisingly, it hummed happily, warming the hearts of everybody in the room, Shimmers and objects alike. One of its 'eyes' briefly glowed red, and the other, green. Smiling, Fan stepped back.

"We're glad you seem to have learned an important lesson about embracing what you don't understand. We would have *preferred* if you hadn't abducted our *children* to do it..." Prime rolled their eyes. "...but, can't win 'em all, I suppose."

Laughter erupted from them, causing some of the soldiers to chuckle. "Well, whaddya know!" Lightbulb put her hands on her hips. "They understand humor!"

The Prime Shimmer blinked at her. "Yes... we do. We just didn't find YOU very funny!"

All the soldiers burst out laughing as Lightbulb muttered to herself, but she couldn't help but break a smile, too. The other contestants, even Knife, joined in the various chuckling - it was quite contagious, and it felt good for everyone to relieve some stress.

After a moment, the giggling died down. Prime waved at a blue-shelled set of Shimmers in the control room behind them, and they handed them a small device. "This is a powerful communicator, capable of sending a signal across many galaxies. However, it doesn't hold much charge, so it can only be used once or twice. The large button on the side will send an emergency broadcast straight to the control room of this ship." They offered it to Test Tube. "We know you don't have to do this, but please... if you find anything, *any* hints or clues related to the whereabouts of our other lost youth... let us know."

Test Tube stared at the communicator for a moment, before gratefully accepting it. "I swear on my life that I'll do everything in my power to help find your other youth."

The Prime Shimmer gave the impression of a relieved smile. "Thank

you. We'll forever be in your debt if that happens."

From the side of the carpet, Baseball clicked his tongue, drawing the attention of the others over to him. "Sorry to ruin the moment, but..." He pointed with a foot to the dented rocket sticking out of the floor. "Would you mind giving us a ride down?"

The grass was beginning to thin in Clock's path. He paced back and forth relentlessly, despite it only having been a couple minutes since the rocket made contact with the ship above. Tried as he might, he couldn't stop imagining worse and worse scenarios in his head, and it didn't help that MePad wasn't there to reassure him. What if the rocket crushed them all against the ship's floor instead of punching through? What if Cobs was too smart for them to even have a chance? What if-

He heard a faint zapping noise. A dim flash of light by some bushes in the distance caught his attention, but before he could go to investigate, different sounds above his head chased the previous thoughts out of his head. A bright light shone onto the ground from the underside of the enormous vessel, and - Clock had to blink several time to make sure he was seeing correctly - Test Tube, Fan, Lightbulb, Baseball, Knife, and Suitcase were descending down the tractor beam.

Ecstatic, Clock rushed over to the landing spot to meet them. "...how did you get GB's rocket?" He heard the tail end of a conversation between Test Tube and Fan as their voices entered his range of hearing. "I thought it was stuck in a giant pit that her team dug with it."

"Oh, we had MePad teleport it out!" Fan explained.

"Ah."

"You're all alive!!" Clock cried joyfully as they touched down. Above them, the light switched off while the ship silently soared away into space.

"Yup!" Lightbulb grinned. "Thanks to the kindness of those lovely alien Eggy clones up there."

"Eggy clones? Wait, *aliens??"*

Suitcase laughed softly. "It's a long story. It wasn't Cobs after all - just all a big misunderstanding. But everyone's happier now, including them."

Fan smiled weakly at this, trying to hide the sorrow he felt of losing the egg. Test Tube saw right through his charade and laid a hand on his 'shoulder.' "I know, buddy. But just think about how overjoyed the rest of the Shimmers must be," she comforted. Fan nodded.

The positive mood was cut short by a familiarly irritating host. "Hey! Hey, guys, over here!" The seven of them turned to see MePhone shouting at them, standing a few dozen feet away. "The first of you to bring Test Tube over here wins the contest!"

The contestants froze. Every single one of them had totally forgotten that there was also a challenge going on.

Fan was the first to react. He grabbed Test Tube's hand and yanked her away, running as fast as he could pull her towards MePhone. Knife broke into a sprint immediately after, hot on their heels. Lightbulb, Baseball, Clock, and Suitcase could do nothing but watch in confusion as Knife reached Fan, tripped him up, grabbed Test Tube around the middle, and crossed the remaining distance to MePhone.

"Good work, Knife!" The host gave him a thumbs up. "You win immunity! I've decided that Test Tube will also automatically be immune for this round, as she was the one initially kidnapped." Baseball and Suitcase exchanged worries glances as they walked over with Lightbulb and Clock to join the others.

Fan lifted himself off the ground, staring at Knife with an expression of disbelief. "You... I... I can't believe you just did that."

Knife gently set Test Tube back onto the grass. "It..." He took a deep breath. "It's just part of the game, man. There's not much we can do about it."

Slowly standing up, Fan's face morphed from disbelief into something worse. "I thought we all had a connection... up there, in the ship. We all did something good together - saved a friend, and helped return a child to its species. Yet, at the first chance you get, you do... this?"

"I am sorry, whether or not you believe me. But weren't you just about to do the same thing?"

Shocked at that response, Fan simply watched Knife walk off, looking a mixture of determined and ashamed. "Yeesh, talk about a party pooper," MePhone muttered. "Let's just get to the elimination already."

August 1st, 2020 (just past midnight)

One transition later, and the six contestants were sitting on stumps in the elimination area, waiting for the results. Clock leaned against one of the wooden walls in the back as a spectator. Everyone felt fatigued and ready to go to bed - it had been a long night for everyone involved.

Footsteps. MePhone emerged through the gates and took the stage. "Alright contestants, I'll read the votes. And MePad-"

He stopped. MePad was nowhere to be seen. "...ugh." He quickly generated a printer onto the stage.

"Is MePad gone now too?" Suitcase wondered.

"Nah, he'll be back," the host scoffed. "We all come and go, that's what it's all about! After today, I could not be more proud to still call myself your host. You're all winners in my book." Despite the fighting from earlier, the sheer relief of Cobs not being a threat after all couldn't dampen MePhone's mood forever. "...so who's gettin' the boot??"

He slapped the printer, and it beeped. Whirring, a piece of paper was slowly produced from the machine.

"Y-you could have generated ANYTHING!" Knife called out in disbelief.

MePhone snatched the paper from the printer. "Okay! First vote..." He paused for dramatic effect. "...Lightbulb."

Test Tube audibly gasped, and Lightbulb, Fan, and Knife looked surprised. Fan directed an uncertain look at Knife, but neither object said anything.

The paper flipped around. "Baseball."

No response from the sports globule.

"Fan." The next vote. "One vote Lightbulb, one vote Baseball, one vote Fan." Lightbulb and Fan glanced at each other nervously.

"Lightbulb." Suitcase had to force herself to not look at the bulb, who was chewing her nails nervously.

"Baseball. Two votes Lightbulb, Two votes Baseball, one vote Fan. One vote left." Fan breathed a sigh of relief as he realized he was safe, before immediately going back to worrying after remembering that Lightbulb was still in danger. Baseball glanced at Lightbulb and gulped, both team captains fearful of the final results.

The printer ejected a final sheet of paper and MePhone took it with a flourish. "And the fifteenth contestant eliminated is..." He turned the vote around, revealing it to everyone watching.

"...Baseball."

Lightbulb wiped her brow, grateful, but Baseball's face fell. "I'm sorry," Fan said to him from next to Test Tube. "It... it was really hard to do. It w... it wasn't personal..."

BB sighed reluctantly as he slid off his stumpy seat. "I think I get it. It's a game. But still... that moment by the vending machine, before the egg started hatching... that felt pretty personal to me."

None of the former Bright Lights would meet his eyes, so he directed his own gaze to Suitcase. "Hey, good luck, alright?"

She did her best to smile. "Th-thanks."

He nodded back. Turning around, Baseball walked up to the stage and stepped through the elimination portal.

Through a gap in the wooden walls surrounding the elimination area, II Taco observed everything with interest. After quickly scribbling down some notes, she stored her notepad inside her shell and pressed MePad's home button, teleporting away with a soft *vwoop*.

"The trial to test MePhoneX's ability to generate was... unsuccessful, to put it mildly. He began to generate a large boat after I gave him the 'ship' prompt, which is technically correct, but not what I was looking for. However, halfway through, a peculiar sound emanated from an unknown source, far away. Whatever it was, it appeared to have a massive effect on all Meeple devices stored in the MeCloud, causing many malfunctions to occur. Most notably was MePhoneX - the noise interrupted his generation, causing the rest of the boat to come out as what appeared to be some distorted marble. MePhoneX's mind was also affected, apparently going haywire. He lifted up the malformed ship and punched a hole through the floor of the cloud and tumbled to the ground below. Retrieval will occur in the morning, as most of the MeCloud is quite dysfunctional at the moment. But I am not optimistic about keeping MPX for the long run. That is all."

Cobs tapped the screen, ending his audio recording for the night. He

sighed and shuffled papers around on his desk, preparing for a long day of troubleshooting literally everything tomorrow. It was a wonder he had been able to get the power back on in the first place.

Thump.

He paused for a second before shrugging. He was tired, and must have just imagined the noise.

Thump thump thump.

He shot out of his chair. He definitely *hadn't* imaged that knocking on his office door. "Hello?" Cobs called out. "Who's there?"

The door slid open, and much to Cobs' surprise, MePhoneX marched in, dragging something white behind him. "MePhoneX?" he asked in disbelief. "How did you-"

MPX heaved the object he was carrying forward and pushed it towards him. It slid across the floor, stopping at the foot of Cobs' desk. The corn man adjusted his glasses and leaned closer to get a better look. "Is that... a toilet?"

The object jumped up in fright, causing Cobs to take a step back. "Ahhh!! Where- where am I??" it shouted, whirling around to get a look at its surroundings. The moment Cobs heard the voice, he recognized the creature as Toilet, one of the co-hosts for MePhone4's show.

Toilet eventually laid eyes on Cobs. "Oh! Mistah Cobs, thank goodness! For ah moment theah, I thought I was in danger. Phew!"

A slow smile spread onto Cobs' face. "Perfect," he said, mostly to himself. The command to attack and/or capture anybody relating to MePhone4 that he had implemented in most Meeple devices seemed to have worked in this case. "Excellent work, MePhoneX. Take him to... ugh. Take him to my quarters for now," he requested, unable to quickly think of an alternative that wouldn't sound suspicious to the porcelain prisoner. "See that he's treated well, and once he's settled, get the MePods working again. We're going to need them for repairs tomorrow."

MePhoneX nodded and gestured for Toilet to follow. "Apologies about the rough treatment from him," Cobs said as Toilet turned to go. "He's new."

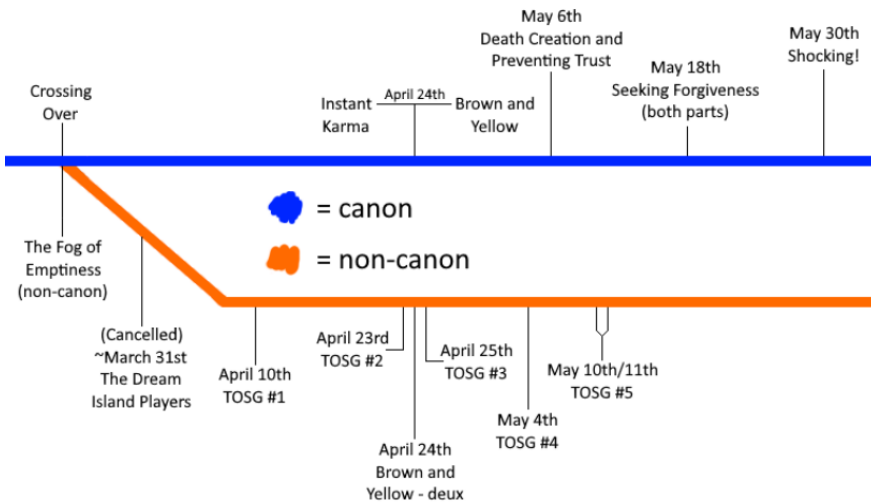
"No problem, mistah Cobs! Thahnks for your hahspitality!" Toilet replied joyfully.

Cobs waited until they were through the office door before letting the smile drop off his face. "Oh, you'll be seeing lots more of my hospitality, I assure you."

6333 words... I've got to stop breaking my own record

thankfully the last few chapters are already pre-written and I can definitely say that this one is the longest

like I said in the last II2-themed chapter, though, ain't it interesting to see what's changed and what hasn't? constants and variables...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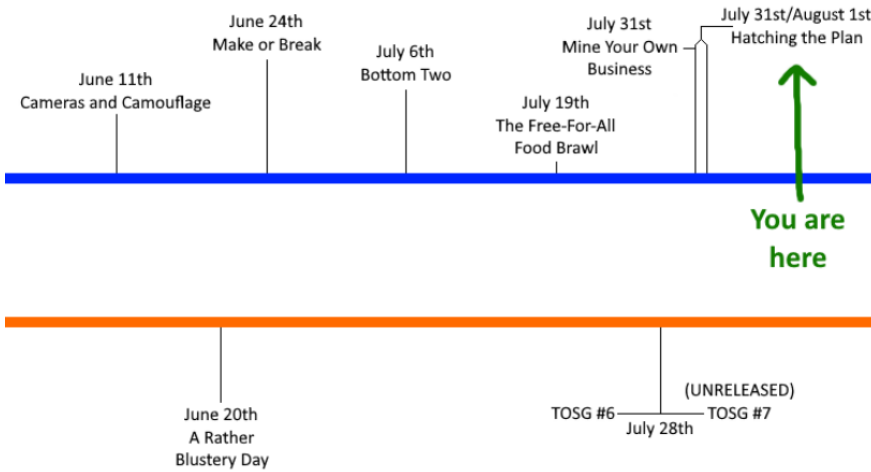
Death Creation and
Preventing Trust
May 30th
Shocking!
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness
(both parts)
Crossing
Over
Instant
Karma
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of
Emptiness
(non-canon)
(Cancelled)
~March 31st
The Dream
Island Players
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5
May 4th
TOSG #4
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow - deux


June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
June 24th
Make or Break
July 6th
Bottom Two
July 19th
The Free-For-All
Food Brawl
July 31st
Mine Your Own
Business
July 31st/August 1st
Hatching the Plan
You are
here
June 20th
A Rather
Blustery Day
TOSG #6
July 28th
(UNRELEASED)
TOSG #7

TOSG #7: Puffball's Pun Hitlist

(Note: this chapter of TOSG is actually the second part to another, labelled "TOSG #6: Wake up, sleepyhead!" If you haven't already, please go read that one first, as this chapter will make a lot more sense with context.)

July 28th, 2020, 8:04 am

Balloony, Blocky, Bottle, Firey, Fries, Gelatin, II Nickel, Leafy, Lightbulb, Marker, Test Tube, Tissues, and TV are online

Balloony: what do we do about Puffball??

Fries: I've known her for long enough to know when she won't stop at something

Fries: so I'm not worrying about it

Balloony: YOURE NOT ON THE HITLIST

Fries: me and the other Foodies are preparing to go to war against Lightbulb

Test Tube: that's the spirit!

Marker: I *would* really appreciate some help

Balloony: are you guys really going to focus on this petty fight right now? Puffball is LITERALLY hunting objects down

Blocky: and Lightbulb is LITERALLY holding objects hostage

Lightbulb: oui oui mon ami

Tissues: this sounds like a you problem, Balloony

Balloony: oh my air pump

Balloony and Tissues are offline

TV: I have to agree with Balloony here, I believe Puffball is the more serious threat at the moment

II Nickel: TV, read the room! Nobody cares.

TV: this situation has become desperate.

TV is offline

Firey: good riddance, am I right?

Leafy: I liked TV!

Test Tube: well, now that they're gone, we can focus on the real problem: a little light who's gotten a taste of power!

Lightbulb: muahahahahahah

Bottle: I'm going in!

Gelatin: good luck!

Bottle is offline

Gelatin: she's totally going to die

Blocky: mhm

Leafy: Look on the bright side, maybe she'll survive!

Cherries is online

Cherries: nope

Cherries: just joined Blocky and Jelly boy on the easter egg pillar, and we can see EVERYTHING from up here!

Cherries: and that includes Bottle's corpse

Leafy: oh

Leafy: :(

Fries: the Foodies have arrived

Fries: point us in the direction of Lightbulb

Marker: we're at the laamehmbcjcdejx

Marker is offline

Lightbulb: sorry, I had to take away his phoney phone

Test Tube: it's useless, I already know where you are

Leafy: doesn't Fan also have a phone? why isn't he online?

Lightbulb: I handcuffed him

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: sorry

Paintbrush: she *what?*

Lightbulb: Painty! I thought you waz a-sleepin'!

Paintbrush: a million notifs woke me up what in the world is going on?

Test Tube: paintbrush, for the love of all that is worth anything, PLEASE just tell Lightbulb to let go of her hostages and surrender

Paintbrush: ?

Paintbrush: ok?

Paintbrush: Lightbulb, please free the objects you have hostage (??) and surrender(???)

Lightbulb: no

Test Tube: drat, that usually works

II Nickel: I'M HERE

II Nickel: can we get Baseball back now

Fries: the Foodies and I are ready

Test Tube: I am as well

Test Tube: time for a joint attack!

II Nickel: CHARGE

Fries, II Nickel, Lightbulb, and Test Tube are offline

Blocky: I REALLY wish I had some popcorn right now

Cherries: ditto

Paintbrush: why does this chat always give me a headache

Puffball is online

Leafy: this can't be good

Puffball: Two down. 4 targets remaining.

Leafy: NICKEL NOOOOOOOOO

Puffball: Next target: Gelatin.

Gelatin: should I be concerned about this?

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

Leafy: "Fear the flier," indeed.

Leafy: I'm getting Cloudy.

Leafy is offline

Paintbrush: can somebody PLEASE catch me up on what whatever's going on??

Paintbrush is offline

Gelatin: I need to get down from this thing

Gelatin: where's the ladder

Firey: that would be my fault, sorry

Blocky: YOU BURNED IT??

Cherries: so now we're stuck up here with a serial killer on their way?

Gelatin: that is an accurate description of our current situation right now, yes

Firey: erm, more bad news

Firey: PB just came out of Test Tube's lab, and Leafy's tying to stop her

Blocky: gimme the binocs now

Blocky: crap Leafy's dead

Cherries: I thought she wasn't on Puffball's pun hitlist?

Blocky: she must have just been in her way

Firey is offline

Blocky: FIREY'S GOING AFTER HER

Blocky: THE MADLAD

Blocky: and he's dead too... I'm not sure how

II Nickel and Test Tube are online

II Nickel: well, *that* was a disaster

Gelatin: what happened?

Test Tube: we barely managed to free Baseball and Marker and escape with our lives

Test Tube: but ALL the other Foodies died

Blocky: SHES COMING UP GUYS

Test Tube: what

A few minutes earlier...

July 28th, 2020, 8:06 am

Balloony created a new chat named: Help

Balloony added BFB Nickel, TV, GB, TB, Donut, Barf Bag, Needle, Fanny, Flower, Ruby, Taco, TD, Knife, and Paintbrush to: Help

Balloony and TV are online

Balloony: @everyone GET IN HERE WE HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM

Balloony: @BFB_Nickel ESPECIALLY YOU

Knife is online

Knife: what's going on *now?*

Flower, Ruby, and Taco are online

Taco: hey

Ruby: Floweruby is in the HOUSE!

Flower: sup

Donut is online

Donut: do I really want to know?

Donut: also, two group chats is two too many

TV: you need to know, whether you want to or not

TV: please get as many people online as you can

Donut: fine I'll dm Barfy

TD is online

Donut is offline

TD: is this about the Lightbulb war?

Ruby: the what?

GB and TB are online

GB: TV has personally informed us of the situation. How can we be of assistance?

Balloony: I'm waiting until more people are online

GB: Please do not waste my time.

Barf Bag and Donut are online

TV: that's probably enough

TB: what's this about?

Balloony: basically Puffball's gone mad and is hunting down people who have made puns around her recently i.e. me, Nickel, Fan, Gelatin, Lightbulb, and Cheesy

Balloony: Cheesy's already dead and all the others except Nickel and I are in the IIverse

Balloony: PB's going after Nickel right now

Barf Bag: ...what?

TV: that's the gist of it

Flower: that sounds insane!

TV: it's the truth

Knife: I don't understand

Knife: couldn't you just get Four to deal with her? isn't he some sort of all-powerful demon or something?

Knife: also why create a new group chat just for this and invite us specifically

Balloony: Four's MIA right now and everyone else in the TOSG chat is either in Hotel OJ and can't help us, or more focused on some stupid war with Lightbulb

TD: oh, *that*

Donut: not this again

Taco: I can see Puffball looking around right now, and she *does* look off somehow

BFB Nickel is online

BFB Nickel: who pinged me

Balloony: NICKEL

BFB Nickel: oh hey

Balloony: RUN

Balloony: PUFFBALLS COMING FOR YOU

BFB Nickel: ???

TV: just get as far away from here as you can!

TB: Where's Death PACT? Surely they can help?

TV: all dead except for Black Hole

Ruby: someone get Black Hole then!

TD: I don't see him anywhere

Flower: how can you possibly miss a giant, floating circle of death

Taco: see, you would think that, but I've managed to lose track of Puffball

TB: Oh, dear.

BFB Nickel: I'm going into hiding

BFB Nickel is offline

GB: To the factory, TB! There must be a weapon down there somewhere! Or a containment device!

GB and TB are offline

Needle is online

Needle: if you all need Black Hole for something, he's chatting with Fanny right now

Balloony: GO GET HIM

Needle: he's way too far away, there's no way he'd hear me

Flower: @Fanny get yo butt over here

Fanny is online

Fanny: I would appreciate it if you cretins wouldn't interrupt my conversation

Balloony: DOESNT MATTER JUST TELL BLACK HOLE TO FIND AND

DEAL WITH PUFFBALL

Paintbrush is online

Paintbrush: it's too late

Paintbrush: I don't know what exactly is going on, but Puffball just said in TOSG that her next target is Gelatin or something

Balloony: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Knife: wait, you were serious about Puffball?

TV: yes!!

TD: where's Gelly right now, again?

TV: IIverse

TD: omw

TD is offline

Balloony: we have to stop puffy

Balloony: you guys prevent her from entering the portal

Balloony: i'll get cloudy

Balloony is offline

Needle: about that...

Needle: some people saw Puffball kill Nickel and tried to stop her from going through the portal

Needle: they're dead now

Taco: who?

Needle: Gaty, Basketball, Pin, and Bubble, for some reason

Needle: I don't know what *she* was thinking

Donut: good gravy

Barf Bag: what about MePhone4?

Ruby: I'm in the IIverse right now, I can try to find him!

Knife: get MePad and Toilet, too, if you can find them

Ruby is offline

Fanny: I don't know what's going on but I politely asked Black Hole to try and stop Puffball when she comes back to Goiky

Flower: "politely," my foot

Fanny: shut

Paintbrush: update: Puffball's on the other side now and just killed Firey and Leafy

TV: let's switch back to TOSG, it'll be easier to communicate between everyone

Taco: good idea!

Barf Bag, Donut, Flower, Knife, Needle, Paintbrush, Taco, and TV are offline

Fanny: I still have zero clue on what's happening right now

Fanny: but I hate it all

Fanny is offline

TOSG

July 28th, 2020, 8:11 am

Blocky, Cherries, Gelatin, II Nickel, and Test Tube are online

Blocky: SHES COMING UP GUYS

Test Tube: what

Taco is online

Taco: incoming

Barf Bag, Donut, Fanny, Paintbrush, and TV are online

Donut: where's Flower, Knife, and Needle?

TD is online

TD: on their way to the IIverse

Flower, Knife, and Needle are online

Flower: here

Test Tube: context is needed please

TV: Puffball's on a rampage, like Balloony was telling you earlier

Blocky is offline

II Nickel: oh my mint

II Nickel: Blocky just jumped off that easter column thing

Test Tube is offline

II Nickel: ...and landed on Test Tube. welp, guess who else is dead!

Blocky is online

Blocky: I LIVED

Gelatin and Cherries are offline

Barf Bag: Drat, are we too late?

Puffball is online

Puffball: Three down. 3 to go. Collateral damage acceptable.

Donut: I have a really bad feeling the Cherries are dead as well

Puffball: Next target: Lightbulb.

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

II Nickel: well, one way or the other, *one* of them is going to get what's coming to her

Lightbulb is online

Lightbulb: it's going to take a little more than a ball of fluff to stop ME!

TV: Lightbulb, she's already killed 13 objects.

Lightbulb: oh

Lightbulb: in that case can someone let me into the hotel

II Nickel: NO

II Nickel: Baseball and I are already safe inside

II Nickel: last time a flier came anywhere near here, they basically wrecked the top few floors

Blocky: ah, memories

Needle: she hasn't seen you yet, Lightbulb

TV: wait, Lightbulb, if you kidnapped Suitcase and Fan, where are they now?

Lightbulb: I let Suitcase go and idk where Fan is

Trophy is online

Trophy: yo LB

Lightbulb: Trophy, my guy!

Trophy: I see you at the front door, just sent Mic down to open it

II Nickel: TROPHY NOOO

Mic is online

Mic: I'm already in the lobby, I'm not going to stop unless you give me a good reason to

II Nickel: IF YOU LET HER IN A DEMON WILL LIKELY FOLLOW AND KILL ANYONE IN HER PATH TO GET TO LIGHTBULB

Lightbulb: TOO LATE IM IN

II Nickel: AAAAA

Barf Bag: I feel like I'm watching a movie.

Taco: same

Donut: a trainwreck of a movie.

Fanny: this movie sucks

Blocky: I'd give it 5 stars!

Blocky: well, no, 4 stars. I almost died

TD: gonna check on where Balloony and Cloudy are brb

TD is offline

Trophy: context on what in the world is going on?

II Nickel: basically you've doomed us all

Mic: come on, it can't be *that* bad

Needle: it's that bad.

Knife: Puffball's heading for the hotel

II Nickel: earth save me

Taco: we have to help them!

Barf Bag: What, and get ripped apart like everyone else? We need to approach this sensibly!

Flower: NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR SENSIBILITY!!

Paintbrush: normally, I'd agree with BB, but there's no logic in this situation, just chaos

Paintbrush: best way to fight chaos? with more chaos!

Fanny: I like you

Trophy: I don't think that how it works

Taco: I'm going in, anyway!

Taco is offline

Marker is online

Marker: thank goodness Test Tube had a spare phone in her lab

II Nickel: how many spare phones does that woman *have?*

Needle: Puffball just entered the hotel

II Nickel: I AM GOING TO PERISH SOON ARENT I

Mic: why do I hear boss music

Mic is offline

Paintbrush: oh wood, I hear screaming

Lightbulb: I'm going to the highest floor

Trophy: no worries, guys, I can easily take Puffball down!

II Nickel: NO YOU CANT

Tissues is online

Tissues: can you guys quiet down? I'm trying to play a board game here

Tissues: also, do I smell smoke?

Yin-Yang is online

Yin-Yang: why is the hotel on fire???

Yin-Yang: AND FOR ONCE, IT'S NOT MY FAULT

II Nickel: LIGHTBULB PLEASE JUST GET OUT OF THE HOTEL

Lightbulb: NO

Ruby is online

Ruby: I found the II hosts!!

TV: add them to the chat! or bring them over here!

Ruby: well

Ruby: when I say I found them, I mean I found a note from them that just says "On vacation for a few days"

Needle: aw, seriously?

Knife: Typical.

Tissues and Yin-Yang are offline

Fanny: ok, I heard that explosion from over here in Goiky, what have you morons done now

Knife: the fire must have reached Bomb

Donut: you guys have a Bomby, too?

Box is online

II Nickel: WERE SAVED

II Nickel: BOX PLEASE HELP US I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT

Box: Sorry, sonny, you're on your own for this one.

Box is offline

Trophy: *what.*

II Nickel: We're all going to die.

Lightbulb: why is the ground tilting

Marker: is the building supposed to be leaning towards us like that?

Paintbrush: ITS FALLING OVER ITS GONNA HIT US

Donut: *WHAT?!*

Ruby: *RUN*

Blocky, Flower, II Nickel, Knife, Lightbulb, Marker, Needle, Paintbrush, Ruby, and Trophy are offline

Barf Bag: oh my SAP

Barf Bag: are they *ALL* dead?!?

Fanny: mhm

Fanny: I was looking through the portal when the building fell and saw most of them get crushed

Knife is online

Fanny: except him

TV: goodness, how are you even alive??

Knife: I was closest to the portal, and I barely made it out

Knife: almost re-broke my leg

Knife: I'm also pretty sure anyone who was inside the hotel is now dead as well - Balloon, Soap, Baseball, Paper, OJ, Salt, Box, etc.

Donut: what about Suitcase? and isn't Clock still over there?

Knife: they both joined the general crowd that was watching the hotel get destroyed, so they're gone too

TV: and Puffball?

Knife: Trust me. There's *no* way anybody else could have escaped that mess alive.

Fanny: don't jinx it

Puffball is online

Fanny: you jinxed it

Donut: FOR CRYING OUT LOUD

Puffball: Four down. 2 to go. Collateral damage acceptable.

Barf Bag: WHAT DO YOU MEAN "ACCEPTABLE"

Puffball: Next target: Balloony.

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

Donut: KNIFE GET AWAY FROM THE PORTAL

Knife: already running

Fanny: I'm getting away from this place, too

Fanny: it's cursed

Donut: I'm going to go tell everyone who's still alive over here to watch out for Puffball

Donut is offline

Knife: fyi Black Hole is still waiting by the portal for her

TV: isn't he against preventing death?

Knife: I explained the problem to him, and he agreed that ending the life of one to save many would be preventing more death than if he let the one kill many others

GB and TB are online

GB: I wish we had better news, but we are unable to find anything so far that may stand a chance against Puffball.

TB: We're going to continue searching for now.

Fanny: you could go faster, Puffy's already killed a couple dozen people

GB: WHAT

Fanny: and heading this way

GB: We're running out of time

Fanny: and she's here

Fanny: oh my fan factory.

Fanny: SHE MURDERED BLACK HOLE.

TV: *WHAT*

Barf Bag: *HOW*

TB: I am EXTREMELY confused right now

Fanny: he's just

Fanny: GONE

TD is online

TD: what the heck happened while I was gone

TV: Puffball

TD: the usual, then

TD: anyway, I think Balloony should be on in a moment

Balloony is online

Barf Bag: Balloony, run! Puffball's after you now! Everyone else in the IIverse is dead, and even Black Hole couldn't stop her!

Balloony: I have Cloudy.

TB: Oh, NOW we stand a chance!

Balloony: He is ready for retribution.

Donut is online

Donut: everyone else is either hiding or ready to fight Puffball

GB: TV, Donut, status report! Who else is still alive?

Donut: I only talked to Naily, Bomby, and Saw, but I can see several others still here

TV: Grassy, Bomby, Naily, Coiny, Eggy, Lightning, Pencil, Snowball, Cloudy, Rocky, Woody, Ice Cube, Lollipop, Saw, and us

TV: everyone on Death PACT has perished, and so has Free Food, excluding Puffball

TV: and I believe Knife is the last object from the IIverse left alive

Knife: dang

Knife: did I just win my show by default?

TD: congrats lol

Fan is online

TD: congrats retracted

Fan: WHO

Fan: ALMOST DROPPED A *BUILDING*

TV: ???

Fan: ON MY HEAD

TV: I thought you got kidnapped by Lightbulb?

TB: ??????????

Fan: yeah and she handcuffed me too

Fan: put Test Tube's Inconspicuity whatever thing on me so nobody noticed me

GB: Handcuffs? My experience in that field of knowledge is limited, but aren't those hard to escape?

Fan: oh, I pulled the old "dislocate your thumbs and slip out" thing

Fanny: the what

Fan: don't worry though, my hands heal fast! otherwise I'd be screaming in pain right now as I typed out these messages

Fan: I assume I should stay as far away from Puffball as possible?

Balloony: yup

Fan: I'll stay over here then

TD: imma join you

Barf Bag: Lightning, Pencil, Snowball, and Naily just tried to stop Puffball... they're gone

GB: At this point, I do not believe Tennis Ball and I can be of any more assistance, at least physically.

GB: I've locked us in our factory. Please keep us updated.

Puffball is online

Puffball: Annoying threat blocking path.

Fan: she's speaking like a robot!

Puffball: Objectives adjusted. Current target: everyone.

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

Fanny: is that enough of an update for you?

Donut: can this day get any worse?

Fanny: STOP JINXING IT

Balloony: Cloudy's flying over to her but we won't get there for another minute or so

Barf Bag: a minute can do a lot of damage

Barf Bag: SHE HAS BOMBY

Donut: WNFODJEH NO

Donut is offline

GB: Donut, come back! Rushing in there blindly to save your friend will only get you killed!

Barf Bag is offline

GB: Her, too?? Why won't anyone ever LISTEN to me!?

Fanny: let me count the reasons...

Fanny: oh, I'm going to have to count quickly - she's broken into the factory with Bomby

GB: W

GB and TB are offline

Fan: wow, I heard that explosion from all the way over here!

TV: my fellow ABNTT members ;-;

Knife: I think it's about time that I slowly started to walk backwards towards the portal and away from here

TD: lmao fool I'm already over there

Fanny: in case it's not obvious already, Barf Bag and Donut are officially dead now as well

Fanny: so's Ice Cube, Woody, Rocky... wow, they're all dropping like flies. I hate how much killing there is

Fanny: and there goes Grassy too

TV: :O

TV: >:(

TV: that's it

TV is offline

Fanny: and another clown joins the circus

Fanny: this is stupid.

Balloony: WE'RE HERE

Balloony: just jumped off Cloudy, he's headed right towards Puffball

Knife: oh, what the whetstone is happening now?

Fanny: ay, a lights show!

Balloony: THEYRE BOTH GIVING OFF SPARKS

Balloony: THEYRE *BOTH* SHOOTING OFF LIGHTNING BOLTS WHAT THE PIN

TD: HOW

Fan: if I weren't terrified for my life right now I'd come over to see this

Knife: oh gRUN

Balloony, Fanny, and Knife are offline

Fan: guys?

Fan: guys???

TD: they're probably dead, Fan

Fan: but what about Puffball???

TD: if she's alive, we'll know soon

TD: let's just hold out for a few minutes

Fan: I'm not moving an inch

July 28th, 2020, 8:35 am

TD: well, she hasn't said anything

TD: I think we might have done it

TD: I'm gonna go back and check real quick

Fan: you do that

TD: jeez, there's nothing but carnage over here

TD: hold on

TD is offline

Fan: ...Teardrop?

Puffball is online

Fan: *COME ON*

Puffball: Sixty-eight down. 1 target remaining.

Fan: TD NO

Puffball: Final target: Fan.

Puffball: Fear the flier.

Puffball is offline

Fan: this is it

TD is online

TD: PSYCHE

Fan: whatt

TD: sorry not sorry but I saw Puffball's phone on the ground and couldn't resist

Fan: why

Fan: you little

Fan: ok you know what, I can't even stay mad at that, that was genius. well done 👏

Fan: almost gave me a heart attack though

TD: *bows theatrically*

Fan: but seriously. is she dead?

TD: mhm, and she killed the everything else as well

TD: some sort of electrical explosion? idk

TD: but EVERYONE over here is dead

Fan: are you telling me that we are the sole survivors of Puffball's pun hitlist?

TD: ayyyyyYUP.

Match is online

Match: hey, I survived too!

Fan: first of all: you're in the EXIT, and therefore protected by Four

Fan: second: be glad you're safe in there

Match: not exactly

Match: Liy and Tree's argument got so bad that people, like, started a huge fistfight

Match: and Four killed, like, everyone temporarily to stop them

Match: except me cause I stayed out of the fight :)

TD: we're all survivors of some sort of massacre

Bow is online

Fan: what

Bow: *ahem*

Bow: I hope you didn't forget about *me*

Fan: how are you

Fan: actually I don't want to know, I've had enough weirdness for today

Bow: I'm a ghost!

Match: say what now?

TD: that is still as confusing as the first time I heard it

Four: erm

TD: Uh oh.

Four: what.

Four: the heck.

Four: happened here.

Four: X and I leave you all alone for half an hour, and now you're all missing?

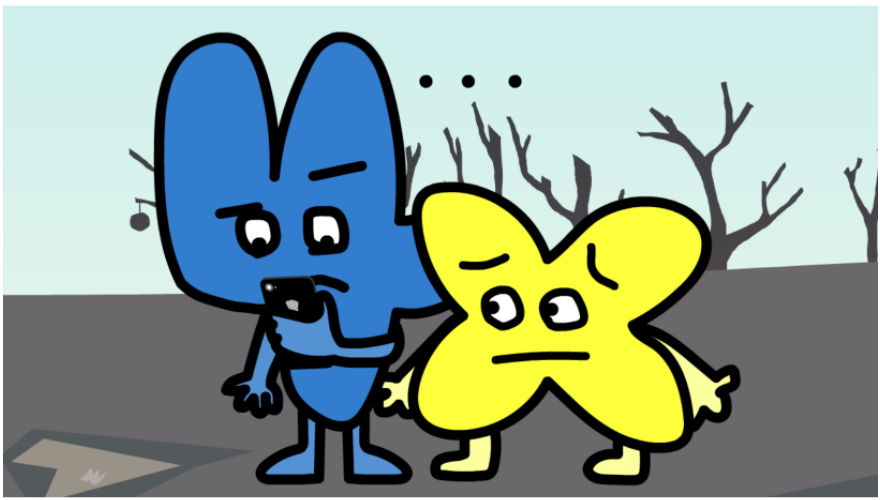
TD: do you not see the corpses

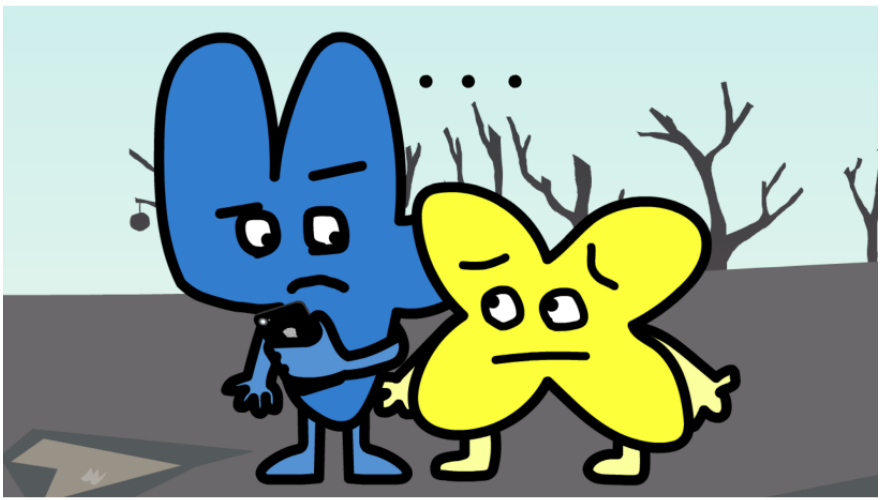
Bow: uhg, I wish I was there now, whatever happened sounds a lot more interesting then being stuck in a mansion forEVER

Fan: so, Fourty-Four, here's how it went down

Fan: Tl;dr, Puffball hates puns so much that she started hunting down objects who had made them recently. Then she went a little cuckoo and started killing literally everyone. And succeeded. That's INCLUDING everyone in the IIverse - Hotel OJ got completely wrecked. TD and I were the only survivors.

Mngstn+
8:42
79%
TOSG
how it went down
Tl;dr, Puffball hates puns so much that she started hunting down objects who had made them recently. Then she went a little cuckoo and started killing literally everyone. And succeeded. That's INCLUDING everyone in the llverse - Hotel OJ got completely wrecked. TD and I were the only survivors.
Message





Four: I think it's about time that I deleted this group chat

Match: awh

Fan: WAIT

Four: *what?*

Fan: if we're going out, then I want to go out with our TRUE name

Fan changed the chat name to: The Object Show Gang

TD: so *that's* what it stands for!

Fan: does that quench your curiosity?

TD: consider it quenched

Four: say your goodbyes

Fan: Farewell, TOSG!

Match: like, bye! t'was cool to talk to y'all again!

TD:

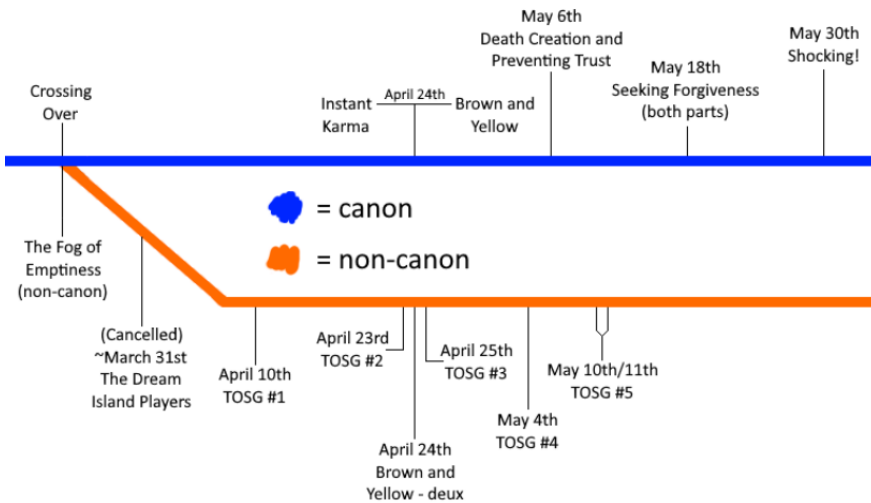
Bow: WATCH INANIMATE INSANITY INVITATIONAL!!!

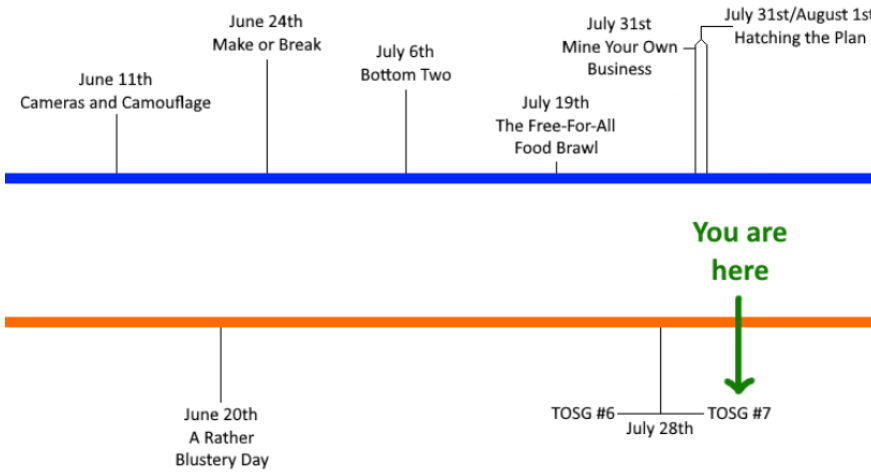
Fan: what

Four deleted the chat: The Object Show Gang

Haha, I guess you could call this the punultimate chapter

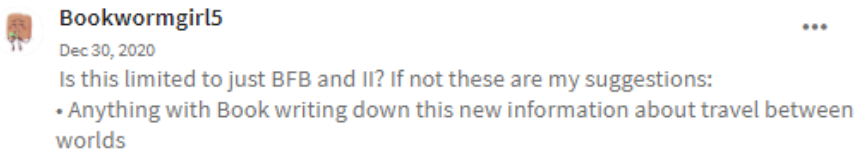
...I'm going to hell for that joke, aren't I


May 6th
Death Creation and
Preventing Trust
May 30th
Shocking!
May 18th
Seeking Forgiveness
(both parts)
Crossing
Over
Instant
Karma
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow
= canon
= non-canon
The Fog of
Emptiness
(non-canon)
(Cancelled)
~March 31st
The Dream
Island Players
April 10th
TOSG #1
April 23rd
TOSG #2
April 25th
TOSG #3
May 10th/11th
TOSG #5
May 4th
TOSG #4
April 24th
Brown and
Yellow - deux


June 11th
Cameras and Camouflage
June 24th
Make or Break
July 6th
Bottom Two
July 19th
The Free-For-All
Food Brawl
July 31st
Mine Your Own
Business
July 31st/August 1st
Hatching the Plan
You are
here
June 20th
A Rather
Blustery Day
TOSG #6
July 28th
TOSG #7

[Canon request] End of the Beginning

(Not EXACTLY a request, but rather, inspired by one. Again, this was made before I closed requests, so it's been pending for a LONG time. It was actually the second ever request to be made!)


Bookwormgirl5
Dec 30, 2020
Is this limited to just BFB and II? If not these are my suggestions:
• Anything with Book writing down this new information about travel between worlds

(Clarification: this chapter is a collection of various snippets from Book's journal entries, starting from the beginning of Crossing Over, through the Short Stories, and even some of the sequel hehe. Also, I put the final timeline at the top because this story doesn't exactly fit into it, so it's more or less the same as the timeline from last chapter)

March 24th, 2020

Dear me,

Today has been a very... strange day. Some weird portal opened up above Four and sucked in a bunch of contestants before closing. One of them was Taco. I think she's alright, but I haven't actually been in direct contact with her yet. I hope *she's fine...*

Later, Four revealed that those guys had been transported into another universe. Crazy! But apparently true. And the current contest is to get any teammates who went through back. But it's already the end of the day,

and the only team who's even gotten close to finding another way to that alternate dimension is A Better Name Than That - and they're not sharing their secrets with anyone, except that new guy.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot to mention; someone actually came THROUGH the portal from the other side. Accidentally, I think. His name is Fan, and he's... a fan. He's not electric like Fanny though. Two fans in one place... this competition just keeps getting weirder and weirder every challenge.

Anyway, that's about it for today, I think. Once the initial shock of everything had worn off, there was basically nothing we could do to try to get Taco and Teardrop back. (I use the word "we" lightly; the others wouldn't really let me participate in the brainstorming session.) I guess we'll just have to wait and see what happens next...

Good night, me.
- Book

March 25th, 2020

Dear me,

We saw Dora today.

Yeah. I don't really know how it happened, but earlier, Dora shot out of Golf Ball's underground factory. Four tried chasing after her, but she somehow managed to escape him. She's more versatile than I originally thought.

Also, two teams managed to get immunity today. Gelatin apparently blew himself up, along with Donut, Fries, and Leafy, and returned to Goiky when Four recovered them. It's a really smart plan in retrospect. I'm just worried that Taco and Teardrop may have to do the same to get back here. Maybe they already did? Oh library, now I'm feeling paranoid. I'm going to go ask Four to try recovering them.
- Book

March 31st, 2020

Dear me,

Good news at last! Taco and Teardrop got back today, and without dying, too. Apparently, Pillow from Death PACT discovered these "multicrystals" in Test Tube's lab (Test Tube is one of the objects in the other universe), which let her and my teammates return to Goiky. It was a nice reunion, even though I only watched from afar.

In other news, The Losers lost, fittingly enough. I heard from Pin (who had been told by Leafy) that Clock actually wanted to stay behind *in the IIverse. (That's what we're calling the other universe now. It sucks, and nobody knows who came up with the name, but it somehow stuck.) I've never personally met Clock, but if that decision makes him happy, then I'm not one to question it.*

Jeez, I didn't even realize how late it was. Today's been a hectic day, and I'm pretty tired, so I'm going to sleep now.

Things are looking up!
- Book

May 30th, 2020

i got eliminated :(

thats all for now

June 11th, 2020

Dear me,

I think I've mostly gotten over my elimination. Eternal algebra isn't fun, per se, but it's not as bad as I originally thought it would be. Mostly boring. The main problem is the other eliminated contestants down here.

For one, I barely know any of them. Robot Flower came down here today, which means there are now 14 others with me. Clock and Dora are still eliminated as well, but Clock is still in the IIverse (to my knowledge), and

nobody knows where Dora went after she escaped. I spent many hours looking, too.

Then... there's Match and Pencil. They're the only ones I REALLY know down here, and out of all the objects I know, they might be the worse to be stuck with for months on end (except for maybe Lollipop). Thankfully, we've just stayed out of each other's ways. Match barely acknowledges my existence, but I've caught Pencil stealing glances at me sometimes. If I didn't know better, I'd swear she looked guilty about something.

So, to summarize, I know almost nobody down here, and those that I do know likely hate me. But besides that, it's not that bad. I've just been keeping to myself, really. Maybe it's better that I don't interact with anyone new... I don't want to start another conflict.

I'll just hope for a rejoin soon.
- Book

June 24th, 2020

Dear me,

Good news (sort of) and bad news. And then more good news? Maybe. I'm not quite sure yet.

Four told us there was going to be a rejoin today. I couldn't contain my excitement, to be honest. Unfortunately, I wasn't voted back... Pencil *was.*

Jeez. Even though I saw it happen, writing it down still makes me sound insane. She seemed to be as surprised as I felt, and as surprised as everyone else looked. Granted, maybe not all of the newbies in BFB knew of Pencil's short-lived reign of terror. But I still find it hard to believe that she got more votes than anyone else.

(Side note: Four also shared the rest of the results with us Exitors. Another surprise; I got the third most number of votes, just behind Loser! It was unexpected, but it did warm my heart to see that there are at least some more people up there who still see me as a friend.)

In a way, though, this is also good news, I think. Now that Pencil's up

there, competing with the others again, that means she's no longer down here. She hadn't actually bothered me once while we shared the same space in the EXIT, but it's still a relief. I was constantly worried that she would walk up to me and start berating me for joining a different team.

As for Match... she's not very happy. Pencil leaving really took a hit on her. If I'm being honest, though, Match was never that bad. It was mainly Pencil who did all the bad things, and Match just followed. Maybe I can try talking to her, now that Pencil's out of the way?

I'll think about it some more.
- Book

July 19th, 2020

Dear me,

I finally worked up the courage to talk to Match today. She seems to be doing ok now, attempting to strike up more conversations with the other Exitors. She's a bit nicer than I remember her being, actually. I guess Pencil really was *a big influence on her.*

Speaking of Pencil, Match told me a lot of stuff about her. Apparently, as crazy as it sounds... she's trying to redeem herself. Match told me about how "Pence-Pence" had felt guilty about what she'd done to Golf Ball, Bubble, and various other objects... me included.

I have a lot of stuff to think about.
-Book

August 1st, 2020

Dear me,

After a LOT of thought, I think that the next time we meet - be it me rejoining or Pencil getting eliminated again - I'm going to try giving her a second chance. After all, where would I be now, had Taco not given ME a second chance?

...ok, I'd probably still be eliminated. Even though Taco has been benevolent towards me, the viewers rarely give us second chances. But hey, what really matters in the end is the friends you've made along the way, as cheesy as that sounds.

In other news, ***[SPOILERS]*** *was eliminated today. Not really much else to say on that part, I just felt like writing that down.*

Later.
- Book

August 1st (again), 2020

Dear me,

Wow! I don't think I've ever written two journal entries in one day before. But to be fair, something new DID happen pretty soon after I finished the previous one.

To make a long story short, a fight broke out in the EXIT. I'm not sure how exactly it started - I think it was some beef between Liy, Stapy, and Foldy - but it got pretty bad. The worst was when David died after joining the fight, but the whole thing was WILD.

Fortunately, it all ended when Four came down and put a stop to it, recovering David as well. Un*fortunately, ALL of us had to listen to an hour-long lecture after that. So, not fun. One weird thing to note is that when David was recovered, he was... I think comatose is the right word. He hasn't responded to anything, and he's still unconscious as I'm writing this. I hope he's alright.*

That's all for today, and I know it this time. I waited until it was night to make sure nothing else would happen.
- Book

August 2nd, 2020

Dear me,

Three journal entries in two days? That must be a new record.

Anyway, David woke up today, and he's been acting oddly. Well, David's always odd. That's a universal constant. But he's been acting oddly as in uncharacteristic. I'm not really sure how to describe it, he just feels... off.

Not to mention the fact that he kicked down the EXIT's door earlier and ran out. According to Four, he managed to escape back to Goiky, but Four caught and killed him. As punishment, he's not going to be recovered for a week. But Four refuses to tell us what David did out there, if anything.

I'm going to take a nap. My hand's starting to hurt a little from all the writing I've been doing recently, and my head's feeling twitchy.
- Book

August 3rd, 2020

Dear me,

I guess writing at least one journal entry per day is the new norm. To be fair, though, the EXIT has *had a lot of unusual events recently.*

I've had a small headache all day. That's not super unusual in itself, as everyone gets headaches - the really weird thing is that ALL the eliminated contestants have one as well. I've never seen something like this before. Maybe it's some weird side effect from being in the EXIT so long?

At least it's not too *bad, it's really more of an annoyance than anything. I just hope it doesn't get worse.*
- Book

August 4th, 2020

Dear me,

It got worse. The others are feeling the same way.

I've just put two and two together and ended up with a very *unpleasant*

four. If this is what I think it is, then we're in a LOT of trouble. All of us, including Four, X, and the contestants still in the game.

There's not much to do at this point if I'm right. All I can *do is wait, pray that this shared headache is just a weird phenomenon that will pass soon, and hope for the best.*

Although... I almost don't want to go to sleep tonight. I'm afraid that I might not wake up as myself.
- Book

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hate hate hurt hate kill hatred hate spread it hurts kill die kill pain hate attack attack hurt kill spread overtake hate burn burn burn BURN

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Quite fitting that we'd end a book *with* Book, eh? Anyway, that wraps
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up this section of the *Crossing Over* saga! 🎉

Also, I recently noticed a pattern with my books - *Crossing Over* had 15 chapters, *IDFB: Continued* had 35, and this one had 25... totally coincidental. But if I don't make the number of chapters in the sequel a multiple of 5 imma slap myself /j

Now that this last chapter is out, I can finally confirm that the sequel to *Crossing Over* (and half-sequel to this book and IDFBC as well) will be releasing on **August 1st.** That's only four days away! (Assuming I remembered to publish this on July 27th.) I really wish I could say more, but I don't want to spoil anything. 'Coincidentally,' that's also exactly a year after II2 episode 14 was released. (Side note: I'm really looking forward to the album release for the soundtrack of that episode as well!)

See you in *Overtaken* ;)